Front. Vol. I.

S. Wale inv. et del. *Isaac Taylor sculp*

Front. Vol. I.

S. Wale inv. et del. *Isaac Taylor sculp*

92a12

CLARISSA.

OR, THE HISTORY OF A YOUNG LADY:

Comprehending

The most Important Concerns *of* PRIVATE LIFE.

And particularly shewing,

The Distresses that may attend the MISCONDUCT Both of PARENTS and CHILDREN, In Relation to MARRIAGE.

VOL. I.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

LONDON:

Printed for J. and F. RIVINGTON, W. JOHNSTON, S. CROWDER, T. LOWNDES, W. GRIFFIN, T. BECKET, F. NEWBERY, T. CADELL, G. ROBINSON, R. BALDWIN, W. GOLDSMITH, T. EVANS, and J. KNOX.

M.DCC.LXXIV.

SONNET

To the AUTHOR of *CLARISSA*.

O Maſter of the heart! whoſe magic ſkill
The cloſe receſſes of the Soul can find,
Can rouſe, becalm, and terrify the mind,
Now melt with pity, now with anguiſh thrill;

Thy moral page while virtuous precepts fill,
Warm from the heart, to mend the Age deſign'd,
Wit, ſtrength, truth, decency, are all combin'd
To lead our Youth to Good, and guard from Ill.

O long enjoy what thou ſo well haſt won,
The grateful tribute of each honeſt heart,
Sincere, nor hackney'd in the ways of men;
At each diſtreſsful ſtroke their true tears run;
And Nature, unſophiſticate by Art,
Owns and applauds the labours of thy pen.

PREFACE.

THE following History is given in a Series of Letters written principally in a double yet separate correspondence;

Between two young Ladies of virtue and honour, bearing an inviolable friendship for each other, and writing not merely for amusement, but upon the most *interesting* subjects; in which every private family, more or less, may find itself concern'd: And,

Between two Gentlemen of free lives; one of them glorying in his talents for Stratagem and Invention, and communicating to the other, in confidence, all the ſecret purpoſes of an intrigueing head and reſolute heart.

But here it will be proper to obſerve, for the ſake of ſuch as may apprehend hurt to the morals of Youth, from the more freely written Letters, that the Gentlemen, tho' profeſſed Libertines as to the Female Sex, and making it one of their wicked maxims, to keep no faith with any of the individuals of it, who are thrown into their power, are not, however, either Infidels or Scoffers; nor yet ſuch as think themſelves freed from the obſervance of thoſe other moral duties which bind man to man.

On the contrary, it will be found, in the progreſs of the Work, that they very often make ſuch reflections upon each other, and each upon himſelf and his own actions, as reaſonable beings *muſt* make, who diſbelieve not a Future State of Rewards and Puniſhments, and who one day propoſe to reform—One of them actually reforming, and by that means giving an opportunity to cenſure the freedoms which fall from the gayer pen and lighter heart of the other.

And yet that other, altho' in unboſoming himſelf to a ſelect friend, he diſcover wickedneſs enough to entitle him to general deteſtation, preſerves a decency, as well in his images, as in his language, which is not always to be found in the works of ſome of the moſt celebrated modern Writers, whoſe ſubjects and characters have leſs warranted the liberties they have taken.

In the Letters of the two young Ladies, it is preſumed will be found not only the higheſt exerciſe of a reaſonable and *practicable* Friendſhip, between minds endowed with the nobleſt principles of Virtue and Religion, but occaſionally interſperſed, ſuch Delicacy of Sentiments, particularly with regard to the other Sex; ſuch inſtances of Impartiality, each freely, as a fundamental principle of their friendſhip, blaming, praiſing, and ſetting right the other, as are ſtrongly to be recommended to the obſervation of the *younger* part (more eſpecially) of Female Readers.

The principle of theſe two young Ladies is propoſed as an Examplar to her Sex. Nor is it any objection to her being ſo, that ſhe is not in all reſpects a perfect character. It was not only natural, but it was neceſſary, that ſhe ſhould have ſome faults, were it only to ſhew the Reader,

der, how laudably ſhe could miſtruſt and blame herſelf, and carry to her own heart, diveſted of ſelf-partiality, the cenſure which aroſe from her own convictions, and that even to the acquittal of thoſe, becauſe revered characters, whom no one elſe would acquit, and to whoſe much greater faults her errors were owing, and not to a weak or reproachable heart. As far as is conſiſtent with human frailty, and as far as ſhe could be perfect, conſidering the people ſhe had to deal with, and thoſe with whom ſhe was inſeparably connected, ſhe *is* perfect. To have been impeccable, muſt have left nothing for the Divine Grace and a Purified State to do, and carried our idea of her from woman to angel. As ſuch is ſhe often eſteemed by the man whoſe *heart* was ſo corrupt, that he could hardly believe human nature capable of the purity, which, on every trial or temptation, ſhone out in *hers*.

Beſides the four principal perſons, ſeveral others are introduced, whoſe Letters are characteriſtic: And it is preſumed that there will be found in ſome of them, but more eſpecially in thoſe of the chief character among the men, and the ſecond character among the women, ſuch ſtrokes of Gaiety, Fancy, and Humour, as will entertain and divert; and at the ſame time both warn and inſtruct.

All

All the Letters are written while the hearts of the writers muſt be ſuppoſed to be wholly engaged in their ſubjects (The events at the time generally dubious): So that they abound not only with critical Situations, but with what may be called *inſtantaneous* Deſcriptions and Reflections (proper to be brought home to the breaſt of the youthful reader); as alſo with affecting Converſations; many of them written in the dialogue or dramatic way.

"*Much more* lively and affecting, ſays one of "the principal characters (Vol. VII. p. 73.) "muſt be the Style of thoſe who write in the "height of a *preſent* diſtreſs; the mind tor- "tured by the pangs of uncertainty (the "Events then hidden in the womb of Fate); "*than* the dry, narrative, unanimated Style "of a perſon relating difficulties and dangers "ſurmounted, can be; the relater perfectly "at eaſe; and if himſelf unmoved by his "own Story, not likely greatly to affect the "Reader."

What will be found to be more particularly aimed at in the following Work, is—To warn the Inconſiderate and Thoughtleſs of the one Sex, againſt the baſe arts and deſigns of ſpecious Contrivers of the other—To caution Parents againſt the undue exerciſe of their natural au-

thority

thority over their children in the great article of Marriage—To warn Children againſt preferring a Man of Pleaſure to a Man of Probity, upon that dangerous but too commonly-received notion, *That a reformed Rake makes the beſt Huſband*—But above all, To inveſtigate the higheſt and moſt important Doctrines not only of Morality, but of Chriſtianity, by ſhewing them thrown into action in the conduct of the *worthy* characters; while the *unworthy*, who ſet thoſe Doctrines at defiance, are condignly, and, as may be ſaid, conſequentially, puniſhed.

From what has been ſaid, conſiderate Readers will not enter upon the peruſal of the Piece before them, as if it were deſigned *only* to divert and amuſe. It will probably be thought tedious to all ſuch as *dip* into it, expecting a *light Novel*, or *tranſitory Romance*; and look upon Story in it (intereſting as that is generally allowed to be) as its *ſole end*, rather than as a vehicle to the Inſtruction.

Different perſons, as might be expected, have been of different opinions, in relation to the conduct of the Heroine in particular Situations; and ſeveral worthy perſons have objected to the general Cataſtrophe, and other parts of the Hiſtory. Whatever is thought material

material of these shall be taken notice of by way of POSTSCRIPT, at the conclusion of the History; for this Work being addressed to the Public as a History of *Life* and *Manners*, those parts of it which are proposed to carry with them the force of an Example, ought to be as unobjectible as is consistent with the *design of the whole*, and with *human nature*.

NAMES

NAMES *of the* PRINCIPAL PERSONS.

Miſs *Clariſſa Harlowe*,	A young Lady of great Beauty and Merit.
Robert Lovelace, Eſq;	Her Admirer.
James Harlowe, Eſq;	Father of Clariſſa.
Mrs. *Harlowe*,	His Lady.
James Harlowe,	Their only Son.
Arabella,	Their elder Daughter.
John Harlowe, Eſq;	Elder Brother of *James Harlowe*, ſen.
Antony Harlowe,	Third Brother.
Roger Solmes, Eſq;	An Admirer of Clariſſa, favoured by her Friends.
Mrs. *Hervey*,	Half-ſiſter of Mrs. *Harlowe*.
Miſs *Dolly Hervey*,	Her Daughter.
Mrs. *Judith Norton*,	A Woman of great Piety and Diſcretion, who had a principal Share in the Education of Clariſſa.
Col. *Wm. Morden*,	A near Relation of the Harlowes.
Miſs *Howe*,	The moſt intimate Friend, Companion, and Correſpondent of Clariſſa.
Mrs. *Howe*,	Her Mother.
Charles Hickman,	An Admirer of Miſs Howe.
Lord *M.*	Uncle to Mr. Lovelace.
Lady *Sarah Sadlier*,	Half-ſiſters of Lord M.
Lady *Betty Lawrance*,	
Miſs *Charl. Montague*,	Nieces of the ſame Nobleman.
Miſs *Patty Montague*,	
Dr. *Lewen*,	A worthy Divine.
Mr. *Elias Brand*,	A pedantic young Clergyman.
Dr. *H.*	An humane Phyſician.
Mr. *Goddard*,	An honeſt and ſkilful Apothecary.
John Belford, Eſq;	Mr. Lovelace's principal Intimate and Confidant.
Richard Mowbray,	Eſqrs. Libertine Friends of Mr. Lovelace.
Thomas Doleman,	
James Tourville,	
Thomas Belton,	
Mrs. *More*,	A Widow, keeping a Lodging-houſe at Hamſtead.
Miſs *Rawlins*,	A notable young Gentlewoman there.
Mrs. *Bevis*,	A lively young Widow of the ſame Place.
Mrs. *Sinclair*,	The pretended Name of a private Brothel-keeper at London.
Capt. *Tomlinſon*,	The aſſumed Name of a vile Pander to the Debaucheries of Mr. Lovelace.
Sally Martin,	Aſſiſtants of, and Partners with, the infamous Sinclair.
Polly Horton,	
Dorcas Wykes,	An artful Servant at the vile Houſe.

THE

THE

HISTORY

OF

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

VOL. I.

LETTER I.

Miſs ANNA HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Jan. 10.

I AM extremely concerned, my deareſt Friend, for the diſturbances that have happened in your Family. I know how it muſt hurt you to become the ſubject of the public talk: And yet upon an occaſion ſo generally known, it is impoſſible but that whatever relates to a young Lady whoſe diſtinguiſhed merits have made her the public care, ſhould engage every-body's attention. I long to have the particulars from yourſelf; and of the uſage I am told you receive upon an accident you could not help; and in which, as far as I can learn, the Sufferer was the Aggreſſor.

Mr. Diggs the Surgeon, whom I ſent for at the firſt hearing of the Rencounter, to enquire, for *your*

ſake, how your Brother was, told me, That there was no danger from the Wound, if there were none from the Fever; which it ſeems has been increaſed by the perturbation of his ſpirits.

Mr. Wyerley drank Tea with us yeſterday; and tho' he is far from being partial to Mr. Lovelace, as it may be well ſuppoſed, yet both he and Mr. Symmes blame your family for the treatment they gave him when he went in perſon to enquire after your Brother's health, and to expreſs his concern for what had happened.

They ſay, That Mr. Lovelace could not avoid drawing his Sword: And that either your Brother's unſkilfulneſs or paſſion left him from the very firſt paſs entirely in his power.

This, I am told, was what Mr. Lovelace ſaid upon it; retreating as he ſpoke: 'Have a care, 'Mr. Harlowe—Your violence puts you out of 'your defence. You give me too much advan-'tage. For your Siſter's ſake, I will paſs by every 'thing:—if—'

But this the more provoked his raſhneſs, to lay himſelf open to the advantage of his adverſary—Who, after a ſlight wound given him in the arm, took away his Sword.

There are people who love not your Brother, becauſe of his natural imperiouſneſs and fierce and uncontroulable temper: Theſe ſay, That the young gentleman's paſſion was abated on ſeeing his blood guſh plentifully down his arm; and that he received the generous offices of his adverſary (who helped him off with his coat and waiſtcoat, and bound up his arm, till the ſurgeon could come) with ſuch patience, as was far from making a viſit afterwards from that adverſary to enquire after his health, appear either inſulting or improper.

Be this as it may, every-body pities you. So ſteady, ſo uniform in your conduct: So deſirous, as you al-

ways ſaid, of ſliding through life to the end of it unnoted; and, as I may add, not wiſhing to be obſerved even for your ſilent benevolence; ſufficiently happy in the noble conſciouſneſs which attends it: *Rather uſeful than glaring*, your deſerved motto; tho' now, to your regret, puſhed into blaze, as I may ſay: and yet blamed at home for the faults of others—How muſt ſuch a virtue ſuffer on every hand!—Yet it muſt be allowed, that your preſent trial is but proportioned to your prudence.

As all your friends without-doors are apprehenſive that ſome other unhappy event may reſult from ſo violent a contention, in which it ſeems the Families on both ſides are now engaged, I muſt deſire you to enable me, on the authority of your own information, to do you occaſional juſtice.

My Mother, and all of us, like the reſt of the world, talk of nobody but you on this occaſion, and of the conſequences which may follow from the reſentments of a man of Mr. Lovelace's ſpirit; who, as he gives out, has been treated with high indignity by your Uncles. My Mother will have it, that you cannot now, with any decency, either ſee him, or correſpond with him. She is a good deal prepoſſeſſed by your Uncle Antony; who occaſionally calls upon us, as you know; and on this Rencounter, has repreſented to her the crime which it would be in a Siſter to encourage a man who is to wade into her favour (this was his expreſſion) thro' the blood of her Brother.

Write to me therefore, my dear, the whole of your ſtory from the time that Mr. Lovelace was firſt introduced into your family; and particularly an account of all that paſſed between him and your Siſter; about which there are different reports; ſome people ſcrupling not to inſinuate that the younger Siſter has ſtolen a Lover from the elder: And pray write in ſo full a manner as may ſatisfy thoſe who know not ſo much of your affairs as I do. If any-thing unhappy ſhould

fall out from the violence of ſuch ſpirits as you have to deal with, your account of all things *previous* to it will be your beſt juſtification.

You ſee what you draw upon yourſelf by excelling all your Sex. Every individual of it who knows you, or has heard of you, ſeems to think you anſwerable to *her* for your conduct in points ſo very delicate and concerning.

Every eye, in ſhort, is upon you with the expectation of an example. I wiſh to heaven you were at liberty to purſue your own methods: All would then, I dare ſay, be eaſy, and honourably ended. But I dread your directors and directreſſes; for your Mother, admirably well qualified as ſhe is to lead, muſt ſubmit to be led. Your Siſter and Brother will certainly put you out of your courſe.

But this is a point you will not permit me to expatiate upon: pardon me therefore, and I have done. —Yet, why ſhould I ſay, Pardon me? When your Concerns are my Concerns? When your Honour is my Honour? When I love you, as never woman loved another? And when you have allowed of that Concern and of that Love; and have for years, which in perſons ſo young may be called many, ranked in the firſt claſs of your friends,

Your ever grateful and affectionate,

ANNA HOWE?

Will you oblige me with a copy of the Preamble to the clauſes in your Grandfather's Will in your favour; and allow me to ſend it to my Aunt Harman?—She is very deſirous to ſee it. Yet your character has ſo charmed her, that, tho' a ſtranger to you perſonally, ſhe aſſents to the preference given you in that Will, before ſhe knows the Teſtator's reaſons for giving you that preference.

LET-

LETTER II.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Harlowe-Place, Jan. 13.

HOW you oppreſs me, my deareſt friend, with your politeneſs! I cannot doubt your ſincerity; but you ſhould take care, that you give me not reaſon from your kind partiality to call in queſtion your judgment. You do not diſtinguiſh that I take many admirable hints from you, and have the art to paſs them upon you for my own: For in all you do, in all you ſay, nay, in your very looks (ſo animated!) you give leſſons to one who loves you and obſerves you as I love and obſerve you, without knowing that you do—So, pray, my dear, be more ſparing of your praiſe for the future, leſt after this confeſſion we ſhould ſuſpect that you ſecretly intend to praiſe yourſelf, while you would be thought only to commend another.

Our Family has indeed been ſtrangely diſcompoſed.—*Diſcompoſed!*—It has been in *tumults*, ever ſince the unhappy tranſaction; and I have borne all the blame; yet ſhould have had too much concern from myſelf, had I been more juſtly ſpared by every one elſe.

For, whether it be owing to a faulty impatience, having been too indulgently treated to be *enured* to blame, or to the regret I have to hear thoſe cenſured on my account whom it is my duty to vindicate; I have ſometimes wiſhed, that it had pleaſed God to have taken me in my laſt fever, when I had everybody's love and good opinion; but oftener that I had never been diſtinguiſhed by my Grandfather as I was: Since that diſtinction has eſtranged from me my Brother's and Siſter's affections; at leaſt, has raiſed a jealouſy with regard to the apprehended favour of my two Uncles, that now-and-then overſhadows their Love.

My Brother being happily recovered of his fever, and his wound in a hopeful way, altho' he has not yet ventured abroad, I will be as particular as you desire in the little history you demand of me. But Heaven forbid that any-thing should ever happen which may require it to be produced for the purpose you mention!

I will begin, as you command, with Mr. Lovelace's address to my Sister; and be as brief as possible. I will recite facts only; and leave you to judge of the truth of the report raised that the younger Sister has robbed the elder.

It was in pursuance of a conference between Lord M. and my Uncle Antony, that Mr. Lovelace [my Father and Mother not forbidding] paid his respects to my Sister Arabella. My Brother was then in Scotland, busying himself in viewing the condition of the considerable Estate which was left him there by his generous Godmother, together with one as considerable in Yorkshire. I was also absent at my *Dairy-house*, as it is called (*a*), busied in the accounts relating to the Estate which my Grandfather had the goodness to devise to me; and which once a year was left to my inspection, altho' I have given the whole into my Father's power.

My Sister made me a visit there the day after Mr. Lovelace had been introduced; and seemed highly pleased with the gentleman. His birth, his fortune in possession, a clear 2000 *l.* a year, as Lord M. had assured my Uncle; presumptive heir to that Nobleman's large Estate: His great expectations from Lady Sarah Sadleir and Lady Betty Lawrence; who with his Uncle interested themselves very warmly (he being the last of his line) to see him married.

(*a*) Her Grandfather, in order to invite her to him as often as her other friends would spare her, indulged her in erecting and fitting up a Dairy-house in her own taste. When finished, it was so much admired for its elegant simplicity and convenience, that the whole Seat (before, of old time, from its situation, called *The Grove*) was generally known by the name of *The Dairy-house*. Her Grandfather in particular was fond of having it so called.

So

'So handſome a man!—O her beloved Clary!' (for then ſhe was ready to love me dearly, from the overflowings of her good humour on his account!) 'He was but *too* handſome a man for *her!*—Were 'ſhe but as amiable as *Somebody*, there would be a 'probability of *holding* his affections!—For he was 'wild, ſhe heard; *very* wild, very gay; loved in-'trigue—But he was young; *a man of ſenſe:* Would 'ſee his error, could ſhe but have patience with his 'faults, if his faults were not cured by Marriage.'

Thus ſhe ran on; and then wanted me 'to ſee 'the charming man,' as ſhe called him.—Again concerned, 'that ſhe was not handſome enough 'for him;' With, 'A ſad thing, that the man ſhould 'have the advantage of the woman in that particu-'lar!'—But then, ſtepping to the glaſs, ſhe compli-mented herſelf, 'That ſhe was very *well:* That there 'were many women deemed paſſable who were in-'ferior to herſelf: That ſhe was always thought 'comely; and Comelineſs, let her tell me, having 'not ſo much to loſe as Beauty had, would hold, 'when that would evaporate or fly off:—Nay, for 'that matter' [and again ſhe turned to the glaſs] 'her features were not irregular; her eyes not at 'all amiſs.' And I remember they were more than uſually brilliant at that time.—'Nothing, in ſhort, 'to be found fault with, tho' nothing very engag-'ing ſhe doubted—Was there, Clary.'

Excuſe me, my dear, I never was thus particular before; no, not to you. Nor would I now have written thus freely of a Siſter, but that ſhe makes a merit to my Brother of diſowning that ſhe ever liked him; as I ſhall mention hereafter: And then you will always have me give you minute deſcriptions, nor ſuffer me to paſs by the air and manner in which things are ſpoken that are to be taken notice of; rightly obſerving, that air and manner often expreſs more than the accompanying words.

I congratulated her upon her proſpects. She received my compliments with a great deal of ſelf-complacency.

She liked the gentleman ſtill more at his next viſit; and yet he made no particular addreſs to her, altho' an opportunity was given him for it. This was wondered at, as my Uncle had introduced him into our family declaredly as a viſiter to my Siſter. But as we are ever ready to make excuſes when in good humour with ourſelves for the perhaps not unwilful ſlights of thoſe whoſe approbation we wiſh to engage; ſo my Siſter found out a reaſon much to Mr. Lovelace's advantage for his not improving the opportunity that was given him.—It was baſhfulneſs, truly, in him. [Baſhfulneſs in Mr. Lovelace, my dear!]—Indeed, gay and lively as he is, he has not the *Look* of an impudent man. But I fancy, it is many, many years ago ſince he was baſhful.

Thus, however, could my Siſter make it out—'Upon her word, ſhe believed Mr. Lovelace deſerved 'not the bad character he had as to women.—He 'was really, to *her* thinking, a *modeſt* man. He 'would have ſpoken out, ſhe believed; but once or 'twice as he ſeemed to intend to do ſo, he was under 'ſo *agreeable* a confuſion! Such a profound reſpect 'he ſeemed to ſhew her! A perfect *reverence*, ſhe 'thought: She loved dearly that a man in court-'ſhip ſhould ſhew a reverence to his miſtreſs'—So indeed we all do, I believe: And with reaſon; ſince, if I may judge from what I have ſeen in many families, there is little enough of it ſhewn afterwards.—And ſhe told my Aunt Hervey, that ſhe would be a little leſs upon the reſerve next time he came: 'She was not one of thoſe *Flirts*, not ſhe, 'who would give pain to a perſon that deſerved to 'be well-treated; and the more pain for the great-'neſs of his value for her.'—I wiſh ſhe had not Somebody whom I love in her eye.

In

In his third viſit, Bella governed herſelf by this kind and conſiderate principle: So that, according to her own account of the matter, the man *might* have ſpoken out.—But he was ſtill *baſhful*: He was not able to overcome this *unſeaſonable reverence*. So this viſit went off as the former.

But now ſhe began to be diſſatisfied with him. She compared his general character with This his particular behaviour to her; and having never been courted before, owned herſelf puzzled how to deal with ſo odd a Lover. 'What did the man mean, ſhe wondered? Had not her Uncle brought him *declaredly* as a Suiter to her?—It could not be baſhfulneſs (now ſhe thought of it) ſince he might have opened his mind to her *Uncle*, if he wanted courage to ſpeak directly to *her*.—Not that ſhe cared much for the man neither: But it was right, ſurely, that a woman ſhould be put out of doubt *early* as to a man's intentions in ſuch a caſe as This, from his own mouth. —But, truly, ſhe had begun to think, that he was more ſolicitous to cultivate her *Mamma*'s good opinion, than *hers!*—Every-body, ſhe owned, admired her Mother's converſation; but he was miſtaken if he thought reſpect to her Mother *only* would do with *her*. And then, for his own ſake, ſurely he ſhould put it into her power to be complaiſant to him, if he gave her reaſon to approve of him. This diſtant behaviour, ſhe muſt take upon her to ſay, was the more extraordinary, as he continued his viſits, and declared himſelf extremely deſirous to cultivate a friendſhip with the whole Family; and as he could have no doubt about her *ſenſe*, if ſhe might take upon her to join her own with the general opinion; he having taken great notice of, and admired many of her *good things* as they fell from her lips. Reſerves were painful, ſhe muſt needs ſay, to open and free ſpirits, like hers: And yet ſhe muſt tell my Aunt' (to whom all this was

directed) 'that ſhe ſhould never forget what ſhe 'owed to her Sex, and to herſelf, were Mr. Love-'lace as unexceptionable in his morals as in his fi-'gure, and were he to urge his ſuit ever ſo warmly.'

I was not of her council. I was ſtill abſent. And it was agreed upon between my Aunt Hervey and her, that ſhe was to be quite ſolemn and ſhy in his next viſit, if there were not a peculiarity in his addreſs to her.

But my Siſter it ſeems had not conſidered the matter well. This was not the way, as it proved, to be taken, for matters of *mere omiſſion*, with a man of Mr. Lovelace's penetration. Nor with *any* man; ſince if love has not taken root deep enough to cauſe it to ſhoot out into declaration, if an opportunity be fairly given for it, there is little room to expect, that the blighting winds of anger or reſentment will bring it forward. Then my poor Siſter is not naturally good-humoured. This is too well-known a truth for me to endeavour to conceal it, eſpecially from you. You muſt therefore, I doubt, have appeared to great diſadvantages when ſhe aimed to be worſe-tempered than ordinary.

How they managed it in their next converſation I know not. One would be tempted to think by the iſſue, that Mr. Lovelace was ungenerous enough to ſeek the occaſion given (*a*), and to improve it. Yet he thought fit to put the queſtion too:—But, ſhe ſays, it was not till, by ſome means or other (ſhe knew not how) he had wrought her up to ſuch a pitch of diſpleaſure with him, that it was impoſſible for her to recover herſelf at the inſtant. Nevertheleſs he re-urged his queſtion, as expecting a definitive anſwer, without waiting for the return of her temper, or endeavouring to mollify her; ſo that ſhe was under a neceſſity of perſiſting in her denial: Yet gave him

(*a*) See Mr. Lovelace's Letter, N° xxxi. in which he briefly accounts for his conduct in this affair.

reaſon

reaſon to think ſhe did not diſlike his addreſs, only the *manner* of it; his court being rather made to her Mother than to herſelf, as if he was ſure of *her* conſent at any time.

A good encouraging denial, I muſt own!—As was the reſt of her plea; to wit, 'A diſinclination to 'change her State.—Exceedingly happy as ſhe was: 'She never could be happier!' And ſuch-like *conſenting negatives*, as I may call them, and yet not intend a reflection upon my Siſter: For what can any young creature in the like circumſtances ſay, when ſhe is not ſure but a too ready conſent may ſubject her to the ſlights of a Sex that generally values a bleſſing either more or leſs as it is obtained with difficulty or eaſe? Miſs Biddulph's anſwer to a copy of verſes from a gentleman, reproaching our Sex as acting in diſguiſe, is not a bad one, altho' *you* perhaps may think it too acknowledging for the female character.

Ungen'rous Sex!—To ſcorn us, if we're kind;
And yet upbraid us, if we ſeem ſevere!
Do You, *t'encourage us to tell our mind,*
Yourſelves put off diſguiſe, and be ſincere.
You *talk of Coquetry!—Your own falſe hearts*
Compel *our Sex to act diſſembling parts.*

Here I am obliged to lay down my pen. I will ſoon reſume it.

LETTER III.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Jan. 13, 14.

AND thus, as Mr. Lovelace thought fit to *take it*, had he his anſwer from my Siſter. It was with very great regret, as he pretended [I doubt the man is an hypocrite, my dear] that he acquieſced in it. 'So much determinedneſs; ſuch a noble firmneſs in 'my Siſter; that there was no hope of prevailing upon

'her to alter ſentiments ſhe had adopted on full conſideration.' He ſighed, as Bella told us, when he took his leave of her: 'Profoundly ſighed; graſped 'her hand, and kiſſed it with *ſuch* an ardor—With-'drew with *ſuch* an air of ſolemn reſpect—She had 'him then before her.—She could almoſt find in 'her heart, altho' he had vexed her, to pity him.' A good intentional preparative to Love, this pity; ſince, at the time, ſhe little thought that he would not renew his offer.

He waited on my Mother after he had taken leave of Bella, and reported his ill ſucceſs in ſo reſpectful a manner, as well with regard to my Siſter, as to the whole Family, and with ſo much concern that he was not accepted as a relation to it, that it left upon them all (my Brother being then, as I have ſaid, in Scotland) impreſſions in his favour, and a belief that this matter would certainly be brought on again. But Mr. Lovelace going up directly to town, where he ſtayed a whole fortnight, and meeting there with my Uncle Antony, to whom he regretted his Niece's cruel reſolution not to change her State; it was ſeen that there was a total end of the affair.

My Siſter was not wanting to herſelf on this occaſion. She made a virtue of neceſſity; and the man was quite another man with her. 'A vain creature! 'too well knowing his advantages: Yet thoſe not 'what ſhe had conceived them to be!—Cool and 'warm by fits and ſtarts; an ague-like Lover. A 'ſteady man, a man of virtue, a man of morals, was 'worth a thouſand of ſuch gay flutterers. Her Siſter 'Clary might think it worth her while perhaps to try 'to engage ſuch a man: She had patience: She was 'miſtreſs of perſuaſion; and indeed, to do the girl 'juſtice, had *ſomething* of a perſon: But as for *her*, 'ſhe would not have a man of whoſe heart ſhe could 'not be ſure for one moment; no, not for the 'world: And moſt ſincerely glad was ſhe that ſhe 'had rejected him.'

But when Mr. Lovelace returned into the country, he thought fit to viſit my Father and Mother; hoping, as he told them, that, however unhappy he had been in the rejection of the wiſhed-for alliance; he might be allowed to keep up an acquaintance and friendſhip with a family which he ſhould always reſpect. And then unhappily as I may ſay, was I at home and preſent.

It was immediately obſerved, that his attention was fixed on me. My Siſter, as ſoon as he was gone, in a ſpirit of bravery, ſeemed deſirous to promote his addreſs, ſhould it be tendered.

My Aunt Hervey was there; and was pleaſed to ſay, We ſhould make the fineſt couple in England—if my Siſter had no objection.—No, indeed! with a haughty toſs, was my Siſter's reply—It would be ſtrange if ſhe had, after the denial ſhe had given him upon full deliberation.

My Mother declared, That *her* only diſlike of his alliance with either Daughter, was on account of his reputed faulty morals.

My Uncle Harlowe, That his *Daughter* Clary, as he delighted to call me from childhood, would reform him if any woman in the world could.

My Uncle Antony gave his approbation in high terms: But referred, as my Aunt had done, to my Siſter.

She repeated her contempt of him; and declared, that were there not another Man in England, ſhe would not have him. She was ready, on the contrary, ſhe could aſſure them, to reſign her pretenſions under hand and ſeal, if Miſs Clary were taken with his tinſel; and if every one elſe approved of his addreſs to the girl.

My Father indeed, after a long ſilence, being urged by my Uncle Antony to ſpeak his mind, ſaid, That he had a letter from his Son, on his hearing of Mr. Lovelace's viſits to his Daughter Arabella; which he had

had not ſhewn to any-body but my Mother; that treaty being at an end when he received it; That in this Letter he expreſſed great diſlike to an alliance with Mr. Lovelace on the ſcore of his Immoralities: That he knew indeed, there was an old grudge between them; but that, being deſirous to prevent all occaſions of diſunion and animoſity in his family, he would ſuſpend the declaration of his own mind till his Son arrived, and till he had heard his further objections: That he was the more inclined to make his Son this compliment, as Mr. Lovelace's general character gave but too much ground for his Son's diſlike of him; adding, That he had heard (So, he ſuppoſed, had every one) that he was a very extravagant man; that he had contracted debts in his travels: And indeed, he was pleaſed to ſay, he had the air of a ſpendthrift.

Theſe particulars I had partly from my Aunt Hervey, and partly from my Siſter; for I was called out as ſoon as the ſubject was entered upon. When I returned, my Uncle Antony aſked me, How *I* ſhould like Mr. Lovelace? Every-body ſaw, he was pleaſed to ſay, that I had made a conqueſt.

I immediately anſwered, That I did not like him at all: He ſeemed to have too good an opinion both of his perſon and parts, to have any great regard to his Wife, let him marry whom he would.

My Siſter particularly was pleaſed with this anſwer, and confirmed it to be juſt; with a compliment to my judgment—For it was *hers*.

But the very next day Lord M. came to Harlowe-place [I was then abſent]; and in his Nephew's name made a propoſal in form; declaring, That it was the ambition of all his family to be related to ours: And he hoped his Kinſman would not have ſuch an anſwer on the part of the younger Siſter, as he had on that of the elder.

In ſhort, Mr. Lovelace's viſits were admitted as thoſe

thoſe of a man who had not deſerved diſreſpect from our Family; but as to his addreſs to me, with a reſervation, as above, on my Father's part, that he would determine nothing without his Son. My diſcretion as to the reſt was confided in: For ſtill I had the ſame objections as to the man: nor would I, when we were better acquainted, hear any thing but general talk from him; giving him no opportunity of converſing with me in private.

He bore this with a reſignation little expected from his natural temper, which is generally reported to be quick and haſty; unuſed it ſeems from childhood to check or controul. A caſe too common in conſiderable families where there is an only Son: And *his* Mother never had any other child. But, as I have heretofore told you, I could perceive notwithſtanding this reſignation, that he had ſo good an opinion of himſelf, as not to doubt, that his perſon and accompliſhments would inſenſibly engage me: And could That be once done, he told my Aunt Hervey, he ſhould hope, from ſo ſteady a temper, that his hold in my affections would be durable: While my Siſter accounted for his patience in another manner, which would perhaps have had more force if it had come from a perſon leſs prejudiced: 'That the man was not fond of marrying at all: 'That he might perhaps have half-a-ſcore miſtreſſes; and that delay might be as convenient for 'his *roving*, as for my *well-acted* indifference.'— That was her kind expreſſion.

Whatever was his motive for a patience ſo generally believed to be out of his uſual character, and where the object of his addreſs was ſuppoſed to be of fortune conſiderable enough to engage his warmeſt attention, he certainly eſcaped many mortifications by it: For while my Father ſuſpended his approbation till my Brother's arrival, Mr. Lovelace received from every one thoſe civilities which were due to his birth: And

And altho' we heard from time to time reports to his diſadvantage with regard to morals; yet could we not queſtion him upon them without giving him greater advantages in his own opinion than the ſituation he was in with us would juſtify to prudence; ſince it was much more likely that his addreſs would *not* be allowed of, than that it *would*.

And thus was he admitted to converſe with our family almoſt upon his own terms; for while my friends ſaw nothing in his behaviour but what was extremely reſpectful, and obſerved in him no violent importunity, they ſeemed to have taken a great liking to his converſation: While I conſidered him only as a common gueſt when he came; and thought myſelf no more concerned in his viſits, nor at his entrance and departure, than any other of the family.

But this indifference on my ſide was the means of procuring him one very great advantage; ſince upon it was grounded that correſpondence by Letters which ſucceeded;—and which, had it been to be begun when the family animoſity broke out, would never have been entered into on my part. The occaſion was this:

My Uncle Hervey has a young gentleman entruſted to his care, whom he has thoughts of ſending abroad a year or two hence, to make the Grand Tour, as it is called; and finding Mr. Lovelace could give a good account of every-thing neceſſary for a young traveller to obſerve upon ſuch an occaſion, he deſired him to write down a deſcription of the Courts and Countries he had viſited, and what was moſt worthy of curioſity in them.

He conſented, on condition that I would *direct* his ſubjects, as he called it: And as every one had heard his manner of writing commended; and thought his narratives might be agreeable amuſements in winter evenings; and that he could have no opportunity particularly to addreſs me in them, ſince they were to be read in full aſſembly before they were given to the

the young gentleman, I made the leſs ſcruple to write, and to make obſervations, and put queſtions for our further information—Still the leſs perhaps as I love writing; and thoſe who do, are fond, you know, of occaſions to uſe the pen: And then, having every one's conſent, and my Uncle Hervey's deſire that I would write, I thought that if I had been the only ſcrupulous perſon, it would have ſhewn a particularity that a vain man might conſtrue to his advantage; and which my Siſter would not fail to animadvert upon.

You have ſeen ſome of theſe Letters; and have been pleaſed with his account of perſons, places, and things; and we have both agreed, that he was no common obſerver upon what he had ſeen.

My Siſter herſelf allowed that the man had a tolerable knack of writing and deſcribing: And my Father, who had been abroad in his youth, ſaid, That his remarks were curious, and ſhewed him to be a perſon of reading, judgment, and taſte.

Thus was a kind of correſpondence begun between him and me, with general approbation; while every one wondered at, and was pleaſed with, his patient veneration of me; for ſo they called it. However, it was not doubted but he would ſoon be more importunate, ſince his viſits were more frequent, and he acknowledged to my Aunt Hervey a paſſion for me, accompanied with an awe that he had never known before; to which he attributed what he called his but *ſeeming* acquieſcence with my Father's pleaſure, and the diſtance I kept him at. And yet, my dear, this may be his uſual manner of behaviour to our Sex; for had not my Siſter at firſt all his *reverence?*

Mean time, my Father, expecting his importunity, kept in readineſs the reports he had heard in his diſfavour, to charge them upon him then, as ſo many objections to his addreſs. And it was highly agreeable to me that he did ſo: It would have been ſtrange if it were not; ſince the perſon who could reject Mr. Wyerley's

Wyerley's addreſs for the ſake of his *free opinions*, muſt have been inexcuſable, had ſhe not rejected another's for his *freer practices*.

But I ſhould own, that in the Letters he ſent me upon the general ſubject, he more than once incloſed a particular one, declaring his paſſionate regards for me, and complaining with fervour enough, of my reſerves: But of theſe I took not the leaſt notice; for, as I had not written to him at all, but upon a ſubject ſo general, I thought it was but right to let what he wrote upon one ſo particular paſs off as if I had never ſeen it; and the rather, as I was not then at liberty (from the approbation his Letters met with) to break off the correſpondence, unleſs I had aſſigned the true reaſon for doing ſo. Beſides, with all his reſpectful aſſiduities, it was eaſy to obſerve (if it had not been his general character) that his temper is naturally haughty and violent; and I had ſeen too much of that untractable ſpirit in my Brother to like it in one who hoped to be ſtill more nearly related to me.

I had a little ſpecimen of this temper of his upon the very occaſion I have mentioned: For after he had ſent me a third particular Letter with the general one, he aſked me the next time he came to Harlowe Place; If I had not received ſuch a one from him?—I told him I ſhould never anſwer one ſo ſent; and that I had waited for ſuch an occaſion as he had now given me, to tell him ſo: I deſired him therefore not to write again on the ſubject; aſſuring him, that if he did, I would return both, and never write another line to him.

You can't imagine how ſaucily the man look'd; as if, in ſhort, he was diſappointed that he had not made a more ſenſible impreſſion upon me: Nor, when he recollected himſelf (as he did immediately), what a viſible ſtruggle it coſt him to change his haughty airs for more placid ones. But I took no notice of either; for I thought it beſt to convince him, by the cool-

coolneſs and indifference with which I repulſed his forward hopes (at the ſame time intending to avoid the affectation of pride or vanity) that he was not conſiderable enough in my eyes to make me take over-ready offence at what he ſaid, or at his haughty looks: In other words, that I had not value enough for him to treat him with peculiarity either by ſmiles or frowns. Indeed he had cunning enough to give me, undeſignedly, a piece of inſtruction which taught me this caution; for he had ſaid in converſation once, 'That if a man could not make 'a woman in courtſhip own herſelf *pleaſed* with 'him, it was as *much* and oftentimes *more* to his 'purpoſe to make her *angry* with him.'

I muſt break off here. But will continue the ſubject the very firſt opportunity. Mean time, I am

Your moſt affectionate Friend and Servant,

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER IV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Jan. 15.

SUCH, my dear, was the ſituation Mr. Lovelace and I were in when my Brother arrived from Scotland.

The moment Mr. Lovelace's viſits were mentioned to him, he, without either heſitation or apology, expreſſed his diſapprobation of them. He found great flaws in his character; and took the liberty to ſay in ſo many words, That he wondered how it came into the heads of his Uncles to encourage ſuch a man for *either* of his Siſters: At the ſame time returning his thanks to my Father for declining his conſent till *he* arrived, in ſuch a manner, I thought, as a Superior would do, when he commended an Inferior for having well performed his duty in his abſence.

He juſtified his avowed inveteracy by common fame,

fame, and by what he had known of him at College; declaring, That he had ever hated him; ever ſhould hate him; and would never own *him* for a Brother, or *me* for a Siſter, if I married him.

That early antipathy I have heard accounted for in this manner:

Mr. Lovelace was always noted for his vivacity and courage; and no leſs, it ſeems, for the ſwift and ſurpriſing progreſs he made in all parts of literature: For diligence in his ſtudies in the hours of ſtudy, he had hardly his equal. This it ſeems was his general character at the Univerſity; and it gained him many friends among the more learned; while thoſe who did not love him, feared him, by reaſon of the offence his vivacity made him too ready to give, and of the courage he ſhewed in ſupporting the offence when given; which procured him as many followers as he pleaſed among the miſchievous ſort.——No very amiable character, you'll ſay, upon the whole.

But my Brother's temper was not more happy. His native haughtineſs could not bear a ſuperiority ſo viſible; and whom we fear more than love, we are not far from hating: And having leſs command of his paſſions than the other, he was evermore the ſubject of his perhaps *indecent* ridicule: So that they never met without quarrelling: And every body, either from love or fear, ſiding with his antagoniſt, he had a moſt uneaſy time of it while both continued in the ſame College.—It was the leſs wonder therefore that a young man who is not noted for the gentleneſs of his temper, ſhould reſume an antipathy early begun, and ſo deeply rooted.

He found my Siſter, who waited but for the occaſion, ready to join him in his reſentments againſt the man he hated. She utterly diſclaimed all manner of regard for him: 'Never liked him at all:—'His Eſtate was certainly much incumbered: It was 'impoſſible it ſhould be otherwiſe; ſo entirely de-

'voted

'voted as he was to his pleaſures. He kept no 'houſe; had no equipage: Nobody pretended 'that he wanted pride: The reaſon therefore was 'eaſy to be gueſſed at.' And then did ſhe boaſt of, and my Brother praiſe her for, refuſing him: And both joined on all occaſions to depreciate him, and not ſeldom *made* the occaſions; their diſpleaſure againſt him cauſing every ſubject to run into this, if it began not with it.

I was not ſolicitous to vindicate him when I was not joined in their reflections. I told them, I did not value him enough to make a difference in the family on his account: And as he was ſuppoſed to have given too much cauſe for their ill opinion of him, I thought he ought to take the conſequence of his own faults.

Now-and-then indeed, when I obſerved that their vehemence carried them beyond all bounds of probability in their charges againſt him, I thought it but juſtice to put in a word for him. But this only ſubjected me to reproach, as having a prepoſſeſſion in his favour which I would not own.—So that when I could not change the ſubject, I uſed to retire either to my muſic, or to my cloſet.

Their behaviour to him when they could not help ſeeing him, was very cold and diſobliging; but as yet not directly affrontive. For they were in hopes of prevailing upon my Father to forbid his viſits. But, as there was nothing in his behaviour, that might warrant ſuch a treatment of a man of his birth and fortune, they ſucceeded not: And then they were very earneſt with *me* to forbid them. I aſked, What authority I had to take ſuch a ſtep in my Father's houſe; and when my behaviour to him was ſo diſtant, that he ſeemed to be as much the gueſt of any other perſon of the family, themſelves excepted, as mine? —In revenge, they told me, That it was cunning management between us; and that we both underſtood one another better than we pretended to do. And

at

at laſt they gave ſuch a looſe to their paſſions, all of a ſudden (*a*), as I may ſay, that inſtead of withdrawing, as they uſed to do when he came, they threw themſelves in his way purpoſely to affront him.

Mr. Lovelace, you may believe, very ill brooked this: But nevertheleſs contented himſelf to complain of it to me: In high terms however, telling me, that but for my ſake my Brother's treatment of him was not to be borne.

I was ſorry for the merit this gave him in his own opinion with me: And the more, as ſome of the affronts he received were too flagrant to be excuſed: But I told him, That I was determined not to fall out with my Brother, if I could help it, whatever faults he had: And, ſince they could not ſee one another with temper, ſhould be glad that he would not throw himſelf in my Brother's way; and I was ſure my Brother would not ſeek *him*.

He was very much nettled at this anſwer: But ſaid, He muſt bear his affronts if I would have it ſo. He had been accuſed himſelf of violence in his temper; but he hoped to ſhew on *this* occaſion that he had a command of his paſſions which few young men, ſo highly provoked, would be *able* to ſhew; and doubted not but it would be attributed to a *proper motive* by a perſon of my generoſity and penetration.

My Brother had juſt before, with the approbation of my Uncles, employed a perſon related to a diſcharged Bailiff or Steward of Lord M. who had had the management of ſome part of Mr. Lovelace's affairs (from which he was alſo diſmiſſed by him) to enquire into his debts, after his companions, into his amours, and the like.

My Aunt Hervey, in confidence, gave me the following particulars of what the man ſaid of him.

'That he was a generous Landlord: That he

(*a*) The reaſon of this their more-openly ſhewn animoſity is given in Letter xiii.

'ſpared

'ſpared nothing for ſolid and laſting improvements 'upon his Eſtate; and that he looked into his own 'affairs, and underſtood them: That he had been 'very expenſive when abroad; and contracted a large 'debt (for he made no ſecret of his affairs); yet choſe 'to limit himſelf to an annual ſum, and to decline 'equipage, in order to avoid being obliged to his Un-'cle and Aunts; from whom he might have what 'money he pleaſed; but that he was very jealous of 'their controul; had often quarrels with them; and 'treated them ſo freely, that they were all afraid of 'him. However, that his Eſtate was never mort-'gaged, as my Brother had heard it was; his credit 'was always high; and the man believed, he was by 'this time near upon, if not quite, clear of the world.

'He was a ſad gentleman, he ſaid, as to women:— 'If his tenants had pretty daughters, they choſe to 'keep them out of his ſight. He believed he kept 'no particular miſtreſs; for he had heard *newelty*, 'that was the man's word, was every-thing with 'him. But for his Uncle's and Aunt's teizings, the 'man fanſied he would not think of marriage: He 'was never known to be diſguiſed with liquor; but 'was a great plotter, and a greater writer: That he 'lived a wild life in town, by what he had heard: 'Had Six or Seven companions as bad as himſelf; 'whom now-and-then he brought down with him; 'and the country was always glad when they went 'up again. He would have it, that altho' paſſionate, 'he was good-humour'd; lov'd as well to take a jeſt 'as to give one; and would railly himſelf upon oc-'caſion the freeſt of any man he ever knew.'

This was his character from an enemy; for, as my Aunt obſerved, every-thing the man ſaid commend-ably of him came grudgingly, with a *Muſt needs ſay— To do him juſtice*, &c. while the contrary was deli-vered with a free good-will. And this character, as a worſe was expected, tho' This was bad enough, not an-

anſwering the end of enquiring after it, my Brother and Siſter were more apprehenſive than before, that his addreſs would be encouraged, ſince the worſt part of it was known, or ſuppoſed, when he was firſt introduced to my Siſter.

But, with regard to myſelf, I muſt obſerve in his diſfavour, that notwithſtanding the merit he wanted to make with me for his patience upon my Brother's ill-treatment of him, I owed him no compliments for trying to conciliate with *him*. Not that I believe it would have ſignified any-thing if he had made ever ſuch court either to him or to my Siſter: Yet one might have expected from a man of his politeneſs, and from his pretenſions, you know, that he would have been willing to *try*. Inſtead of which, he ſhewed ſuch a contempt both of my Brother and Siſter, eſpecially my Brother, as was conſtrued into a defiance of them. And for me to have hinted at an alteration in his behaviour to my Brother, was an advantage I knew he would have been proud of; and which therefore I had no mind to give him. But I doubted not that having ſo very little encouragement from *any*-body, his pride would ſoon take fire, and he would of himſelf diſcontinue his viſits, or go to town; where, till he came acquainted with our family, he uſed chiefly to reſide: And in this latter caſe he had no reaſon to expect, that I would *receive*, much leſs *anſwer*, his Letters; the occaſion which had led me to receive *any* of his being by this time over.

But my Brother's antipathy would not permit him to *wait* for ſuch an event; and after ſeveral exceſſes, which Mr. Lovelace ſtill returned with contempt, and a haughtineſs too much like that of the aggreſſor, my Brother took upon himſelf to fill up the door-way once when he came, as if to oppoſe his entrance: And, upon his aſking for me, demanded, What his buſineſs was with his Siſter?

The other, with a challenging air, as my Brother ſays,

ſays, told him, He would anſwer a Gentleman *any* queſtion; but he wiſhed that Mr. James Harlowe, who had of late given himſelf high airs, would remember that he was not *now* at College.

Juſt then the good Dr. Lewen, who frequently honours me with a *viſit of Converſation*, as he is pleaſed to call it, and had parted with me in my own parlour, came to the door; and hearing the words, interpoſed; both having their hands upon their ſwords: And telling Mr. Lovelace where I was, he burſt by my Brother, to come to me; leaving him chafing, he ſaid, like a hunted boar at bay.

This alarmed us all. My Father was pleaſed to hint to Mr. Lovelace, that he wiſhed he would diſcontinue his viſits, for the peace-ſake of the family: And I, by his command, ſpoke a great deal plainer.

But Mr. Lovelace is a man not eaſily brought to give up his purpoſe, eſpecially in a point wherein he pretends his heart is ſo much engaged: And no abſolute prohibition having been given, things went on for a little while as before: For I ſaw plainly, that to have denied myſelf to his viſits (which however I declined receiving as often as I could) was to bring forward ſome deſperate iſſue between the two; ſince the offence ſo readily given on one ſide was brooked by the other only out of conſideration to me.

And thus did my Brother's raſhneſs lay me under an obligation where I would leaſt have owed it.

The intermediate propoſals of Mr. Symmes and Mr. Mullins, both (in turn) encouraged by my Brother, induced him to be more patient for a while, as nobody thought me over-forward in Mr. Lovelace's favour; for he hoped that he ſhould engage my Father and Uncles to approve of the one or the other in oppoſition to the man he hated. But when he found that I had intereſt enough to diſengage myſelf from the addreſſes of thoſe gentlemen, as I had (before he went to Scotland, and before Mr. Lovelace viſited here) of

Mr. Wyerley's, he then kept no meaſures: And firſt ſet himſelf to upbraid me for a ſuppoſed prepoſſeſſion, which he treated as if it were criminal; and then to inſult Mr. Lovelace in perſon, at Mr. Edward Symmes's, the Brother of the other Symmes, two miles off; and no good Dr. Lewen being there to interpoſe, the unhappy Rencounter followed. My Brother was diſarmed, as you have heard; and on being brought home, and giving us ground to ſuppoſe he was much worſe hurt than he really was, and a fever enſuing, every one flamed out; and all was laid at my door.

Mr. Lovelace for three days together ſent twice each day to enquire after my Brother's health; and altho' he received rude and even ſhocking returns, he thought fit on the fourth day to make in perſon the ſame enquiries; and received ſtill greater incivilities from my two Uncles, who happened to be both there. My Father alſo was held by force from going to him with his ſword in his hand, altho' he had the gout upon him.

I fainted away with terror, ſeeing every one ſo violent, and hearing Mr. Lovelace ſwear that he would not depart till he had made my Uncles aſk his pardon for the indignities he had received at their hands; a door being held faſt locked between him and them. My Mother all the time was praying and ſtruggling to with-hold my Father in the Great Parlour. Mean while my Siſter, who had treated Mr. Lovelace with virulence, came in to me, and inſulted me as faſt as I recovered. But when Mr. Lovelace was told how ill I was, he departed; nevertheleſs vowing revenge.

He was ever a favourite with our domeſtics. His bounty to them, and having always ſomething facetious to ſay to each, had made them all of his party: And on this occaſion they privately blamed every-body elſe, and reported his calm and gentlemanly behaviour (till the provocations given him ran very high) in ſuch

favourable terms, that thoſe reports, and my apprehenſions of the conſequence of this treatment, induced me to *read a Letter* he ſent me that night; and, it being written in the moſt reſpectful terms (offering to ſubmit the whole to my deciſion, and to govern himſelf entirely by my will) *to anſwer* it ſome days after.

To this unhappy neceſſity was owing our renewed correſpondence, as I may call it: Yet I did not write till I had informed myſelf from Mr. Symmes's Brother, that he was really inſulted into the act of drawing his ſword by my Brother's repeatedly threatening (upon his excuſing himſelf out of regard to me) to brand me if he did not; and, by all the enquiry I could make, that he was again the ſufferer from my Uncles in a more violent manner than I have related.

The ſame circumſtances were related to my Father and other relations by Mr. Symmes; but they had gone too far in making themſelves parties to the quarrel either to retract or forgive; and I was forbidden to correſpond with him, or to be ſeen a moment in his company.

One thing however I can ſay, but that in confidence, becauſe my Mother commanded me not to mention it:—That, expreſſing her apprehenſion of the conſequences of the indignities offered to Mr. Lovelace, ſhe told me, She would leave it to my prudence to do all I could to prevent the impending miſchief on *one* ſide.

I am obliged to break off. But I believe I have written enough to anſwer very fully all that you have required of me. It is not for a child to ſeek to clear her own character, or to juſtify her actions, at the expence of the moſt revered ones: Yet, as I know that the account of all thoſe further proceedings by which I may be affected, will be intereſting to ſo dear a friend (who will communicate to others no more than what is fitting) I will continue to write, as I have opportunity, as minutely as we are uſed to write to

each other. Indeed I have no delight, as I have often told you, equal to that which I take in converſing with you—By *Letter*, when I cannot in *Perſon*.

Mean time, I cannot help ſaying, that I am exceedingly concerned to find, that I am become ſo much the public talk as you tell me I am. Your kind, your *precautionary* regard for my fame, and the opportunity you have given me to tell my own Story previous to any new accident (which Heaven avert!) is ſo like the warm friend I have ever found in my dear Miſs Howe, that, with redoubled obligation, you bind me to be

Your ever-grateful and affectionate,
CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Copy of the requeſted PREAMBLE *to the clauſes in her Grandfather's Will: Incloſed in the preceding Letter.*

AS the particular Eſtate I have mentioned and deſcribed above, is principally of my own raiſing: As my three Sons have been uncommonly proſperous; and are very rich: The eldeſt by means of the unexpected benefits he reaps from his new-found mines: The ſecond, by what has, as unexpectedly, fallen in to him on the deaths of ſeveral relations of his preſent wife, the worthy daughter by both ſides of very honourable families; over and above the very large portion which he received with her in marriage: My Son Antony by his Eaſt-India traffick, and ſucceſsful voyages: As furthermore my Grandſon James will be ſufficiently provided for by his Grandmother Lovell's kindneſs to him; who, having no near relations, hath aſſured me, that ſhe hath, as well by Deed of Gift as by Will, left him both her Scotiſh and Engliſh Eſtates: For never was there a family more proſperous in all its branches, bleſſed be God therefore: And as my ſaid Son James will very probably make it up to my Grand-daughter Arabella; to whom I intend no diſreſpect; nor have reaſon; for ſhe is a very hopeful and

and dutiful child: And as my Sons, John and Antony, ſeem not inclined to a married life; ſo that my Son James is the only one who has children, or is likely to have any—For all theſe reaſons; and becauſe my deareſt and beloved Grand-daughter Clariſſa hath been from her infancy a matchleſs young creature in her duty to me, and admired by all who knew her, as a very extraordinary child; I muſt therefore take the pleaſure of conſidering her as my own peculiar child; and this without intending offence; and I hope it will not be taken as any, ſince my Son James can beſtow his favours accordingly, and in greater proportion, upon his Son James, and upon his Daughter Arabella. —Theſe, I ſay, are the reaſons which move me to diſpoſe of the above deſcribed Eſtate in the precious child's favour; who is the delight of my Old age: And, I verily think, has contributed, by her amiable duty and kind and tender regards, to prolong my life.

Wherefore it is my expreſs Will and Commandment, and I enjoin my ſaid three Sons John, James, and Antony, and my Grandſon James, and my Grand daughter Arabella, as they value my Bleſſing, and will regard my Memory, and would wiſh their own laſt Wills and Deſires to be fulfilled by *their* Survivors, that they will not impugn or conteſt the following bequeſts and deviſes in favour of my ſaid Grand-daughter Clariſſa, altho' they ſhould not be ſtrictly conformable to Law or to the forms thereof; nor ſuffer them to be controverted or diſputed on any pretence whatſoever.

And in this confidence, &c. &c. &c.

LETTER V.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Jan. 20.

I HAVE been hindered from proſecuting my intention. Neither nights nor mornings have been

my own. My Mother has been very ill; and would have no other nurſe but me. I have not ſtirred from her bedſide (for ſhe kept her bed); and two nights I had the honour of ſharing it with her.

Her diſorder was a very violent Colic. The contentions of theſe fierce, theſe maſculine ſpirits, and the apprehenſion of miſchiefs that may ariſe from the encreaſing animoſity which all *here* have againſt Mr. Lovelace, and *his* too-well known reſenting and intrepid character, ſhe cannot bear. Then the foundations laid, as ſhe dreads, for jealouſy and heart-burnings in her own family, late ſo happy and ſo united, afflict exceedingly a gentle and ſenſible mind, which has from the beginning, on all occaſions, ſacrificed its own inward ſatisfaction to outward peace. My Brother and Siſter, who uſed very often to jar, are now ſo entirely one, and are ſo much together (*caballing* was the word that dropped from my Mother's lips, as if at unawares) that ſhe is very fearful of the conſequences that may follow;—to my prejudice, perhaps, is her kind concern; ſince ſhe ſees that they behave to me every hour with more and more ſhyneſs and reſerve: Yet, would ſhe but exert that authority which the ſuperiority of her fine talents gives her, all theſe family-feuds might perhaps be extinguiſhed in their but-yet beginnings; eſpecially as ſhe may be aſſured that all fitting conceſſions ſhall be made by me, not only as my Brother and Siſter are my Elders, but for the ſake of ſo excellent and ſo indulgent a Mother.

For, if I may ſay to you, my dear, what I would not to any other perſon living, it is my opinion, that had ſhe been of a temper that would have borne leſs, ſhe would have had ten times leſs to bear than ſhe has had. No commendation, you'll ſay, of the generoſity of thoſe ſpirits which can turn to its own diſquiet ſo much condeſcending goodneſs.

Upon my word I am ſometimes tempted to think that we may make the world allow for and reſpect us as

as we pleaſe, if we can but be ſturdy in our wills, and ſet out accordingly. It is but being the *leſs* beloved for it, that's all: And if we have power to oblige thoſe we have to do with, it will not appear to *us* that we are. Our flatterers will tell us any-thing ſooner than our faults, or what they know we do not like to hear.

Were there not truth in this obſervation, is it poſſible that my Brother and Siſter could make their very failings, their vehemences, of ſuch importance to all the family? 'How will my *Son*, how will my *Ne-* '*phew*, take this or that meaſure? What will *he* ſay 'to it? Let us conſult *him* about it;' are references always previous to every reſolution taken by his ſuperiors, whoſe will ought to be his. Well may he expect to be treated with this deference by every other perſon, when my Father himſelf, generally ſo abſolute, conſtantly pays it to him; and the more ſince his Godmother's bounty has given independence to a ſpirit that was before under too little reſtraint.—But whither may theſe reflections lead me!—I know you do not love any of us but my Mother and me; and, being above all diſguiſes, make me ſenſible that you do *not* oftener than I wiſh.—Ought I then to add force to your diſlikes of thoſe whom I wiſh you to like?—of my father eſpecially; for he, alas! has ſome excuſe for his impatience of contradiction. He is not *naturally* an ill-temper'd man; and in his perſon and air, and in his converſation too, when not under the torture of a gouty paroxyſm, every-body diſtinguiſhes the gentleman born and educated.

Our Sex perhaps muſt expect to bear a little—*uncourtlineſs* ſhall I call it?—from the *Huſband* whom as the *Lover* they let know the preference their hearts gave him to all other men.—Say what they will of generoſity being a *manly* virtue; but upon my word, my dear, I have ever yet obſerved, that it is not to be met with in that Sex one time in ten that it is to be

found in ours.—But my Father was ſoured by the cruel diſtemper I have named; which ſeized him all at once in the very prime of life, in ſo violent a manner as to take from the moſt active of minds, as *his* was, all power of activity, and that in all appearance for life.—It impriſoned, as I may ſay, his lively ſpirits in himſelf, and turned the edge of them againſt his own peace; his extraordinary proſperity adding to his impatiency. Thoſe, I believe, who want the feweſt earthly bleſſings, moſt regret that they want any.

But my Brother! what excuſe can be made for his haughty and moroſe temper? He is really, my dear, I am ſorry to have occaſion to ſay it, an ill-temper'd young man; and treats my Mother ſometimes—Indeed he is not dutiful.—But, poſſeſſing every-thing, he has the vice of age mingled with the ambition of youth, and enjoys nothing—but his own haughtineſs and ill-temper, I was going to ſay.—Yet again am I adding force to your diſlikes of ſome of us.—Once, my dear, it was perhaps in your power to have moulded him as you pleaſed.—Could you have been my Siſter!—Then had I had a *Friend* in a Siſter.—But no wonder that he does not love you now; who could nip in the bud, and that with a diſdain, let me ſay, too much of kin to his haughtineſs, a paſſion that would not have wanted a ſervor worthy of the object; and which poſſibly would have *made* him worthy.

But no more of this. I will proſecute my former intention in my next; which I will ſit down to as ſoon as breakfaſt is over; diſpatching this by the meſſenger whom you have ſo kindly ſent to enquire after us on my ſilence. Mean time, I am,

Your moſt affectionate and obliged

Friend and Servant,

CL. HARLOWE.

LET-

LETTER VI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Harlowe-Place, Jan. 20.

I WILL now reſume my narrative of proceedings here.—My Brother being in a good way, altho' you may be ſure that his reſentments are rather heightened than abated by the galling diſgrace he has received, my friends (my Father and Uncles, however, if not my Brother and Siſter) begin to think that I have been treated unkindly. My Mother has been ſo good as to tell me this ſince I ſent away my laſt.

Nevertheleſs I believe they all think that I receive Letters from Mr. Lovelace. But Lord M. being inclined rather to ſupport than to blame his Nephew, they ſeem to be ſo much afraid of Mr. Lovelace, that they do not put it to me whether I do or not; conniving on the contrary, as it ſhould ſeem, at the only method left to allay the vehemence of a ſpirit which they have ſo much provoked: For he ſtill inſiſts upon Satisfaction from my Uncles; and this poſſibly (for he wants not Art) as the beſt way to be introduced again with ſome Advantage into our family. And indeed my Aunt Hervey has put it to my Mother, whether it were not beſt to prevail upon my Brother, to take a turn to his Yorkſhire Eſtate (which he was intending to do before) and to ſtay there till all is blown over.

But this is very far from being his intention: For he has already began to hint again, that he ſhall never be eaſy or ſatisfied till I am married; and, finding neither Mr. Symmes nor Mr. Mullins will be accepted, has propoſed Mr. Wyerley once more, on the ſcore of his great paſſion for me. This I have again rejected; and but yeſterday he mentioned one who has applied to him by Letter, making high offers. This is Mr. Solmes; *Rich* Solmes you know they call him. But this application has not met with the attention of one ſingle ſoul.

If none of his ſchemes of getting me married take effect, he has thoughts, I am told, of propoſing to me to go to Scotland, that, as the compliment is, I may put his houſe there in ſuch order as our own is in. But this my Mother intends to oppoſe for her own ſake; becauſe, having relieved her, as ſhe is pleaſed to ſay, of the houſhold cares (for which my Siſter, you know, has no turn) they muſt again devolve upon her if I go. And if *ſhe* did not oppoſe it, *I* ſhould; for, believe me, I have no mind to be his houſekeeper; and I am ſure, were I to go with him, I ſhould be treated rather as a Servant than a Siſter:—Perhaps, not the better becauſe I *am* his Siſter. And if Mr. Lovelace ſhould follow me, things might be worſe than they are now.

But I have beſought my Mother, who is apprehenſive of Mr. Lovelace's viſits, and for fear of whom my Uncles never ſtir out without arms and armed ſervants (my Brother alſo being near well enough to go abroad) to procure me permiſſion to be your gueſt for a fortnight, or ſo.—Will your Mother, think you, my dear, give me leave?

I dare not aſk to go to my *dairy-houſe*, as my good Grandfather would call it: For I am now afraid of being thought to have a wiſh to enjoy that independence to which his Will has entitled me: And as matters are ſituated, ſuch a wiſh would be imputed to my regard to the man to whom they have now ſo great an antipathy. And indeed could I be as eaſy and happy here as I uſed to be, I would defy that man and all his Sex; and never repent that I have given the power of my fortune into my Father's hands.

⚙ ⚙

JUST now, my Mother has rejoiced me with the news that my requeſted permiſſion is granted. Every one thinks it beſt that I ſhould go to you, except my Brother. But he was told, that he muſt not expect to rule in every-thing. I am to be ſent for into the Great

Great Parlour, where are my two Uncles and my Aunt Hervey, and to be acquainted with this conceſſion in form.

You know, my dear, that there is a good deal of ſolemnity among us. But never was there a family more united in its different branches than ours. Our Uncles conſider us as their own children, and declare, that it is for our ſakes they live ſingle. So that they are adviſed with upon every article relating to us, or that may affect us. It is therefore the leſs wonder, at a time when they underſtand that Mr. Lovelace is determined to pay us an *amicable* viſit, as he calls it (but which I am ſure cannot end amicably) that they ſhould both be conſulted upon the permiſſion I had deſired to attend you.

I WILL acquaint you with what paſſed at the general leave given me to be your gueſt. And yet I know that you will not love my Brother the better for my communication. But I am angry with him myſelf, and cannot help it. And beſides, it is proper to let you know the terms I go upon, and their motives for permitting me to go.

Clary, ſaid my Mother, as ſoon as I entered the Great Parlour, your requeſt to go to Miſs Howe's for a few days has been taken into conſideration, and granted—

Much againſt my liking, I aſſure you, ſaid my Brother, rudely interrupting her.

Son James! ſaid my Father, and knit his brows.

He was not daunted. His arm is in a ſling. He often has the mean art to look upon *that*, when anything is hinted that may be ſuppoſed to lead towards the leaſt favour to or reconciliation with Mr. Lovelace.—Let the *girl* then [I am often the *girl* with him] be prohibited ſeeing that vile Libertine.

Nobody ſpoke.

Do you hear, Siſter Clary? taking their ſilence for

approbation of what *he* had dictated; you are not to receive viſits from Lord M's Nephew.

Every one ſtill remained ſilent.

Do you ſo underſtand the licence you have, Miſs? interrogated he.

I would be glad, Sir, ſaid I, to underſtand that you are my *Brother*;—and that *you* would underſtand that you are *only* my Brother.

O the fond, fond heart! with a ſneer of inſult, lifting up his hands.

Sir, ſaid I to my Father, to your juſtice I appeal: If I have deſerved reflection, let me not be ſpared. But if I am to be anſwerable for the raſhneſs—

No more!—No more of either ſide, ſaid my Father. You are not to receive the viſits of that Lovelace, tho'.—Nor are you, Son James, to reflect upon your Siſter. She is a worthy child.

Sir, I have done, replied he;—and yet I have *her* honour at heart, as much as the honour of the reſt of the family.

And *hence*, Sir, retorted I, your unbrotherly reflections upon me?

Well but you obſerve, Miſs, ſaid he, that it is not *I*, but your *Father*, that tells you, that you are not to receive the viſits of that Lovelace.

Couſin Harlowe, ſaid my Aunt Hervey, allow me to ſay, That my Couſin Clary's prudence may be confided in.

I am *convinced* it may, joined my Mother.

But, Aunt, but, Madam (put in my Siſter) there is no hurt, I preſume, in letting my Siſter know the condition ſhe goes to Miſs Howe upon; ſince, if he gets a knack of viſiting her there—

You may be ſure, interrupted my Uncle Harlowe, he will endeavour to ſee her there.

So would ſuch an impudent man *here*, ſaid my Uncle Antony: And 'tis better *there* than *here*.

Better *no-where*, ſaid my Father.—I command you (turning

(turning to me) on pain of diſpleaſure, that you ſee him not at all.

I will not, Sir, in any way of encouragement, I do aſſure you: Nor at all, if I can properly avoid it.

You know with what indifference, ſaid my Mother, ſhe has hitherto ſeen him.—Her prudence may be truſted to, as my Siſter Hervey ſays.

With what *appa—rent* indifference, drolled my Brother.

Son James! ſaid my Father, ſternly!

I have done, Sir, ſaid he. But again, in a provoking manner, he reminded me of the prohibition.

Thus ended this conference.

Will you engage, my dear, that the hated man ſhall not come near your houſe?—But what an inconſiſtence is this, when they conſent to my going, thinking his viſits *here* no otherwiſe to be avoided!—But if he does come, I charge you never leave us alone together.

As I have no reaſon to doubt a welcome from your good Mother, I will put every-thing in order here, and be with you in two or three days.

Mean time, I am

Your moſt affectionate and obliged,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER VII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

[*After her return from her.*]

Harlowe-Place, Feb. 20.

I BEG your excuſe for not writing ſooner. Alas, my dear, I have ſad proſpects before me! My Brother and Siſter have ſucceeded in all their views. They have found out another Lover for me; an hideous one!—Yet he is encouraged by every-body. No wonder that I was ordered home ſo ſuddenly. At

an

an hour's warning!—No other notice, you know, than what was brought with the chariot that was to carry me back.—It was for fear, as I have been informed [an unworthy fear!] that I ſhould have entered into any concert with Mr. Lovelace had I known their motive for commanding me home; apprehending, 'tis evident, that I ſhould diſlike the man they had to propoſe to me.

And well might they apprehend ſo:—For who do you think he is?—No other than that *Solmes!*—— Could you have believed it?—And they are all determined too; my Mother with the reſt!—Dear, dear excellence! how could ſhe be thus brought over, when I am aſſured, that on his firſt being propoſed ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, That had Mr. Solmes the *Indies* in poſſeſſion, and would endow me with them, ſhe ſhould not think him deſerving of her Clariſſa!

The reception I met with at my return, ſo different from what I uſed to meet with on every little abſence [And now I had been from them three weeks] convinced me that I was to ſuffer for the happineſs I had had in your company and converſation for that moſt agreeable period. I will give you an account of it.

My Brother met me at the door, and gave me his hand when I ſtepped out of the chariot. He bowed very low; Pray, Miſs, favour me.—I thought it in good humour; but found it afterwards mock-reſpect: And ſo he led me in great form, I prattling all the way, enquiring of every-body's health, (altho' I was ſo ſoon to ſee them, and there was hardly time for anſwers) into the Great Parlour; where were my Father, Mother, my two Uncles, and Siſter.

I was ſtruck all of a heap as ſoon as I entered, to ſee a ſolemnity which I had been ſo little uſed to on the like occaſions in the countenance of every dear relation. They all kept their ſeats. I ran to my Father, and kneeled: Then to my Mother: And met

from

from both a cold ſalute: From my Father a bleſſing but half pronounced: My Mother indeed called me Child; but embraced me not with her uſual indulgent ardor.

After I had paid my duty to my Uncles, and my compliments to my Siſter, which ſhe received with ſolemn and ſtiff form, I was bid to ſit down. But my heart was full: And I ſaid it became me to ſtand, if I *could* ſtand, upon a reception ſo awful and unuſual. I was forced to turn my face from them, and pull out my handkerchief.

My unbrotherly accuſer hereupon ſtood forth, and charged me with having received no leſs than *five or ſix viſits* at Miſs Howe's from the man they had all ſo much reaſon to hate [that was the expreſſion]; notwithſtanding the commands I had had to the contrary. And he bid me deny it if I could.

I had never been uſed, I ſaid, to deny the truth, nor would I now. I owned I had in the three weeks paſſed ſeen the perſon I preſumed he meant *oftener* than five or ſix times [Pray hear me, Brother, ſaid I; for he was going to flame out]. But he always aſked for Mrs. or Miſs Howe, when he came.

I proceeded, That I had reaſon to believe, that both Mrs. Howe and Miſs, as matters ſtood, would much rather have excuſed his viſits; but they had more than once apologized, that having not the ſame reaſon my Papa had to forbid him their houſe, his rank and fortune entitled him to civility.

You ſee, my dear, I made not the pleas I might have made.

My Brother ſeemed ready to give a looſe to his paſſion: My Father put on the countenance which always portends a gathering ſtorm: My Uncles mutteringly whiſpered: And my Siſter aggravatingly held up her hands. While I begged to be heard out;—and my Mother ſaid, Let the *child*, that was her kind word, be heard.

I hoped,

I hoped, I ſaid, there was no harm done: That it became not me to preſcribe to Mrs. or Miſs Howe who ſhould be their viſiters: That Mrs. Howe was always diverted with the raillery that paſſed between Miſs and him: That I had no reaſon to challenge *her* gueſt for *my* viſiter, as I ſhould ſeem to have done had I refuſed to go into their company when he was with them: That I had never ſeen him out of the preſence of one or both of thoſe Ladies; and had ſignified to him once, on his urging for a few moments private converſation with me, that unleſs a Reconciliation were effected between my family and his, he muſt not expect that I would countenance his viſits, much leſs give him an opportunity of that ſort.

I told them further, That Miſs Howe ſo well underſtood my mind, that ſhe never left me a moment while Mr. Lovelace was there: That when he came, if I was not below in the parlour, I would not ſuffer myſelf to be called to him: Altho' I thought it would be an affectation which would give him advantage rather than the contrary, if I had left company when he came in; or refuſed to enter into it when I found he would ſtay any time.

My Brother heard me out with ſuch a kind of impatience as ſhewed he was reſolved to be diſſatisfied with me, ſay what I would. The reſt, as the event has proved, behaved as if they *would* have been ſatisfied, had they not further points to carry by intimidating me. All this made it evident, as I mentioned above, that they themſelves expected not my voluntary compliance; and was a tacit confeſſion of the diſagreeableneſs of the perſon they had to propoſe.

I was no ſooner ſilent than my *Brother* ſwore, altho' in my Father's preſence (ſwore, unchecked either by eye or countenance) That for his part, he would *never* be reconciled to that Libertine: And that he would renounce me for a Siſter, if I encouraged the addreſſes of a man ſo obnoxious to them all.

A man

A man who had like to have been my Brother's murderer, my *Siſter* ſaid, with a face even burſting with reſtraint of paſſion.

The poor Bella has, you know, a plump high-fed face, if I may be allowed the expreſſion. You, I know, will forgive me for this liberty of ſpeech ſooner than I can forgive myſelf: Yet how can one be ſuch a reptile as not to turn when trampled upon!

My Father, with vehemence both of action and voice [my Father has, you know, a terrible voice when he is angry!] told me that I had met with too much indulgence in being allowed to refuſe *this* gentleman, and the *other* gentleman; and it was now *his* turn to be obeyed.

Very true, my *Mother* ſaid:—And hoped his will would not now be diſputed by a child ſo favoured.

To ſhew they were all of a ſentiment, my Uncle *Harlowe* ſaid, He hoped his beloved Niece only wanted to know her Father's will, to obey it.

And my Uncle *Antony*, in his rougher manner, added, That ſurely I would not give them reaſon to apprehend, that I thought my Grandfather's favour to me had made me independent of them all.—If I did, he would tell me, the Will *could* be ſet aſide, and *ſhould*.

I was aſtoniſhed, you muſt needs think.—Whoſe addreſſes now, thought I, is this treatment preparative to?—Mr. Wyerley's again?—or whoſe? And then, as high compariſons, where *ſelf* is concerned, ſooner than low, come into young peoples heads; Be it for whom it will, this is wooing as the Engliſh did for the heireſs of Scotland in the time of Edward the Sixth. But that it could be for Solmes, how ſhould it enter into my head?

I did not know, I ſaid, that I had given occaſion for this harſhneſs. I hoped I ſhould always have a juſt ſenſe of every one's favour to me, ſuperadded to the duty I owed as a Daughter and a Niece: But

that

that I was ſo much ſurpriſed at a reception ſo unuſual and unexpected, that I hoped my Papa and Mamma would give me leave to retire, in order to recollect myſelf.

No one gainſaying, I made my ſilent compliments, and withdrew;—leaving my Brother and Siſter, as I thought, pleaſed; and as if they wanted to congratulate each other on having occaſioned ſo ſevere a beginning to be made with me.

I went up to my chamber, and there with my faithful Hannah deplored the determined face which the new propoſal it was plain they had to make me wore.

I had not recovered myſelf when I was ſent for down to Tea. I begged by my maid to be excuſed attending; but on the repeated command, went down with as much chearfulneſs as I could aſſume; and had a new fault to clear myſelf of: For my Brother, ſo pregnant a thing is determined ill-will, by intimations equally rude and intelligible, charged my deſire of being excuſed coming down, to Sullens, becauſe a certain perſon had been ſpoken againſt, upon whom, as he ſuppoſed, my fancy ran.

I could eaſily anſwer you, Sir, ſaid I, as ſuch a reflection deſerves: But I forbear. If I do not find a Brother in *you*, you ſhall have a Siſter in *me*.

Pretty meekneſs! Bella whiſperingly ſaid; looking at my Brother, and lifting up her lip in contempt.

He, with an imperious air, bid me *deſerve* his Love, and I ſhould be ſure to *have* it.

As we ſat, my Mother, in her admirable manner expatiated upon brotherly and ſiſterly love; indulgently blamed my Brother and Siſter for having taken up diſpleaſure too lightly againſt me; and politically, if I may ſo ſay, anſwered for my obedience to my Father's will.—*Then it would be all well*, my Father was pleaſed to ſay: *Then they ſhould dote upon me*, was my Brother's expreſſion: *Love me as well as ever*, was my Siſter's:

Siſter's: And my Uncles, *That I then ſhould be the pride of their hearts.*—But, alas! what a forfeiture of all theſe muſt I make!

This was the reception I had on my return from you.

Mr. Solmes came in before we had done Tea. My Uncle Antony preſented him to me, as a gentleman he had a particular friendſhip for. My Uncle Harlowe in terms equally favourable for him. My Father ſaid, Mr. Solmes is my friend, Clariſſa Harlowe. My Mother looked at him, and looked at me, now-and-then, as he ſat near me, I thought with concern.—I at *her*, with eyes appealing for pity. At *him*, when I could glance at him, with diſguſt little ſhort of affrightment. While my Brother and Siſter Mr. *Solmes*'d him, and *Sirr*'d him up, at every word. So careſſed, in ſhort, by all;—yet ſuch a wretch!—But I will at preſent only add, My humble thanks and duty to your honoured Mother (to whom I will particularly write, to expreſs the grateful Senſe I have of her goodneſs to me); and that I am

Your ever obliged

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER VIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Feb. 24.

THEY drive on here at a furious rate. The man lives here, I think. He courts them, and is more and more a favourite. Such Terms, ſuch Settlements! That's the cry.

O my dear, that I had not reaſon to deplore the family-fault, immenſely rich as they all are! But this I may the more unreſervedly ſay to you, as we have often joined in the ſame concern: I, for a Father and Uncles; you, for a Mother; in every other reſpect faultleſs.

Hitherto,

Hitherto, I ſeem to be delivered over to my Brother, who pretends as great Love to me as ever.

You may believe, I have been very ſincere with him. But he affects to railly me, and not to believe it poſſible, that one ſo dutiful and ſo diſcreet as his Siſter Clary can reſolve to diſoblige all her friends.

Indeed, I tremble at the proſpect before me; for it is evident that they are ſtrangely determined.

My Father and Mother induſtriouſly avoid giving me opportunity of ſpeaking to them alone. They aſk not for my approbation, intending, as it ſhould ſeem, to *ſuppoſe* me into their will. And with them I ſhall hope to prevail, or with nobody. They have not the *intereſt* in compelling me, as my Brother and Siſter have: I ſay leſs therefore to them, reſerving my whole force for an audience of my Father, if he will permit me a patient ear. How difficult is it, my dear, to give a negative where both duty and inclination join to make one wiſh to oblige!

I have already ſtood the ſhock of three of this man's particular viſits, beſides my ſhare in his more general ones; and find it is impoſſible I ſhould ever endure him. He has but a very ordinary ſhare of underſtanding; is very illiterate; knows nothing but the value of Eſtates, and how to improve them, and what belongs to Land-jobbing and Huſbandry. Yet am I as one ſtupid, I think. They have begun ſo cruelly with me, that I have not ſpirit enough to aſſert my own Negative.

They had endeavoured it ſeems to influence my good Mrs. Norton before I came home—So intent are they to carry their point! And her opinion not being to their liking, ſhe has been told that ſhe would do well to decline viſiting here for the preſent: Yet *ſhe* is the perſon of all the world, next to my Mother, the moſt likely to prevail upon me, were the meaſures they are engaged in reaſonable meaſures, or ſuch as *ſhe* could think ſo.

My

My Aunt likewiſe having ſaid that ſhe did not think her Niece could ever be brought to like Mr. Solmes, has been obliged to learn another leſſon.

I am to have a viſit from her to-morrow. And, ſince I have refuſed ſo much as to hear from my Brother and Siſter what the noble Settlements are to be, ſhe is to acquaint me with the particulars; and to receive from me my determination: For my Father, I am told, will not have patience but to *ſuppoſe* that I ſhall ſtand in oppoſition to his will.

Mean time it has been ſignified to me, that it will be acceptable if I do not think of going to church next Sunday.

The ſame ſignification was made me for laſt Sunday; and I obeyed. They are apprehenſive that Mr. Lovelace will be there with deſign to come home with me.

Help me, dear Miſs Howe, to a little of your charming ſpirit: I never more wanted it.

The man, this Solmes, you may ſuppoſe, has no reaſon to boaſt of his progreſs with me. He has not the ſenſe to ſay any-thing to the purpoſe. His courtſhip indeed is to *them*; and my Brother pretends to court me as his proxy, truly!—I utterly to my Brother reject his addreſs; but thinking a perſon ſo well received and recommended by all my family, entitled to good manners, all I ſay againſt him is affectedly attributed to coyneſs: And he, not being ſenſible of his own imperfections, believes that my avoiding him when I can, and the reſerves I expreſs, are owing to nothing elſe: For, as I ſaid, all his courtſhip is to *them*; and I have no opportunity of ſaying No, to one who aſks me not the queſtion. And ſo, with an air of *manniſh* ſuperiority, he ſeems rather to pity the baſhful girl, than to apprehend that he ſhall not ſucceed.

February 25.

I HAVE had the expected conference with my Aunt. I have

I have been obliged to hear the man's propoſals from her; and have been alſo told what their motives are for eſpouſing his intereſt with ſo much warmth. I am even loth to mention how equally unjuſt it is for him to make ſuch offers, or for thoſe I am bound to reverence to accept of them. I hate him more than before. One great Eſtate is already obtained at the expence of the relations to it, tho' diſtant relations; my Brother's, I mean, by his Godmother: And this has given the hope, however chimerical that hope, of procuring others; and that my own at leaſt may revert to the family. And yet in my opinion the World is but one great family. Originally it was ſo. What then is this narrow ſelfiſhneſs that reigns in us, but relationſhip remembered againſt relationſhip forgot?

But here, upon my abſolute refuſal of him upon *any* terms, have I had a ſignification made me that wounds me to the heart. How can I tell it you? Yet I muſt. It is, my dear, that I muſt not for a month to come, or till licence obtained, correſpond with *any*-body out of the houſe.

My Brother, upon my Aunt's report (made, however, as I am informed, in the gentleſt manner, and even giving remote hopes, which ſhe had no commiſſion from me to give) brought me, in authoritative terms, the prohibition.

Not to Miſs Howe? ſaid I.

No, not to Miſs Howe, *Madam*, tauntingly: For have you not acknowledged, that Lovelace is a favourite there?

See, my dear Miſs Howe!—

And do you think, Brother, this is the way—

Do *you* look to that.—But your Letters will be ſtopt, I can tell you.—And away he flung.

My Siſter came to me ſoon after—Siſter Clary, you are going on in a fine way, I underſtand. But as there are people who are ſuppoſed to harden you againſt your

your duty, I am to tell you, that it will be taken well if you avoid viſits or viſitings for a week or two till further order.

Can this be from thoſe who have authority—

Aſk them; aſk them, child, with a twirl of her finger.—I have delivered my Meſſage. Your Father will be obeyed. He is willing to hope you to be all obedience, and would prevent all *incitements* to refractorineſs.

I know my duty, ſaid I; and hope I ſhall not find impoſſible conditions annexed to it.

A pert young creature, vain and conceited, ſhe called me. I was the only judge in my own wiſe opinion, of what was right and fit. She, for her part, had long ſeen into my ſpecious ways: And now I ſhould ſhew every-body what I was at bottom.

Dear Bella, ſaid I! hands and eyes lifted up—why all this?—Dear, dear Bella, why—

None of your dear, dear Bella's to me.—I tell you, I ſee through your *witchcrafts* [That was her ſtrange word]. And away ſhe flung; adding, as ſhe went, And ſo will every-body elſe very quickly, I dare ſay.

Bleſs me, ſaid I to myſelf, what a Siſter have I!—How have I deſerved this?

Then I again regretted my Grandfather's too diſtinguiſhing goodneſs to me.

Feb. 25. *in the Evening.*

WHAT my Brother and Siſter have ſaid againſt me I cannot tell:—But I am in heavy diſgrace with my Father.

I was ſent for down to Tea. I went with a very chearful aſpect: But had occaſion ſoon to change it.

Such a Solemnity in every-body's countenance!—My Mother's eyes were fixed upon the tea-cups; and when ſhe looked up, it was heavily, as if her eye-lids had weights upon them; and then not to me. My Father ſat half-aſide in his elbow-chair, that his head

head might be turned from me; his hands claſped, and waving, as it were, up and down; his fingers, poor dear gentleman! in motion, as if angry to the very ends of them. My Siſter ſat ſwelling. My Brother looked at me with ſcorn, having meaſured me, as I may ſay, with his eyes as I entered, from head to foot. My Aunt was there, and looked upon me as if with kindneſs reſtrained, bending coldly to my compliment to her as ſhe ſat; and then caſt an eye firſt on my Brother, then on my Siſter, as if to give the reaſon [ſo I am willing to conſtrue it] of her unuſual ſtiffneſs.—Bleſs me, my dear! that they ſhould chuſe to intimidate rather than invite a mind, till now, not thought either unperſuadable or ungenerous!

I took my ſeat. Shall I make Tea, Madam, to my Mother?—I always uſed, you know, my dear, to make Tea.

No! a very ſhort ſentence, in one very ſhort word, was the expreſſive anſwer. And ſhe was pleaſed to take the caniſter in her own hand.

My Brother bid the footman who attended, leave the room, I, ſaid he, will pour out the water.

My heart was up at my mouth. I did not know what to do with myſelf. What is to follow? thought I.

Juſt after the ſecond diſh, out ſtept my Mother—A word with you, Siſter Hervey! taking her in her hand. Preſently my Siſter dropt away. Then my Brother. So I was left alone with my Father.

He looked ſo very ſternly, that my heart failed me as twice or thrice I would have addreſſed myſelf to him: Nothing but ſolemn ſilence on all hands having paſſed before.

At laſt, I aſked, If it were his pleaſure that I ſhould pour him out another diſh?

He anſwered me with the ſame angry monoſyllable, which I had received from my Mother before; and then aroſe, and walked about the room. I aroſe too, with intent to throw myſelf at his feet; but was too much

much over-awed by his ſternneſs, even to make ſuch an expreſſion of my duty to him as my heart overflowed with.

At laſt, as he ſupported himſelf, becauſe of his gout, on the back of a chair, I took a little more courage; and approaching him, beſought him to acquaint me in what I had offended him?

He turned from me, and in a ſtrong voice, Clariſſa Harlowe, ſaid he, know that I will be obeyed.

God forbid, Sir, that you ſhould not!—I have never yet oppoſed your will—

Nor I your whimſies, Clariſſa Harlowe, interrupted he.—Don't let me run the fate of all who ſhew indulgence to your Sex; To be the more contradicted for mine to you.

My Father, you know, my dear, has not (any more than my Brother) a kind opinion of our Sex; altho' there is not a more condeſcending Wife in the world than my Mother.

I was going to make proteſtations of duty—No proteſtations, girl! No words! I will not be prated to! I will be obeyed! I have no child, I *will* have no child, but an obedient one.

Sir, you never had reaſon, I hope—

Tell me not what I never *had*, but what I *have*, and what I *ſhall* have.

Good Sir, be pleaſed to hear me—My Brother and my Siſter, I fear—

Your Brother and Siſter ſhall not be ſpoken againſt, girl!—They have a juſt concern for the honour of my Family.

And I hope, Sir—

Hope nothing.—Tell me not of *hopes*, but of *facts*. I aſk nothing of you but what is in your *power* to comply with, and what it is your *duty* to comply with.

Then, Sir, I *will* comply with it—But yet I hope from your goodneſs—

No expoſtulations! No *but's*, girl! No qualifyings!

I will be obeyed, I tell you; and chearfully too!—or you are no child of mine!

I wept.

Let me beſeech you, my dear and ever-honoured Papa (and I dropt down on my knees) that I may have only yours and my Mamma's will, and not my Brother's, to obey.

I was going on; but he was pleaſed to withdraw, leaving me on the floor; ſaying, That he would not hear me thus by ſubtilty and cunning aiming to diſtinguiſh away my duty; repeating, that he *would* be obeyed.

My heart is too full;—ſo full, that it may endanger my duty, were I to try to unburden it to you on this occaſion: So I will lay down my pen.—But can—Yet, poſitively, I *will* lay down my pen!—

LETTER IX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Feb. 26. *in the Morning.*

MY Aunt, who ſtaid here laſt Night, made me a viſit this morning as ſoon as it was light. She tells me, that I was left alone with my Father yeſterday on purpoſe that he might talk with me on my expected obedience; but that he owned he was put beſide his purpoſe by reflecting on ſomething my Brother had told him in my diſfavour, and by his impatience but to ſuppoſe, that ſuch a gentle ſpirit as mine had hitherto ſeemed to be, ſhould preſume to diſpute his will in a point where the advantage of the whole family was to be ſo greatly promoted by my compliance.

I find, by a few words which dropt unawares from my Aunt, that they have all an abſolute dependence upon what they ſuppoſe to be meekneſs in my temper. But in this they may be miſtaken; for I verily think, upon a ſtrict examination of myſelf, that I have

have almoſt as much in me of my Father's as of my Mother's Family.

My Uncle Harlowe it ſeems is againſt driving me upon extremities: But my Brother has engaged, that the regard I have for my reputation, and my principles, will bring me *round to my duty*; that's the expreſſion. Perhaps I ſhall have reaſon to wiſh I had not known this.

My Aunt adviſes me to ſubmit for the preſent to the interdicts they have laid me under; and indeed to encourage Mr. Solmes's addreſs. I have abſolutely refuſed the latter, let what will (as I have told her) be the conſequence. The viſiting prohibition I will conform to. But as to that of not correſponding with you, nothing but the menace that our Letters ſhall be intercepted can engage my obſervation of it.

She believes that this order is from my Father, and that my Mother has not been conſulted upon it. She ſays, that it is given, as ſhe has reaſon to think, purely in conſideration to me, leſt I ſhould mortally offend him; and this from the incitements of *other* people (meaning you and Miſs Lloyd, I make no doubt) rather than by my own will. For ſtill, as ſhe tells me, he ſpeaks kind and praiſeful things of me.

Here is clemency! Here is indulgence!—And ſo it is, To prevent a headſtrong child, as a good Prince would wiſh to deter diſaffected ſubjects, from running into rebellion, and ſo forfeiting every-thing! But this is all owing to the Young-man's wiſdom of my Brother; a Plotter without a head, and a Brother without a heart!

How happy might I have been with any other Brother in the world but James Harlowe; and with any other Siſter but *his* Siſter! Wonder not, my dear, that I, who uſed to chide you for theſe ſort of liberties with my relations, now am more undutiful than you ever was unkind. I cannot bear the thought of being deprived of the principal pleaſure of my life; for ſuch

is your converſation by Perſon and by Letter. And who, beſides, can bear to be made the dupe of ſuch low cunning, operating with ſuch high and arrogant paſſions?

But can you, my dear Miſs Howe, condeſcend to carry on a private correſpondence with me?—If you can, there is one way I have thought of, by which it may be done.

You muſt remember the Green Lane, as we call it, that runs by the ſide of the Wood-houſe and Poultry-yard where I keep my Bantams, Pheaſants, and Peahens, which generally engage my notice twice a day; the more my favourites becauſe they were my Grandfather's, and recommended to my care by him; and therefore brought hither from my Dairy-houſe ſince his death.

The Lane is lower than the floor of the Wood-houſe; and in the ſide of the Wood-houſe the boards are rotted away down to the floor for half an ell together in ſeveral places. Hannah can ſtep into the Lane, and make a mark with chalk where a Letter or Parcel may be puſhed in, under ſome ſticks; which may be ſo managed as to be an unſuſpected cover for the written depoſits from either.

⚙ ⚙

I HAVE been juſt now to look at the place, and find it will anſwer. So your faithful Robert may, without coming near the houſe, and as only paſſing thro' the Green Lane which leads to two or three farm-houſes [out of livery if you pleaſe] very eaſily take from thence my Letters, and depoſit yours.

This place is the more convenient, becauſe it is ſeldom reſorted to but my myſelf or Hannah, on the above-mentioned account; for it is the general ſtore-houſe for firing; the wood for conſtant uſe being nearer the houſe.

One corner of this being ſeparated off for the rooſting-place of my little poultry, either ſhe or I ſhall never want a pretence to go thither. Try,

Try, my dear, the ſucceſs of a Letter this way; and give me your opinion and advice what to do in this *diſgraceful* ſituation, as I cannot but call it; and what you think of my proſpects; and what you would do in my caſe.

But before-hand I will tell you, that your advice muſt not run in favour of this Solmes: And yet it is very likely they will endeavour to engage your Mother, in order to induce you, who have ſuch an influence over me, to favour him.

Yet, on ſecond thoughts, if you incline to that ſide of the queſtion, I would have you write your whole mind. Determined as I think I am, and cannot help it, I would at leaſt give a patient hearing to what may be ſaid on the other ſide. For my regards are not ſo much engaged [Upon my word they are not; I know not myſelf if they be] to another perſon as ſome of my friends ſuppoſe; and as you, giving way to your lively vein, upon his laſt viſits, affected to ſuppoſe. What preferable favour I may have for him to any other perſon, is owing more to the uſage he has received, and for my ſake borne, than to any perſonal conſideration.

I write a few lines of grateful acknowledgement to your good Mother for her favours to me in the late happy period. I fear I ſhall never know ſuch another. I hope ſhe will forgive me, that I did not write ſooner.

The bearer, if ſuſpected and examined, is to produce *that* as the only one he carries.

How do needleſs watchfulneſs and undue reſtraint produce artifice and contrivance! I ſhould abhor theſe clandeſtine correſpondencies, were they not forced upon me. They have ſo mean, ſo low an appearance to myſelf, that I think I ought not to expect that you ſhould take part in them.

But why (as I have alſo expoſtulated with my Aunt) muſt I be puſhed into a State, which I have no wiſh

to enter into, altho' I reverence it?—Why ſhould not my Brother, ſo many years older, and ſo earneſt to ſee me engaged, be firſt engaged?—And why ſhould not my Siſter be firſt provided for?

But here I conclude theſe unavailing expoſtulations, with the aſſurance, that I am, and ever will be,

Your affectionate,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER X.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Feb. 27.

WHAT odd heads ſome people have!—Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe to be ſacrificed in marriage to Mr. Roger Solmes!—Aſtoniſhing!

I muſt not, you ſay, *give my advice in favour of this man!*—You now convince me, my dear, that you are nearer of kin than I thought you, to the family that could think of ſo prepoſterous a match, or you would never have had the leaſt notion of my adviſing in his favour.

Aſk for his picture. You know I have a good hand at drawing an ugly likeneſs. But I'll ſee a little further firſt: For who knows what may happen, ſince matters are in ſuch a train; and ſince you have not the courage to oppoſe ſo overwhelming a torrent?

You aſk me to help you to a little of my ſpirit. Are you in earneſt? But it will not now I doubt do you ſervice.—It will not ſit naturally upon you. You are your Mother's girl, think what you will; and have violent ſpirits to contend with. Alas! my dear, you ſhould have borrowed ſome of mine a little ſooner;—that is to ſay, before you had given the management of your Eſtate into the hands of thoſe who think they have a prior claim to it. What tho' a *Father*'s!—— Has not that Father two elder children?—And do they not both bear more of his ſtamp and image than

you

you do?—Pray, my dear, call me not to account for this free queſtion; leſt your *application* of my meaning, on examination, prove to be as ſevere as *that*.

Now I have launched out a little, indulge me one word more in the ſame ſtrain—I will be decent, I promiſe you. I think you might have known, that AVARICE and ENVY are two paſſions that are not to be ſatisfied, the one by *giving*, the other by the envied perſon's continuing to *deſerve* and *excel*.—Fuel, fuel both, all the world over, to flames inſatiate and devouring.

But ſince you aſk for *my* opinion, you muſt tell me all you know or ſurmiſe of *their* inducements. And if you will not forbid me to make extracts from your Letters for the entertainment of my Aunt and Couſin in the little Iſland, who long to hear more of your affairs, it will be very obliging.

But you are ſo tender of ſome people who have no tenderneſs for any-body but themſelves, that I muſt conjure you to ſpeak out. Remember, that a friendſhip like ours admits of no reſerves. You may truſt my impartiality. It would be an affront to your own judgment, if you did not: For do you not *aſk* my advice? And have you not taught me that friendſhip ſhould never give a bias againſt juſtice?—Juſtify them therefore if you can. Let us ſee if there be any *ſenſe*, whether ſufficient *reaſon* or not, in their choice. At preſent I cannot (and yet I know a good deal of your family) have any conception how *all* of them, your Mother and your Aunt Hervey in particular, can join with the reſt againſt judgments given. As to ſome of the others, I cannot wonder at any-thing they do or attempt to do where Self is concerned.

You aſk, Why may not your Brother be firſt engaged in Wedlock? I'll tell you why: His temper and his arrogance are too well known to induce women he would aſpire to, to receive his addreſſes, notwithſtanding his great independent acquiſitions and ſtill

greater proſpects. Let me tell you, my dear, thoſe acquiſitions have given him more pride than reputation. To me he is the moſt intolerable creature that I ever converſed with. The treatment you blame, he merited from one whom he addreſſed with the air of a perſon who preſumes that he is about to confer a favour, rather than to receive one. I ever loved to mortify proud and inſolent ſpirits. What, think you, makes me bear Hickman near me, but that the man is humble, and knows and keeps his diſtance?

As to your Queſtion, Why your elder Siſter may not be firſt provided for? I anſwer, Becauſe ſhe muſt have no man, but one who has a great and clear Eſtate; that's one thing. Another is, Becauſe ſhe has a younger Siſter. Pray, my dear, be ſo good as to tell me, What man of a great and clear Eſtate would think of that eldeſt Siſter, while the younger were ſingle?

You are all too rich to be happy, child. For muſt not each of you, by the conſtitutions of your family, marry to be *ſtill* richer? People who know in what their *main* excellence conſiſts, are not to be blamed (are they?) for cultivating and improving what they think moſt valuable?—Is true happineſs any part of your Family view?—So far from it, that none of your family but yourſelf could be happy were they *not* rich. So let them fret on, grumble and grudge, and accumulate; and wondering what ails them that they have not happineſs when they have riches, think the cauſe is want of more; and ſo go on heaping up, till Death, as greedy an accumulator as themſelves, gathers them into his garner.

Well then once more I ſay, do you, my dear, tell *me* what you know of their avowed and general motives; and I will tell *you* more than you will tell *me* of their failings! Your Aunt Hervey, you ſay (*a*), has told *you*: Why muſt I aſk you to let me know them

(*a*) See p. 46.

when

when you condeſcend to aſk my advice on the occaſion?

That they prohibit your correſponding with *me*, is a wiſdom I neither wonder at, nor blame them for: Since it is an evidence to me, that they know their own folly: And if they do, is it ſtrange that they ſhould be afraid to truſt another's judgment upon it?

I am glad you have found out a way to correſpond with me. I approve it much. I ſhall *more*, if this firſt trial of it prove ſucceſsful. But ſhould it *not*, and ſhould it fall into their hands, it would not concern me but for your ſake.

We have heard before you wrote, that all was not right between your relations and you at your coming home: That Mr. Solmes viſited you, and that with a proſpect of ſucceſs. But I concluded the miſtake lay in the perſon; and that his addreſs was to Miſs Arabella. And indeed had ſhe been as good-natured as your plump ones generally are, I ſhould have thought her too good for him by half. This muſt certainly be the thing, thought I; and my beloved friend is ſent for to adviſe and aſſiſt in her nuptial preparations. Who knows, ſaid I to my Mother, but that when the man has thrown aſide his yellow full-buckled peruke, and his broad-brimmed beaver (both of which I ſuppoſe were Sir Oliver's Beſt of long ſtanding) he may cut a tolerable figure dangling to church with Miſs Bell!—The woman, as ſhe obſerves, *ſhould* excel the man in features: And where can ſhe match ſo well for a foil?

I indulged this ſurmiſe againſt rumour, becauſe I could not believe that the abſurdeſt People in England could be ſo *very* abſurd as to think of this man for you.

We heard moreover, that you received no viſiters. I could aſſign no reaſon for this; except that the preparations for your Siſter were to be private, and the ceremony ſudden, for fear this man *ſhould*, as another

man *did*, change his mind. Miſs Lloyd and Miſs Biddulph were with me to enquire what I knew of this; and of your not being at Church, either Morning or Afternoon, the Sunday after your return from us; to the diſappointment of a little hundred of your admirers, to uſe their words. It was eaſy for me to gueſs the reaſon to be what you confirm—Their apprehenſions that Lovelace would be there, and attempt to wait on you home.

My Mother takes very kindly your compliments in your Letter to her. Her words upon reading it were; 'Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe is an admirable young 'Lady; Where-ever ſhe goes, ſhe confers a favour: 'Whomever ſhe leaves, ſhe fills with regret.'—And then a little comparative reflection; 'O my Nancy, 'that you had a little of her ſweet obligingneſs!'

No matter. The praiſe was yours. You are me; and I enjoyed it. The more enjoyed it, becauſe—Shall I tell you the truth?—Becauſe I think myſelf as well as I am—Were it but for this reaſon; That had I twenty Brother James's, and twenty Siſter Bell's, not one of them, nor all of them joined together, would dare to treat me as yours preſume to treat you. The perſon who will bear much ſhall have much to bear, all the world thro': 'Tis your own ſentiment (*a*), grounded upon the ſtrongeſt inſtance that can be given in your own Family; tho' you have ſo little improved by it.

The reſult is this, That I am fitter for *this* world than you: You for the *next* than me;—that's the difference.—But long, long, for my ſake, and for hundreds of ſakes, may it be before you quit us for company more congenial to you and more worthy of you!

I communicated to my Mother the account you give of your ſtrange reception; alſo what a horrid wretch they have found out for you; and the com-

(*a*) P. 30.

pulſory

pulſory treatment they give you. It only ſet her on magnifying her lenity to me on my *tyrannical* behaviour, as ſhe *will* call it [Mothers muſt have their way, you know, my dear] to the man whom ſhe ſo warmly recommends, againſt whom it ſeems there can be no juſt exception; and expatiating upon the complaiſance I owe her for her indulgence. So I believe I muſt communicate to her nothing farther—eſpecially as I know ſhe would condemn the correſpondence between us, and That between you and Lovelace, as clandeſtine and undutiful proceedings, and divulge our Secret beſides: For *duty implicit* is her cry. And moreover ſhe lends a pretty open ear to the preachments of that ſtarch old Bachelor your Uncle Antony; and for an example to *her* Daughter would be more careful how ſhe takes your part, be the cauſe ever ſo juſt.

Yet is not this right policy neither. For people who allow nothing will be granted nothing: In other words, thoſe who aim at carrying too many points will not be able to carry any.

But can you divine, my dear, what that old preachment-making plump-hearted ſoul your Uncle Antony means by his frequent amblings hither?—There is ſuch ſmirking and ſmiling between my Mother and him! Such mutual praiſes of Œconomy; and '*That* 'is my way!'—and '*This* I do!'—and 'I am glad it 'has *your* approbation, Sir!'—and '*You* look into 'every-thing, Madam!'—'Nothing would be done, 'if I *did not!*'—Such exclamations againſt ſervants! Such exaltings of ſelf! And *dear-heart*, and *good-lack!*—and *'las a-day!*—And now-and-then their converſation ſinking into a whiſpering accent, if *I* come croſs them!—I'll tell you, my dear, I don't above half like it.

Only that theſe old Bachelors uſually take as many years to reſolve upon Matrimony as they can reaſonably expect to live, or I ſhould be ready to fire upon

his viſits; and to recommend Mr. Hickman to my Mother's acceptance, as a much more eligible man: For what he wants in years, he makes up in gravity: And if you will not chide me, I will ſay, That there is a primneſs in *both* (eſpecially when the man has preſumed too much with me upon my Mother's favour for him, and is under diſcipline on that account) as makes them ſeem near of kin: And then in contemplation of my ſaucineſs, and what they both bear from it, they ſigh away!—and ſeem ſo mightily to compaſſionate each other, that if Pity be but one remove from Love, I am in no danger, while they both are in a great deal, and don't know it.

Now, my dear, I know you will be upon me with your grave airs: *So in for the lamb*, as the ſaying is, *in for the ſheep*; and do you yourſelf look about you: For I'll have a pull with you by way of being aforehand. Hannibal, we read, always adviſed to attack the Romans upon their own territories.

You are pleaſed to ſay, and *upon your word too!* That your *regards* (a mighty quaint word for *affections*) *are not ſo much engaged, as ſome of your friends ſuppoſe, to another perſon.* What need you give one to imagine, my dear, that the laſt month or two has been a period extremely favourable to that *other* perſon;—whom it has made an obliger of the Niece for his patience with the Uncles.

But, to paſs that by—*So much* engaged!—*How much*, my dear?—Shall I infer? *Some of your friends* ſuppoſe *a great deal.* You ſeem to own *a little.*

Don't be angry. It is all fair: Becauſe you have not acknowledged to me That *little.* People I have heard you ſay, who affect ſecrets, always excite curioſity.

But you proceed with a kind of drawback upon your averrment, as if recollection had given you a doubt—*You know not yourſelf, if they be* [ſo much engaged]. Was it neceſſary to ſay This, to me?—

and

and to ſay it *upon your word* too?—But you know beſt.—Yet you don't neither I believe. For a beginning Love is acted by a ſubtle ſpirit; and oftentimes diſcovers itſelf to a by-ſtander, when the perſon poſſeſſed (why ſhould I not call *poſſeſſed?*) knows not it has ſuch a demon.

But further you ſay, What PREFERABLE *favour you may have for him to any other Perſon, is owing more to the uſage he has received, and for your ſake borne, than to any perſonal conſideration.*

This is generouſly ſaid. It is in character. But, O my friend, depend upon it, you are in danger. Depend upon it, whether you know it or not, you are a little in for't. Your native generoſity and greatneſs of mind endanger you: All your friends, by fighting *againſt* him with impolitic violence, fight *for* him. And Lovelace, my life for yours, notwithſtanding all his veneration and aſſiduities, has ſeen further than that veneration and thoſe aſſiduities (ſo well calculated to your meridian) will let him own he has ſeen—Has ſeen, in ſhort, that his work is doing for him more effectually than he could do it for himſelf. And have you not before now ſaid, That nothing is ſo penetrating as the Eye of a Lover who has vanity? And who ſays Lovelace wants vanity?

In ſhort, my dear, it is my opinion, and that from the eaſineſs of his heart and behaviour, that he has ſeen more than *I* have ſeen; more than you think *could* be ſeen—more than I believe you *yourſelf* know, or elſe you would let *me* know it.

Already, in order to reſtrain him from reſenting the indignities he has received, and which are daily offered him, he has prevailed upon you to correſpond with him privately. I know he has nothing to boaſt of from *what* you have written: But is not his inducing you to receive his Letters, and to anſwer them, a great point gained? By your inſiſting that he ſhould keep this correſpondence private, it appears that there is *one*

ſecret

ſecret which you do not wiſh the world ſhould know: And he is maſter of that ſecret. He is indeed *himſelf*, as I may ſay, that ſecret! What an intimacy does this beget for the Lover! How is it diſtancing the Parent!

Yet who, as things are ſituated, can blame you?—Your condeſcenſion has no doubt hitherto prevented great miſchiefs. It muſt be continued, for the ſame reaſons, while the cauſe remains. You are drawn in by a perverſe fate againſt inclination: But cuſtom, with ſuch laudable purpoſes, will reconcile the inconveniency and *make* an inclination.—And I would adviſe you (as you would wiſh to manage on an occaſion ſo critical with that prudence which governs all your actions) not to be afraid of entering upon a cloſe examination into the true ſprings and grounds of this your *generoſity* to that happy man.

It is my humble opinion, I tell you frankly, that on enquiry it will come out to be LOVE—Don't ſtart, my dear!—Has not your man himſelf had natural philoſophy enough to obſerve already to your Aunt Hervey, that Love takes the deepeſt root in the ſteadieſt minds? The duce take his ſly penetration, I was going to ſay; for this was Six or Seven weeks ago.

I have been tinctured, you know. Nor on the cooleſt reflection, could I account how and when the jaundice began: But had been over head and ears, as the ſaying is, but for ſome of that advice from you which I now return you. Yet my *man* was not half ſo—So *what*, my dear—To be ſure. Lovelace is a charming fellow. And were he only—But I will not make you *glow*, as you read—Upon *my word* I will not.—Yet, my dear, don't you find at your heart ſomewhat unuſual make it go throb, throb, throb, as you read juſt here?—If you do, don't be aſhamed to own it—It is your *generoſity*, my Love! that's all.—But, as the Roman augur ſaid, Cæſar, beware of the Ides of March!

Adieu, my deareſt friend.—Forgive, and very ſpeedily,

ſpeedily, by the new-found expedient, tell me, that you forgive,

Your ever-affectionate

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Wedneſday, March 1.

YOU both nettled and alarmed me, my deareſt Miſs Howe, by the concluding part of your laſt. At firſt reading it, I did not think it neceſſary, ſaid I to myſelf, to guard againſt a Critic, when I was writing to ſo dear a Friend. But then recollecting myſelf, Is there not more in it, ſaid I, than the reſult of a vein ſo naturally lively? Surely I muſt have been guilty of an inadvertence. Let me enter into the cloſe examination of myſelf which my beloved friend adviſes.

I do ſo; and cannot own any of the *glow*, any of the *throbs* you mention.—*Upon my word* I will repeat, I cannot. And yet the paſſages in my Letter upon which you are ſo humorouſly ſevere, lay me fairly open to your agreeable raillery. I own they do. And I cannot tell what turn my mind had taken to dictate ſo oddly to my pen.

But, pray-now—Is it ſaying ſo much, when one, who has no very particular regard to *any* man, ſays, There are *ſome* who are preferable to *others*? And is it blameable to ſay, *They* are the preferable, who are not well uſed by one's relations; yet diſpenſe with *that* uſage out of regard to one's ſelf which they would otherwiſe reſent? Mr. Lovelace, for inſtance, I may be allowed to ſay, is a man to be preferred to Mr. Solmes; and that I *do* prefer him to that man: But, ſurely, this may be ſaid without its being a neceſſary conſequence that I muſt be in Love with him.

Indeed I would not be *in Love* with him, as it is called,

called, for the world: Firſt, becauſe I have no opinion of his morals; and think it a fault in which our whole family (my Brother excepted) has had a ſhare, that he was permitted to viſit us with a hope; which, however being diſtant, did not, as I have obſerved heretofore (*a*), intitle any of us to call him to account for ſuch of his immoralities as came to our ears. Next, becauſe I think him to be a vain man, capable of triumphing (ſecretly at leaſt) over a perſon whoſe heart he thinks he has engaged. And, thirdly, becauſe the aſſiduities and veneration which you impute to him, ſeem to carry an haughtineſs in them, as if he thought his addreſs had a merit in it, that would be more than an equivalent to a woman's Love. In ſhort, his very Politeneſs, notwithſtanding the advantages he muſt have had from his birth and education, appear to me to be conſtrained; and, with the moſt remarkably eaſy and genteel perſon, ſomething, at times, ſeems to be behind in his *manner* that is too ſtudiouſly kept in. Then, good-humoured as he is thought to be in the main to *other peoples* ſervants, and this even to familiarity (altho', as you have obſerved, a familiarity that has dignity in it not unbecoming a man of quality) he is apt ſometimes to break out into a paſſion with *his own:* An oath or a curſe follows; and ſuch looks from thoſe ſervants as plainly ſhew terror; and that they ſhould have fared worſe had they not been in my hearing: With a confirmation in the maſter's looks of a ſurmize too well juſtified.

Indeed, my dear, THIS man is not THE man. I have great objections to him. My heart *throbs* not after him. I *glow* not, but with indignation againſt myſelf for having given room for ſuch an imputation. —But you muſt not, my deareſt friend, conſtrue common Gratitude into Love. I cannot bear that you ſhould. But if ever I ſhould have the misfortune to

(*a*) P. 13, 14, 15, 16.

think

think it Love, I promiſe you *upon my word*, which is the ſame as *upon my honour*, that I will acquaint you with it.

You bid me to tell you very ſpeedily, and by the new-found expedient, that I am not diſpleaſed with you for your agreeable raillery: I diſpatch this therefore immediately; poſtponing to my next the account of the inducements which my friends have to promote with ſo much earneſtneſs the addreſs of Mr. Solmes.

Be ſatisfied, my dear, mean time, that I am *not* diſpleaſed with you: Indeed I am not. On the contrary, I give you may hearty thanks for your friendly premonitions. And I charge you (as I have often done) that if you obſerve any-thing in me ſo very faulty as would require from you to others in my behalf the palliation of friendly and partial Love, you acquaint me with it: For methinks I would ſo conduct myſelf as not to give reaſon even for an *adverſary* to cenſure me: And how ſhall ſo weak and ſo young a creature avoid the cenſure of *ſuch*, if my *friend* will not hold a looking-glaſs before me to let me ſee my imperfections?

Judge me, then, my dear, as any indifferent perſon (knowing what *you* know of me) would do. I may at firſt be a little pained; may *glow* a little perhaps to be found leſs worthy of your friendſhip than I wiſh to be; but aſſure yourſelf, that your kind correction will give me reflection that ſhall *amend* me. If it do not, you will have a fault to accuſe me of, that will be utterly *inexcuſable*: A fault, let me add, that ſhould you *not* accuſe me of it (if in your opinion I am guilty) you will not be ſo much, ſo *warmly*, my friend as I am yours; ſince I have never ſpared *you* on the like occaſions.

Here I break off; to begin another Letter to you; with the aſſurance, mean time, that I am, and ever will be,

Your equally affectionate and grateful

CL. HARLOWE.

LET-

LETTER XII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thurſday Morn. March 2.

INdeed you would not be in Love with him for the world!—Your ſervant, my dear. Nor would I have you. For I think, with all the advantages of perſon, fortune, and family, he is not by any means worthy of you. And this opinion I give as well from the reaſons you mention (which I cannot but confirm) as from what I have heard of him but a few hours ago from Mrs. Forteſcue, a favourite of Lady Betty Lawrance, who knows him well—But let me congratulate you, however, on your being the firſt of our Sex that ever I heard of, who has been able to turn that Lion, Love, at her own pleaſure into a Lap-dog.

Well but, if you have not the throbs and the glows, you have not: And are not in Love; good reaſon why—becauſe you would not be in Love; and there's no more to be ſaid.—Only, my dear, I ſhall keep a good look-out upon you; and ſo I hope you will upon yourſelf: For it is no manner of argument that becauſe you would not be in Love, you therefore are not.—But before I part entirely with this ſubject, a word in your ear, my charming friend—'Tis only by way of caution, and in purſuance of the general obſervation, that a Stander-by is often a better judge of the game than thoſe that play.—May it not be, that you have had, and have, ſuch croſs creatures and ſuch odd heads to deal with, as have not allowed you to attend to the throbs?—Or, if you had them a little now-and-then, whether, having had two accounts to place them to, you have not by miſtake put them to the wrong one?

But whether you have a value for Lovelace or not, I know you will be impatient to hear what Mrs. Forteſcue has ſaid of him. Nor will I keep you longer in ſuſpenſe. An

An hundred wild ſtories ſhe tells of him, from childhood to manhood: For, as ſhe obſerves, having never been ſubject to contradiction, he was always as miſchievous as a monkey. But I ſhall paſs over theſe whole hundred of his puerile rogueries (altho' *indicative* ones, as I may ſay) to take notice as well of ſome things you are not quite ignorant of, as of others you know not; and to make a few obſervations upon him and his ways.

Mrs. Forteſcue owns, what every-body knows, 'that he is notoriouſly, nay, avowedly, a man of pleaſure; yet ſays, that in any thing he ſets his heart 'upon or undertakes, he is the moſt induſtrious and 'perſevering mortal under the Sun. He reſts it ſeems 'not above Six hours in the Twenty-four—any more 'than you. He delights in writing. Whether at 'Lord M's, or at Lady Betty's, or Lady Sarah's, he 'has always a pen in his fingers when he retires. One 'of his companions (confirming his love of writing) 'has told her, that his thoughts flow rapidly to his 'pen:' And you and I, my dear, have obſerved, on more occaſions than one, that tho' he writes even a fine hand, he is one of the readieſt and quickeſt of writers. He muſt indeed have had early a very docile genius; ſince a perſon of his pleaſurable turn and active ſpirit, could never have ſubmitted to take long or great pains in attaining the qualifications he is maſter of; qualifications ſo ſeldom attained by youth of quality and fortune; by ſuch eſpecially of thoſe of either, who, like him, have never known what it was to be controuled.

'He had once it ſeems the vanity, upon being 'complimented on theſe talents (and on his ſurpriſing 'diligence, for a man of pleaſure) to compare himſelf 'to Julius Cæſar; who performed great actions by 'day, and wrote them down at night: And valued 'himſelf, that he only wanted Cæſar's out-ſetting, to 'make a figure among his cotemporaries.

'He

'He ſpoke this indeed, ſhe ſays, with an air of pleaſantry: For ſhe obſerved, and ſo have we, that he 'has the art of acknowledging his vanity with ſo much 'humour, that it ſets him above the contempt which 'is due to vanity and ſelf-opinion; and at the ſame 'time half-perſuades thoſe who hear him, that he 'really deſerves the exaltation he gives himſelf.'

But ſuppoſing it to be true that all his vacant nightly hours are employed in writing, what can be his ſubjects? If, like Cæſar, his own actions, he muſt undoubtedly be a very enterpriſing and very wicked man; ſince nobody ſuſpects him to have a ſerious turn: And, decent as he is in his converſation with us, his writings are not probably ſuch as would redound either to his own honour, or to the benefit of others, were they to be read. He muſt be conſcious of this, ſince Mrs. Forteſcue ſays, 'that in the great correſpondence by 'Letters which he holds, he is as ſecret and as careful 'as if it were of a treaſonable nature;—yet troubles 'not his head with Politics, tho' nobody knows the 'intereſts of Princes and Courts better than he is 'ſaid to do.'

That you and I, my dear, ſhould love to write, is no wonder. We have always, from the time each could hold a pen, delighted in epiſtolary correſpondencies. Our employments are domeſtic and ſedentary; and we can ſcribble upon twenty innocent ſubjects, and take delight in them becauſe they *are* innocent; tho' were they to be ſeen, they might not much profit or pleaſe others. But that ſuch a gay, lively young fellow as this, who rides, hunts, travels, frequents the public entertainments, and has *means* to purſue his pleaſures, ſhould be able to ſet himſelf down to write for hours together, as you and I have heard him ſay he frequently does, that is the ſtrange thing.

Mrs. Forteſcue ſays, 'that he is a complete maſter 'of ſhort-hand writing.' By the way, what inducements could ſuch a ſwift writer as he have to learn ſhort-hand!

'She

'She ſays (and we know it as well as ſhe) that he 'has a ſurpriſing memory; and a very lively imagi-'nation.'

Whatever his other vices are, all the world, as well as Mrs. Forteſcue, ſays, 'he is a ſober man. And 'among all his bad qualities, *Gaming* that great waſter 'of time as well as fortune, is not his vice:' So that he muſt have his head as cool, and his reaſon as clear, as the prime of youth and his natural gaiety will permit; and by his early morning hours, a great portion of time upon his hands, to employ in writing, or worſe.

Mrs. Forteſcue ſays, 'he has one gentleman who 'is more his intimate and correſpondent than any of 'the reſt.' You remember what his diſmiſſed Bailiff ſaid of him and of his aſſociates (*a*). I don't find but that man's character of him was in general pretty juſt. Mrs. Forteſcue confirms this part of it, 'that all his 'relations are afraid of him; and that his pride ſets 'him above owing obligations to them. She believes 'he is clear of the world; and that he will continue 'ſo:' No doubt from the ſame motive that makes him avoid being obliged to his relations.

A perſon willing to think favourably of him would hope, that a *brave*, a *learned*, and a *diligent* man, cannot be *naturally* a *bad* man.—But if he be better than his enemies ſay he is (and if worſe, he is bad indeed) he is guilty of an inexcuſable fault in being ſo careleſs as he is of his reputation. I think a man can be ſo but from one of theſe two reaſons: Either that he is conſcious he deſerves the ill ſpoken of him; or, that he takes a pride in being thought worſe than he is. Both very bad and threatening indications; ſince the firſt muſt ſhew him to be utterly abandoned; and it is but natural to conclude from the other, that what a man is not aſhamed to have imputed to him, he will not ſcruple to be guilty of whenever he has an opportunity.

(*a*) P. 22, 23.

Upon

Upon the whole, and upon all I could gather from Mrs. Forteſcue, Mr. Lovelace is a very faulty man. You and I have thought him too gay, too inconſiderate, too raſh, too little an hypocrite, to be *deep*. You ſee he never would diſguiſe his natural temper (haughty as it certainly is) with reſpect to your Brother's behaviour to him. Where he thinks a contempt due, he pays it to the uttermoſt. Nor has he complaiſance enough to ſpare your Uncles.

But were he deep, and ever ſo deep, you would ſoon penetrate him, if they would leave you to yourſelf. His vanity would be your clue. Never man had more: Yet, as Mrs. Forteſcue obſerved, 'never did 'man carry it off ſo happily.' There is a ſtrange mixture in it of humourous vivacity;—Since but for one half of what he ſays of himſelf, when he is in the vein, any other man would be inſufferable.

TALK *of the devil*, is an old ſaying. The lively wretch has made me a viſit, and is but juſt gone away. He is all impatience and reſentment at the treatment you meet with; and full of apprehenſions too, that they will carry their point with you.

I told him my opinion, that you will never be brought to think of ſuch a man as Solmes; but that it will probably end in a compoſition, never to have either.

No Man, he ſaid, whoſe fortunes and alliances are ſo conſiderable, ever had ſo little favour from a woman for whoſe ſake he had borne ſo much.

I told him my mind as freely as I uſed to do. But who ever was in fault, Self being judge? He complained of ſpies ſet upon his conduct, and to pry into his life and morals, and this by your Brother and Uncles.

I told him, that this was very hard upon him; and the more ſo, as neither his Life nor Morals perhaps would ſtand a fair enquiry.

He ſmiled, and called himſelf *my ſervant.*—The occaſion was too fair, he ſaid, for Miſs Howe, who never ſpared him, to let it paſs.—But, Lord help the ſhallow ſouls of the Harlowes! Would I believe it? they were for turning plotters upon *him.* They had beſt take care he did not pay them in their own coin. Their *hearts* were better turned for ſuch works, than their *heads.*

I aſked him, if he valued himſelf upon having a head better turned than theirs for *ſuch works,* as he called them?

He drew off: And then ran into the higheſt profeſſions of reverence and affection for you.

The object ſo meritorious, who can doubt the reality of his profeſſions?

Adieu, my deareſt, my noble friend!—I love and admire you for the generous concluſion of your laſt more than I can expreſs. Tho' I began this Letter with impertinent raillery, knowing that you always loved to indulge my mad vein; yet never was there a heart that more glowed with friendly Love, than that of

Your own

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Wedn. March 1.

I NOW take up my pen, to lay before you the inducements and motives which my friends have to eſpouſe ſo earneſtly the addreſs of this Mr. Solmes.

In order to ſet this matter in a clear light, it is neceſſary to go a little back, and even perhaps to mention ſome things which you already know: And ſo you may look upon what I am going to relate, as a kind of Supplement to my Letters of the 15th and 20th of January laſt (*a*).

(*a*) Letters iv, v.

In

In thoſe Letters, of which I have kept memorandums, I gave you an account of my Brother's and Siſter's antipathy to Mr. Lovelace; and the methods they took (ſo far as they had then come to my knowledge) to ruin him in the opinion of my other friends. And I told you, that after a very cold, yet not a directly affrontive behaviour to him, they all of a *ſudden* (*a*) became more violent, and proceeded to perſonal inſults; which brought on at laſt the unhappy Rencounter between my Brother and him.

Now you muſt know, that from the laſt converſation that paſſed between my Aunt and me, it comes out, that this *ſudden* vehemence on my Brother's and Siſter's parts, was owing to ſtronger reaſons than to the College-begun antipathy on his ſide, or to ſlighted Love on hers; to wit, to an apprehenſion that my Uncles intended to follow my Grandfather's example in my favour; at leaſt in a higher degree than they wiſh they ſhould. An apprehenſion founded it ſeems on a converſation between my two Uncles and my Brother and Siſter; which my Aunt communicated to me in confidence, as an argument to prevail upon me to accept of Mr. Solmes's *noble* Settlements; urging, that ſuch a ſeaſonable compliance would fruſtrate my Brother's and Siſter's views, and eſtabliſh me for ever in the Love of my Father and Uncles.

I will give you the Subſtance of this communicated converſation, after I have made a brief introductory obſervation or two: Which however I hardly need to make to you who are ſo well acquainted with us all, did not the ſeries or thread of the Story require it.

I have more than once mentioned to you the darling view ſome of us have long had of *raiſing a family*, as it is called: A reflection, as I have often thought, upon our own; which is no inconſiderable or upſtart one, on either ſide: On my Mother's, eſpecially.—

(*a*) See Letter iv. p. 22.

A view too frequently it ſeems entertained by families which having great ſubſtance, cannot be ſatisfied without Rank and Title.

My Uncles had once extended this view to each of us three children; urging, that as they themſelves intended not to marry, we each of us might be ſo portioned, and ſo advantageouſly matched, as that our poſterity, if not ourſelves, might make a firſt figure in our country—While my Brother, as the only Son, thought the two girls might be very well provided for by Ten or Fifteen thouſand pounds apiece: And that all the real Eſtates in the family, to wit, my Grandfather's, Father's, and two Uncles, and the remainder of their reſpective perſonal Eſtates, together with what he had an expectation of from his Godmother, would make ſuch a noble fortune, and give him ſuch an intereſt, as might entitle him to hope for a Peerage. Nothing leſs would ſatisfy his ambition.

With this view he gave himſelf airs very early; 'That his Grandfather and Uncles were his Stew-'ards: That no man ever had better: That Daugh-'ters were but incumbrances and drawbacks upon a 'family:' And *this* low and familiar expreſſion was often in his mouth, and uttered always with the ſelf-complaiſance which an imagined happy thought can be ſuppoſed to give the ſpeaker; to wit, 'That a man 'who has Sons brings up chickens for his own table, [tho' once I made his compariſon ſtagger with him, by aſking him, If the Sons, to make it hold, were to have their necks wrung off?] 'whereas Daughters are 'chickens brought up for the Tables of other men.' This accompanied with the equally polite reflection, 'That, to induce people to take them off their hands, 'the family-ſtock muſt be impaired into the bargain,' uſed to put my Siſter out of all patience: And altho' ſhe now ſeems to think a *younger* Siſter only can be an incumbrance, ſhe was then often propoſing to me to make a party in our own favour againſt my Brother's

rapacious views, as ſhe uſed to call them: While I was for conſidering the liberties he took of this ſort as the effect of a temporary pleaſantry; which in a young man not naturally good-humoured, I was glad to ſee; or as a foible that deſerved raillery, but no other notice.

But when my Grandfather's Will (of the purport of which in my particular favour, until it was opened, I was as ignorant as they) had lopped off one branch of my Brother's expectation, he was extremely diſſatisfied with me. No-body indeed was pleaſed: For altho' every-one loved me, yet being the youngeſt child, Father, Uncles, Brother, Siſter, all thought themſelves poſtponed, as to matter of right and power [Who loves not power?]: And my Father himſelf could not bear that I ſhould be made Sole, as I may call it, and Independent; for ſuch the Will, as to that Eſtate and the powers it gave (unaccountably as they all ſaid) made me.

To obviate therefore every one's jealouſy, I gave up to my Father's management, as you know, not only the Eſtate, but the Money bequeathed me (which was a moiety of what my Grandfather had by him at his death; the other moiety being bequeathed to my Siſter); contenting myſelf to take as from his bounty what he was pleaſed to allow me, without deſiring the leaſt addition to my annual ſtipend. And then I hoped I had laid all envy aſleep: But ſtill my Brother and Siſter (jealous, as now is evident, of my two Uncles favour for me, and of the pleaſure I had given my Father and them by this act of duty) were every now-and-then occaſionally doing me covert ill offices: Of which, however, I took the leſs notice, when I was told of them, as I thought I had removed the cauſe of their envy; and I imputed every-thing of that ſort to the petulance they are both pretty much noted for.

My Brother's acquiſition then took place. This made us all very happy; and he went down to take

poſſeſſion of it: And his abſence (on ſo good an account too) made us ſtill happier. Then followed Lord M's propoſal for my Siſter: And this was an additional felicity for the time. I have told you how exceedingly good-humoured it made my Siſter.

You know how that went off: You know what came on in its place.

My Brother then returned; and we were all wrong again: And Bella, as I obſerved in my Letters abovementioned, had an opportunity to give herſelf the credit of having refuſed Mr. Lovelace, on the ſcore of his reputed faulty morals. This united my Brother and Siſter in one cauſe. They ſet themſelves on all occaſions to depreciate Mr. Lovelace, and his *family* too (a family which deſerves nothing but reſpect): And this gave riſe to the converſation I am leading to between my Uncles and them: Of which I now come to give the particulars; after I have obſerved, that it happened *before* the Rencounter, and ſoon after the enquiry made into Mr. Lovelace's affairs had come out better than my Brother and Siſter hoped it would (*a*).

They were bitterly inveighing againſt him, in their uſual way, ſtrengthening their invectives with ſome new Stories in his diſfavour; when my Uncle Antony, having given them a patient hearing, declared, 'That 'he thought the gentleman behaved like a gentle-'man; his Niece Clary with prudence; and that a 'more honourable alliance for the family, *as he had 'often told them*, could not be wiſhed for: Since Mr. 'Lovelace had a very good paternal Eſtate; and that, 'by the evidence of an enemy, all clear. Nor did it 'appear, that he was ſo bad a man as he had been 'repreſented to be: Wild indeed; but it was at a gay 'time of life: He was a man of ſenſe: And he was 'ſure that his Niece would not have him, if ſhe had 'not good reaſon to think him reformed, or that there

(*a*) See Letter iv. p. 22.

'was a likelihood that ſhe could reform him by her 'example.'

My Uncle then gave one inſtance, my Aunt told me, as a proof of a generoſity in Mr. Lovelace's ſpirit, which convinced him, that he was not a bad man in nature; and that he was of a temper, he was pleaſed to ſay, like my own: Which was, That when he (my Uncle) had repreſented to him, that he might, if he pleaſed, make three or four hundred pounds a year of his paternal Eſtate, more than he did; he anſwered, 'That his tenants paid their rents well: That 'it was a maxim with his family, from which he 'would by no means depart, Never to rack-rent old 'tenants, or their deſcendants; and that it was a 'pleaſure to him, to ſee all his tenants look fat, ſleek, 'and contented.'

I indeed had once occaſionally heard him ſay ſomething like this; and thought he never looked ſo well as at the time;—except once; and that was in an inſtance given by him on the following incident.

An unhappy tenant of my Uncle Antony came petitioning to my Uncle for forbearance, in Mr. Lovelace's preſence. When he had fruitleſly withdrawn, Mr. Lovelace pleaded his cauſe ſo well, that the man was called in again, and had his ſuit granted. And Mr. Lovelace privately followed him out, and gave him two guineas, for preſent relief; the man having declared, that, at the time, he had not five ſhillings in the world.

On this occaſion, he told my Uncle (but without any airs of oſtentation) That he had once obſerved an old tenant and his wife in a very mean habit at church; and queſtioning them about it next day, as he knew they had no hard bargain in their farm, the man ſaid, He had done ſome very fooliſh things with a good intention, which had put him behind-hand, and he could not have paid his rent, and appear better. He aſked him how long it would take him to retrieve the fooliſh

ſtep

ſtep he acknowledged he had made. He ſaid, Perhaps two or three years. Well then, ſaid he, I will abate you five pounds a year for ſeven years, provided you will lay it out upon your wife and ſelf, that you may make a Sunday-appearance *like* MY *tenants*. Mean time, take This (putting his hand in his pocket, and giving him five guineas) to put yourſelves in preſent plight; and let me ſee you next Sunday at church, hand in hand, like an honeſt and loving couple; and I beſpeak you to dine with me afterwards.

Altho' this pleaſed me when I heard it, as giving an inſtance of generoſity and prudence at the ſame time, not leſſening (as my Uncle took notice) the yearly value of the farm, yet, my dear, I had no *throbs*, no *glows* upon it!—*Upon my word*, I had not. Nevertheleſs I own to you, that I could not help ſaying to myſelf on the occaſion, 'Were it ever to 'be my lot to have this man, he would not hinder 'me from purſuing the methods I ſo much delight to 'take'—With 'A pity, that ſuch a man were not '*uniformly* good!'

Forgive me this digreſſion.

My Uncle went on (as my Aunt told me) 'That, 'beſides his paternal Eſtate, he was the immediate 'heir to very ſplendid fortunes: That, when he was 'in treaty for his Niece Arabella, Lord M. told him '(my Uncle) what great things he and his two Half-'ſiſters intended to do for him, in order to qualify 'him for the Title, which would be extinct at his 'Lordſhip's death, and which they hoped to procure 'for him, or a *ſtill higher*, that of thoſe Ladies Fa-'ther, which had been for ſome time extinct on 'failure of heirs male: That it was with this view 'that his relations were all ſo earneſt for his marry-'ing: That as he ſaw not where Mr. Lovelace 'could better himſelf; ſo, truly, he thought there 'was wealth enough in their own family to build up 'three conſiderable ones: That therefore he muſt

'needs ſay, he was the more deſirous of this alliance 'as there was a great probability, not only from Mr. 'Lovelace's deſcent, but from his fortunes, that his 'Niece Clariſſa might one day be a Peereſs of Great 'Britain:—And upon that proſpect [*Here was the 'mortifying ſtroke*] he ſhould, for his own part, 'think it not wrong to make ſuch diſpoſitions as 'ſhould contribute to the better ſupport of the dig-'nity.'

My Uncle Harlowe, it ſeems, far from diſapproveing of what his Brother had ſaid, declared, 'That 'there was but one objection to an alliance with Mr. 'Lovelace; to wit, his faulty morals: Eſpecially as 'ſo much could be done for Miſs Bella, and for my 'Brother too, by my Father; and as my Brother 'was actually poſſeſſed of a conſiderable Eſtate by 'virtue of the Deed of Gift and Will of his God-'mother Lovell.'

Had I known this before, I ſhould the leſs have wondered at many things I have been unable to account for in my Brother's and Siſter's behaviour to me; and been more on my guard than I imagined there was a neceſſity to be.

You may eaſily gueſs how much this converſation affected my Brother at the time. He could not, you know, but be very uneaſy to hear *two of his Stewards* talk at this rate to his face.

He had from early days, by his violent temper, made himſelf both feared and courted by the whole family. My Father himſelf, as I have lately mentioned, very often (long before my Brother's acquiſitions had made him ſtill more aſſuming) gave way to him as to an only Son who was to build up the name, and augment the honour of it. Little inducement therefore had my Brother to correct a temper which gave him ſo much conſideration with everybody.

'See, Siſter Bella,' ſaid he, in an indecent paſſion

before

before my Uncles, on this occaſion I have mentioned ‘ —See how it is !—You and I ought to look about ‘ us !—This little Syren is in a fair way to *out-uncle*, ‘ as ſhe has already *out-grandfather'd* us both !’

From this time (as I now find it plain upon recollection) did my Brother and Siſter behave to me, as to one who ſtood in their way; and to each other, as having but one intereſt: And were reſolved therefore to bend all their force to hinder an alliance from taking effect, which they believed was likely to oblige them to contract their views.

And how was this to be done, after ſuch a declaration from both my Uncles?

My Brother found out the way. My Siſter (as I have ſaid) went hand in hand with him. Between them, the family-union was broken, and every-one was made uneaſy. Mr. Lovelace was received more and more coldly by all: But not being to be put out of his courſe by Slights *only*, perſonal Affronts ſucceeded; Defiances next; then the Rencounter: That, as you have heard, did the buſineſs: And now, if I do not oblige them, my Grandfather's Eſtate is to be litigated with me; and I, who never deſigned to take advantage of the independency bequeathed me, *am to be as dependent upon my Father's will, as a Daughter ought to be who knows not what is good for herſelf.* This is the language of the family now.

But if I will ſuffer myſelf to be prevailed upon, how happy (as *they* lay it out) ſhall we all be!—Such preſents am I to have, ſuch jewels, and I cannot tell what, from every one of the family! Then Mr. Solmes's fortunes are ſo great, and his propoſals ſo very advantageous (no Relation whom he values) that there will be abundant room to raiſe mine upon them, were the high-intended favours of my own Relations to be quite out of the queſtion. Moreover it is now, with this view, found out, that I have qualifications which of *themſelves* will be a full equivalent

to Mr. Solmes for the Settlements he is to make; and ſtill leave *him* under an obligation to me for my compliance. He himſelf thinks ſo, I am told—So very poor a creature is he, even in *his* own eyes, as well as in *theirs*.

Theſe deſirable views anſwered, how rich, how ſplendid ſhall we all three be! And I—what obligations ſhall I lay upon them all!—And that only by doing an act of duty ſo ſuitable to my character, and manner of thinking; if indeed I am the generous as well as dutiful creature I have hitherto made them believe I am.

This is the bright ſide that is turned to my Father and Uncles, to captivate *them:* But I am afraid, that my Brother's and Siſter's deſign is to ruin me with them at any rate. Were it otherwiſe, would they not on my return from you have rather fought to *court* than *frighten* me into meaſures which their hearts are ſo much bent to carry? A method they have followed ever ſince.

Mean time, orders are given to all the ſervants to ſhew the higheſt reſpect to Mr. Solmes; the *generous* Mr. Solmes is now his character with ſome of our family! But are not theſe orders a tacit confeſſion, that they think his own merit will not procure him reſpect? He is accordingly, in every viſit he makes, not only highly careſſed by the principals of our family, but obſequiouſly attended and cringed to by the menials.—And *the noble Settlements* are echoed from every mouth.

Noble is the word uſed to enforce the offers of a man who is mean enough avowedly to *hate*, and wicked enough to propoſe to *rob* of their juſt expectations, his own family (every one of which at the ſame time ſtands in too much need of his favour) in order to ſettle all he is worth upon me; and if I die without children, and he has none by any other Marriage, upon a family which already abounds. Such are his propoſals.

But

But were there no other motive to induce me to deſpiſe the upſtart man, is not this unjuſt one to his family enough?—The *upſtart man*, I repeat; for he was not born to the immenſe riches he is poſſeſſed of: Riches left by one niggard to another, in injury to the next heir, becauſe that other is a niggard. And ſhould I not be as culpable, do you think, in my *acceptance* of ſuch unjuſt Settlements, as he is in the *offer* of them, if I could perſuade myſelf to be a ſharer in them, or ſuffer a reverſionary expectation of poſſeſſing them to influence my choice?

Indeed it concerns me not a little, that my friends could be brought to *encourage* ſuch offers on *ſuch* motives as I think a perſon of conſcience ſhould not preſume to begin the world with.

But this it ſeems is the only method that can be taken to diſappoint Mr. Lovelace; and at the ſame time to anſwer all my Relations have to wiſh for each of us. And *ſurely* I will not ſtand againſt ſuch an acceſſion to the family as may happen from marrying Mr. Solmes: Since now a *poſſibility* is diſcovered (which ſuch a graſping mind as my Brother's can eaſily turn into a *probability*) that my Grandfather's Eſtate will revert to it, with a much more conſiderable one of the man's own. Inſtances of Eſtates falling in, in caſes far more unlikely than this, are inſiſted upon; and my Siſter ſays, in the words of an old Saw, *It is good to be related to an eſtate.*

While Solmes, ſmiling no doubt to himſelf at a hope ſo remote, by *offers* only, obtains all their intereſts; and doubts not to join to his own the Eſtate I am envied for; which, for the conveniency of its ſituation between two of his, will it ſeems be of twice the value to him that it would be of to any other perſon; and is therefore, I doubt not, a ſtronger motive with him than the Wife.

Theſe, my dear, ſeem to me the principal inducements of my Relations to eſpouſe ſo vehemently as

they do this man's ſuit. And here, once more, muſt I deplore the family-fault, which gives thoſe inducements ſuch a force as it will be difficult to reſiſt.

And thus far, let matters with regard to Mr. Solmes and me come out as they will, my Brother has ſucceeded in his views; that is to ſay, he has, in the firſt place, got my FATHER to make the cauſe his own, and to inſiſt upon my compliance as an act of duty.

My MOTHER has never thought fit to oppoſe my Father's will, when once he has declared himſelf determined.

My UNCLES, ſtiff, unbroken, highly-proſperous Bachelors, give me leave to ſay (tho' very worthy perſons in the main) have as high notions of a Child's duty, as of a Wife's obedience; in the *laſt* of which, my Mother's meekneſs has confirmed them, and given them greater reaſon to expect the *firſt*.

My Aunt HERVEY (not extremely happy in her own Nuptials, and perhaps under ſome little obligation) is got over, and chuſes not to open her lips in my favour againſt the wills of a Father and Uncles ſo determined.

This paſſiveneſs in my Mother and in my Aunt, in a point ſo contrary to their own firſt judgments, is too ſtrong a proof that my Father is abſolutely reſolved.

Their treatment of my worthy Mrs. NORTON is a ſad confirmation of it: A woman deſerving of all conſideration for her wiſdom; and every-body thinking ſo; but who, not being wealthy enough to have due weight in a point againſt which ſhe has given her opinion, and which they ſeem bent upon carrying, is reſtrained from viſiting here, and even from correſponding with me, as I am this very day informed.

Hatred to Lovelace, family-aggrandizement, and this great motive *paternal authority!*—What a force *united* muſt they be ſuppoſed to have, when *ſingly* each conſideration is ſufficient to carry all before it!

This

This is the formidable appearance which the addreſs of this diſagreeable man wears at preſent.

My BROTHER and my SISTER triumph.—*They have got me down*, as Hannah over-heard them exult. And ſo they have (yet I never knew that I was inſolently *up*); for now my Brother will either lay me under an obligation to comply to my own unhappineſs, and ſo make me an inſtrument of his revenge upon Lovelace; or, if I refuſe, will throw me into diſgrace with my whole family.

Who will wonder at the intrigues and plots carried on by undermining Courtiers againſt one another, when a private family, but three of which can poſſibly have claſhing intereſts, and one of them (as ſhe preſumes to think) above ſuch low motives, cannot be free from them?

What at preſent moſt concerns me, is, the peace of my Mother's mind! How can the Huſband of *ſuch* a Wife (a *good* man too!—But oh! this prerogative of manhood!) be ſo *poſitive*, ſo *unperſuadeable*, to one who has brought into the family, means, which they know ſo well the value of, that methinks they ſhould value *her* the more for *their* ſake?

They do indeed value her: But, I am ſorry to ſay, ſhe has purchaſed that value by her compliances: Yet has merit for which ſhe ought to be venerated; prudence which ought of itſelf to be conformed to in every-thing.

But whither roves my pen? How dare a perverſe girl take theſe liberties with relations ſo very reſpectable, and whom ſhe highly reſpects? What an unhappy ſituation is that which obliges her, in her *own defence* as it were, to expoſe *their* failings?

But you, who know how much I love and reverence my Mother, will judge what a difficulty I am under, to be obliged to oppoſe a ſcheme which *ſhe* has engaged in. Yet I *muſt* oppoſe it (to comply is impoſſible); and muſt without delay *declare* my oppo-

ſition, or my difficulties will increaſe; ſince as I am juſt now informed, a Lawyer has been this very day conſulted [Would you have believed it?] in relation to Settlements.

Were ours a Roman Catholic family, how much happier for me, that they thought a Nunnery would anſwer all their views!—How happy, had not a certain perſon ſlighted ſomebody! All then would have been probably concluded on between them before my Brother had arrived to thwart the match: Then had I had a Siſter; which now I have not; and Two Brothers;—both aſpiring; poſſibly both titled: While I ſhould only have valued that in Either which is above Title, that which is truly noble in Both!

But by what a long-reaching ſelfiſhneſs is my Brother governed! By what remote, exceedingly remote views! Views, which it is in the power of the ſlighteſt accident, of a fever, for inſtance (the ſeeds of which are always vegetating, as I may ſay, and ready to burſt forth, in his own impetuous temper) or of the provoked weapon of an adverſary, to blow up and deſtroy!

I will break off here. Let me write ever ſo freely of my friends, I am ſure of *your* kind conſtruction: And I confide in your diſcretion, that you will avoid reading to or tranſcribing for others, ſuch paſſages as may have the appearance of treating too freely the Parental, or even the Fraternal character, or induce others to cenſure for a ſuppoſed failure in duty to the one, or decency to the other,

Your truly affectionate,

CL. HARLOWE.

LET-

LETTER XIV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday Evening, March 2.

ON Hannah's depoſiting my long Letter (begun yeſterday, but by reaſon of ſeveral interruptions not finiſhed till within this hour) ſhe found and brought me yours of this day. I thank you, my dear, for this kind expedition. Theſe few lines will perhaps be time enough depoſited, to be taken away by your ſervant with the other Letter: Yet they are only to thank you, and to tell you my increaſing apprehenſions.

I muſt take or ſeek the occaſion to apply to my Mother for her mediation; for I am in danger of having a day fixed, and antipathy taken for baſhfulneſs.—Should not Siſters *be* Siſters to each other? Should they not make a common cauſe of it, as I may ſay, a cauſe of Sex, on ſuch occaſions as the preſent? Yet mine, in ſupport of my Brother's ſelfiſhneſs, and, no doubt, in concert with him, has been urging in full aſſembly it ſeems (and that with an earneſtneſs peculiar to herſelf when ſhe ſets upon any-thing) that an abſolute day be given me; and if I comply not, to be told, that it ſhall be to the forfeiture of all my Fortunes, and of all their Love.

She need not be ſo officious: My *Brother*'s intereſt, without hers, is ſtrong enough; for he has found means to confederate all the family againſt me. Upon ſome freſh provocation, or new intelligence concerning Mr. Lovelace (I know not what it is) they have bound themſelves, or are to bind themſelves, by a ſigned paper, to one another [The Lord bleſs me, my dear, what ſhall I do!] to carry their point in favour of Mr. Solmes, in ſupport of my *Father*'s *Authority*, as it is called, and againſt Mr. Lovelace, as a Libertine, and an enemy to the family: And if ſo, I am ſure, I may ſay againſt *me*.—How impolitic in them all, to

join

join two people in one Intereſt, whom they wiſh for ever to keep aſunder!

What the diſcharged Steward reported of him is ſurely bad enough: What Mrs. Forteſcue ſaid, not only confirms that bad, but gives room to think him ſtill worſe:—And yet the *ſomething further* which my friends have come at, is of ſo heinous a nature (as Betty Barnes tells Hannah) that it proves him to be the worſt of men.—But, hang the man, I had almoſt ſaid—What is he to me? What *would* he be—were not this Mr. Sol——O my dear, how I hate the man in the light he is propoſed to me!

All of them at the ſame time are afraid of Mr. Lovelace; yet not afraid to provoke him!—How am I entangled!—to be obliged to go on correſponding with him for *their* ſakes—Heaven forbid, that their perſiſted-in violence ſhould ſo drive me, as to make it neceſſary for *my own!*

But ſurely *they* will yield—Indeed *I* cannot.

I believe the gentleſt ſpirits when provoked (cauſeleſly and cruelly provoked) are the moſt determined. The reaſon may be, That not taking up reſolutions lightly—their very deliberation makes them the more immoveable.—And then when a point is clear and ſelf-evident, how can one with patience think of entering into an argument or contention upon it?—

An interruption obliges me to conclude myſelf, in ſome hurry, as well as fright, what I muſt ever be,

Yours more than my own,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LETTER XV.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Friday, March 3.

I HAVE both your Letters at once. It is very unhappy, my dear, ſince your friends will have you marry, that a perſon of your merit ſhould be addreſſed

dreſſed by a ſucceſſion of worthleſs creatures, who have nothing but their preſumption for their excuſe.

That theſe preſumers appear not in this very unworthy light to ſome of your friends, is, becauſe their defects are not ſo ſtriking to *them* as to *others*.—And why? ſhall I venture to tell you?—Becauſe they are nearer their own ſtandard—*Modeſty*, after all, perhaps has a concern in it; for how ſhould they think that a *Niece* or *Siſter* of *theirs* [I will not go higher, for fear of incurring your diſpleaſure] ſhould be an angel?

But where indeed is the man to be found (who has the leaſt ſhare of due diffidence) that dares to look up to Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe with hope, or with any-thing but wiſhes? Thus the bold and forward, not being ſenſible of their defects, aſpire; while the modeſty of the really worthy fills them with too much reverence to permit them to explain themſelves. Hence your Symmes's, your Byron's, your Mullins's, your Wyerley's (the beſt of the herd) and your Solmes's, in turn, invade you—Wretches that, looking upon the reſt of your Family, need not deſpair of ſucceeding in an alliance with it—But, to you, what an inexcuſeable preſumption!

Yet I am afraid all oppoſition will be in vain. You muſt, you will, I doubt, be ſacrificed to this odious man. I know your family. There will be no reſiſting ſuch baits as he has thrown out. O, my dear, my beloved friend! and are ſuch charming qualities, is ſuch exalted merit, to be ſunk in ſuch a Marriage!—You muſt not, your Uncle tells my Mother, diſpute their authority. AUTHORITY! what a full word is that in the mouth of a narrow-minded perſon, who happened to be born thirty Years before one!—Of your Uncles I ſpeak; for as to the *Parental* authority, That ought to be ſacred.—But ſhould not Parents have *reaſon* for what they do?

Wonder not, however, at your Bell's un-ſiſterly behaviour

behaviour in this affair: I have a particular to add to the inducements your inſolent Brother is governed by, which will account for all her driving. You have already owned, that her *outward eye* was from *the firſt* ſtruck with the figure and addreſs of the man whom ſhe pretends to deſpiſe, and who, 'tis certain, thoroughly deſpiſes her: But you have not told me, that ſtill ſhe loves him of all men. Bell has a meanneſs in her very pride; that meanneſs riſes with her pride; and goes hand in hand with it; and no one is ſo proud as Bell. She has owned her Love, her uneaſy days, and ſleepleſs nights, and her revenge grafted upon her Love, to her favourite Betty Barnes—To lay herſelf in the power of a ſervant's tongue! Poor creature!—But LIKE little Souls will find one another out, and mingle, as well as LIKE great ones. This however ſhe told the wench in ſtrict confidence: And thus, by way of the *female round-about*, as Lovelace had the ſaucineſs on ſuch another occaſion, in ridicule of our Sex, to call it, Betty (pleaſed to be thought worthy of a ſecret, and to have an opportunity of inveighing againſt Lovelace's perfidy, as ſhe would have it to be) told it to one of *her* confidants: That confidant, with like injunctions of ſecrecy, to Miſs Lloyd's Harriot—Harriot to Miſs Lloyd—Miſs Lloyd to *me*—I to you—with leave to make what you pleaſe of it.

And now you will not wonder to find Miſs Bell an implacable Rival, rather than an affectionate Siſter; and will be able to account for the words *Witchcraft*, *Syren*, and ſuch-like, thrown out againſt you; and for her driving on for a fixed day for ſacrificing you to Solmes: In ſhort, for her rudeneſs and violence of every kind.

What a ſweet revenge will ſhe take, as well upon Lovelace as upon you, if ſhe can procure her rival Siſter to be married to the man that Siſter hates; and ſo prevent her having the man whom ſhe herſelf loves (whether

(whether *ſhe* have hope of him or not) and whom ſhe ſuſpects her Siſter loves!

Poiſons and poinards have often been ſet to work by minds inflamed by diſappointed *Love*, and actuated by Revenge—Will you wonder then, that the ties of relationſhip in ſuch a caſe have no force, and that a Siſter forgets to be a Siſter?

Now I know this to be her ſecret motive (the more grating to her, as her Pride is concerned to make her diſavow it) and can conſider it as joined with her former *Envy*, and as ſtrengthened by a Brother, who has ſuch an aſcendant over the whole family; and whoſe *Intereſt* (ſlave to it as he always was) engaged him to ruin you with every one: Both poſſeſſed of the ears of all your family, and having it as much in their power as in their will to miſrepreſent all you ſay, all you do; ſuch ſubjects alſo as the Rencounter, and Lovelace's want of morals, to expatiate upon: Your whole family likewiſe avowedly attached to the odious man by means of the captivating propoſals he has made them;—When I conſider all theſe things, I am full of apprehenſions for you.—O my dear, how will you be able to maintain your ground;—I am ſure, (alas! I am *too* ſure) that they will ſubdue ſuch a fine ſpirit as yours, unuſed to oppoſition; and (*Tell it not in Gath*) you *muſt* be Mrs. Solmes!

Mean time, it is now eaſy, as you will obſerve, to gueſs from what quarter the report I mentioned to you in one of my former, came, That the younger Siſter has robbed the elder of her Lover (*a*): For Betty whiſpered it, at the time ſhe whiſpered the reſt, that neither Lovelace nor you had done honourably by *her* young miſtreſs—How cruel, my dear, in you, to rob the poor Bella of the only Lover ſhe ever had!—At the inſtant too that ſhe was priding herſelf, that now at laſt ſhe ſhould have it in her power not only

(*a*) P. 3.

to

to gratify her own Suſceptibilities, but to give an example to the *Flirts* of her Sex (*a*) (my worſhip's ſelf in her eye) how to govern their man with a ſilken rein, and without a kerb-bridle!

Upon the whole, I have now no doubt of their perſevering in favour of the deſpicable Solmes; and of their dependence upon the gentleneſs of your temper, and the regard you have for their favour, and for your own reputation. And now I am more than ever convinced of the propriety of the advice I formerly gave you, to keep in your own hands the Eſtate bequeathed to you by your Grandfather.—Had you done ſo, it would have procured you at leaſt an *outward* reſpect from your Brother and Siſter, which would have made them conceal the envy and ill-will that now are burſting upon you from hearts ſo narrow.

I muſt harp a little more upon this ſtring—Do not you obſerve, how much your Brother's influence has overtopped yours, ſince he has got into fortunes ſo conſiderable, and ſince you have given ſome of them an appetite to continue in themſelves the poſſeſſion of your Eſtate, unleſs you comply with their terms?

I know your dutiful, your laudable motives; and one would have thought, that you might have truſted to a Father who ſo dearly loved you. But had you been actually in poſſeſſion of that Eſtate, and living up to it, and upon it (your youth protected from blighting tongues by the company of your prudent Norton, as you had propoſed) do you think that your Brother, grudging it to you at the time as he did, and looking upon it as his right as an only Son, would have been practiſing about it, and aiming at it? I told you ſome time ago, that I thought your trials but proportioned to you prudence (*b*): But you will be more than woman, if you can extricate yourſelf with honour, having ſuch violent ſpirits and

(*a*) P. 8. (*b*) P. 3.

ſordid

ſordid minds in ſome, and ſuch tyrannical and deſpotic wills in others, to deal with. Indeed, all *may* be done, and the world be taught further to admire you for your blind duty and will-leſs reſignation, if you can perſuade yourſelf to be Mrs. Solmes.

I am pleaſed with the inſtances you give me of Mr. Lovelace's benevolence to his own tenants, and with his little gift to your Uncle's. Mrs. Forteſcue *allows* him to be the beſt of Landlords: I might have told you *That*, had I thought it neceſſary to put you into ſome little conceit of him. He has qualities, in ſhort, that may make him a tolerable creature on the other ſide of Fifty: But God help the poor woman to whoſe lot he ſhall fall till then! *Women*, I ſhould ſay, perhaps; ſince he may break half a dozen hearts before that time.—But to the point I was upon—Shall we not have reaſon to commend the tenant's grateful honeſty, if we are told, that with joy the poor man called out your Uncle; and on the ſpot paid him in part of his debt thoſe two guineas?—But what ſhall we ſay of that Landlord, who, tho' he knew the poor man to be quite deſtitute, could take it; and, ſaying nothing while Mr. Lovelace ſtaid, as ſoon as he was gone, tell of it in praiſe of the poor fellow's honeſty?—Were this ſo, and were not that Landlord related to my deareſt friend, how ſhould I deſpiſe ſuch a wretch?—But perhaps the Story is aggravated. Covetous people have every-one's ill-word: And ſo indeed they ought; becauſe they are only ſolicitous to keep that which they prefer to every-one's good one.—Covetous indeed would *they* be who deſerved *neither*, yet expected *both!*

I long for your next Letter. Continue to be as particular as poſſible. I can think of no other ſubject but what relates to you and to your affairs: For I am, and ever will be, moſt affectionately,

Your own,

ANNA HOWE.

LET-

LETTER XVI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

[*Her preceding not at that time received.*]

Friday, March 3.

O MY dear friend, I have had a ſad conflict! Trial upon trial; Conference upon conference!—But what Law, what Ceremony, can give a man a right to a heart which abhors him more than it does any living creature?

I hope my Mother will be able to prevail for me.—But I will recount all, tho' I ſit up the whole night to do it; for I have a vaſt deal to write; and will be as minute as you wiſh me to be.

I concluded my laſt in a fright. It was occaſioned by a converſation that paſſed between my Mother and my Aunt, part of which Hannah overheard. I need not give you the particulars; ſince what I have to relate to you from different converſations that have paſſed between my Mother and me in the ſpace of a very few Hours, will include them all. I will begin then.

I went down this morning when breakfaſt was ready with a very uneaſy heart, from what Hannah had informed me of yeſterday afternoon; wiſhing for an opportunity, however, to appeal to my Mother, in hopes to engage her intereſt in my behalf, and purpoſing to try to find one when ſhe retired to her own apartment after breakfaſt: But, unluckily, there was the odious Solmes ſitting aſquat between my Mother and Siſter, with *ſo much* aſſurance in his looks!—But you know, my dear, that thoſe we love not, cannot do any-thing to pleaſe us.

Had the wretch kept his ſeat, it might have been well enough: But the bent and broad-ſhouldered creature muſt needs riſe, and ſtalk towards a chair; which was juſt by that which was ſet for me.

I removed

I removed it to a diſtance, as if to make way to my own: And down I ſat, abruptly I believe; what I had heard all in my head.

But this was not enough to daunt him. The man is a very confident, he is a very bold, ſtaring man!—Indeed, my dear, the man is very confident!

He took the removed chair, and drew it ſo near mine, ſquatting in it with his ugly weight, that he preſſed upon my hoop.—I was ſo offended (all I had heard, as I ſaid, in my head) that I removed to another chair. I own I had too little command of myſelf. It gave my Brother and Siſter too much advantage. I dare ſay they took it. But I did it involuntarily, I think. I could not help it.—I knew not what I did.

I ſaw that my Father was exceſſively diſpleaſed. When angry, no man's countenance, ever ſhews it ſo much as my Father's. Clariſſa Harlowe! ſaid he with a big voice—and there he ſtopped.—Sir! ſaid I, trembling and courteſying (for I *had* not then ſat down again): And put my chair nearer the wretch, and ſat down—My face, as I could feel, all in a glow.

Make Tea, child, ſaid my kind Mamma: Sit by me, Love; and make Tea.

I removed with pleaſure to the ſeat the man had quitted; and being thus indulgently put into employment, ſoon recovered myſelf; and in the courſe of the breakfaſting officiouſly aſked two or three queſtions of Mr. Solmes, which I would not have done, but to make up with my Father.—*Proud ſpirits may be brought to!* whiſperingly ſpoke my Siſter to me, over her ſhoulder, with an air of triumph and ſcorn: But I did not mind her.

My Mother was all kindneſs and condeſcenſion. I aſked her once, if ſhe were pleaſed with the Tea? She ſaid ſoftly (and again called me *dear*) ſhe was pleaſed with all I did. I was very proud of this encouraging

goodneſs: And all blew over, as I hoped, between my Father and me; for he alſo ſpoke kindly to me two or three times.

Small accidents theſe, my dear, to trouble you with; only as they lead to greater, as you ſhall hear.

Before the uſual breakfaſt-time was over, my Father withdrew with my Mother, telling her he wanted to ſpeak to her. Then my Siſter and next my Aunt (who was with us) dropt away.

My Brother gave himſelf ſome airs of inſult, which I underſtood well enough; but which Mr. Solmes could make nothing of: And at laſt he aroſe from *his* ſeat—Siſter, ſaid he, I have a curioſity to ſhew you. I will fetch it. And away he went ſhutting the door cloſe after him.

I ſaw what all this was for. I aroſe; the man hemming up for a ſpeech, riſing, and beginning to ſet his ſplay-feet [Indeed, my dear, the man in all his ways is hateful to me] in an approaching poſture.—I will ſave my Brother the trouble of bringing to me his curioſity, ſaid I. I courteſied—Your ſervant, Sir—The man cried, Madam, Madam, twice, and looked like a fool.—But away I went—to find my Brother, to ſave my word.—But my Brother, indifferent as the weather was, was gone to walk in the garden with my Siſter. A plain caſe, that he had left his *curioſity* with me, and deſigned to ſhew me no other.

I had but juſt got into my own apartment, and began to think of ſending Hannah to beg an Audience of my Mother (the more encouraged by her condeſcending goodneſs at Breakfaſt) when Shorey her woman brought me her commands to attend her in her cloſet.

My Father, Hannah told me, was juſt gone out of it with a poſitive angry countenance. Then I as much dreaded the audience as I had wiſhed for it before.

I went

I went down however; but, apprehending the ſubject ſhe intended to talk to me upon, approached her trembling, and my heart in viſible palpitations.

She ſaw my concern. Holding out her kind arms, as ſhe ſat, Come kiſs me, my dear, ſaid ſhe, with a ſmile like a ſun-beam breaking through the cloud that overſhadowed her naturally benign aſpect. Why flutters my jewel ſo?

This preparative ſweetneſs, with her goodneſs juſt before, confirmed my apprehenſions. My Mother ſaw the bitter pill wanted gilding.

O my Mamma! was all I could ſay; and I claſped my arms round her neck, and my face ſunk into her boſom.

My child! my child! reſtrain, ſaid ſhe, your powers of moving! I dare not elſe truſt myſelf with you.—And my tears trickled down her boſom, as hers bedewed my neck.

O the words of kindneſs, all to be expreſſed in vain, that flowed from her lips!

Lift up your ſweet face, my beſt child, my own Clariſſa Harlowe!—O my daughter, beſt-beloved of my heart, lift up a face ſo ever-amiable to me!—Why theſe ſobs?—Is an apprehended duty ſo affecting a thing, that before I can ſpeak—But I am glad, my Love, you can gueſs at what I have to ſay to you. I am ſpared the pains of breaking to you what was a taſk upon me reluctantly enough undertaken *to* break to you.

Then riſing, ſhe drew a chair near her own, and made me ſit down by her, overwhelmed as I was with tears of apprehenſion of what ſhe had to ſay, and of gratitude for her truly maternal goodneſs to me—Sobs ſtill my only language.

And drawing her chair ſtill nearer to mine, ſhe put her arms round my neck, and my glowing cheek wet with my tears, cloſe to her own: Let me talk to you, my child. Since Silence is your choice, hearken to me, and *be* ſilent. You

You know, my dear, what I every day forego, and undergo, for the ſake of peace. Your Papa is a very good man, and means well; but he will not be controuled; nor yet perſuaded. You have ſometimes ſeemed to pity *me*, that I am obliged to give up every point. Poor man! *his* reputation the leſs for it; *mine* the greater: Yet would I not have this credit, if I could help it, at ſo dear a rate to *him* and to *myſelf*. You are a dutiful, a prudent, and a *wiſe* child, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, in hope, no doubt, to make me ſo: You would not add, I am ſure, to my trouble: You would not wilfully break that peace which coſts your Mother ſo much to preſerve. Obedience is better than ſacrifice. O my Clary Harlowe, rejoice my heart, by telling me I have apprehended too much! —I ſee your concern! I ſee your perplexity! I ſee your conflict [looſing her arm, and riſing, not willing I ſhould ſee how much ſhe herſelf was affected]. I will leave you a moment.—Anſwer me not—[For I was eſſaying to ſpeak, and had, as ſoon as ſhe took her dear cheek from mine, dropt down on my knees, my hands claſped, and lifted up in a ſupplicating manner]. I am not prepared for your irreſiſtible expoſtulation, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay. I will leave you to recollection: And I charge you, on my bleſſing, that all this my truly maternal tenderneſs be not thrown away upon you.

And then ſhe withdrew into the next apartment; wiping her eyes as ſhe went from me; as mine overflowed; my heart taking in the whole compaſs of her meaning.

She ſoon returned, having recovered more ſteadineſs.

Still on my knees, I had thrown my face acroſs the chair ſhe had ſat in.

Look up to me, my Clary Harlowe—No ſullenneſs, I hope!

No, indeed, my ever-to-be-revered Mamma.—And I aroſe. I bent my knee. She

She raiſed me. No kneeling to me, but with knees of duty and compliance. Your heart, not your knees, muſt bend. It is abſolutely determined — Prepare yourſelf therefore to receive your *Father*, when he viſits you by-and-by, as he would wiſh to receive *you*. But on this one quarter of an hour depends the peace of my future life, the ſatisfaction of all the family, and your own ſecurity from a man of violence: And I charge you *beſides*, on my bleſſing, that you think of being Mrs. Solmes.

There went the dagger to my heart, and down I ſunk: And when I recovered, found myſelf in the arms of my Hannah, my Siſter's Betty holding open my reluctantly-opened palm, my laces cut, my linen ſcented with hartſhorn; and my Mother gone. Had I been *leſs* kindly treated, the hated name ſtill forborne to be mentioned, or mentioned with a little more preparation and reſerve, I had ſtood the horrid ſound with leſs viſible emotion—But to be bid, on the Bleſſing of a Mother ſo dearly beloved, ſo truly reverenced, to think of being Mrs. SOLMES—what a denunciation was that!

Shorey came in with a meſſage (delivered in her ſolemn way); Your Mamma, Miſs, is concerned for your diſorder: She expects you down again in an hour; and bid me ſay, that ſhe then hopes everything from your duty.

I made no reply; for what could I ſay? And leaning upon my Hannah's arm, withdrew to my own apartment. There you will gueſs how the greateſt part of the hour was employed.

Within that time, my Mother came up to *me*.

I love, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, to come into *this* apartment!—No emotions, child! No flutters!—Am I not your Mother!—Am I not your fond, your indulgent Mother!—Do not diſcompoſe *me* by diſcompoſing *yourſelf!* Do not occaſion *me* uneaſineſs,

when I would give *you* nothing but pleaſure. Come, my dear, we will go into your cloſet.

She took my hand, led the way, and made me ſit down by her: And after ſhe had enquired how I did, ſhe began in a ſtrain as if ſhe had ſuppoſed I had made uſe of the intervening ſpace to overcome all my objections.

She was pleaſed to tell me, that my Father and ſhe, in order to ſpare my natural modeſty, had taken the whole affair upon themſelves—

Hear me out; and then ſpeak; for I was going to expoſtulate. You are no ſtranger to the end of Mr. Solmes's viſits—

O Madam!—

Hear me out; and then ſpeak.—He is not indeed every-thing I wiſh him to be: But he is a man of probity, and has no vices—

No vices, Madam!—

Hear me out, child—You have not behaved much amiſs to him: We have ſeen with pleaſure that you have not—

O Madam, muſt I not now ſpeak!

I ſhall have done preſently—A young creature of your virtuous and *pious* turn, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, cannot ſurely love a profligate: You love your Brother too well, to wiſh to marry one who had like to have killed him, and who threatened your Uncles, and defies us all. You have had your own way Six or Seven times: We want to ſecure you againſt a man ſo vile. Tell me (I have a *right* to know) whether you prefer this man to all others?—Yet God forbid that I ſhould know you do! for ſuch a declaration would make us all miſerable. Yet tell me, are your affections engaged to this man?

I knew what the inference would be, if I had ſaid they were not.

You heſitate—You anſwer me not—You cannot anſwer

anſwer me.—*Riſing*—Never more will I look upon you with an eye of favour—

O Madam, Madam! Kill me not with your diſpleaſure—I would not, I *need* not, heſitate one moment, did I not dread the inference, if I anſwer you as you wiſh.—Yet be that inference what it will, your threatened diſpleaſure will make me ſpeak. And I declare to you, that I know not my own heart, if it be not abſolutely free. And pray, let me aſk my deareſt Mamma, in what has my conduct been faulty, that, like a giddy creature, I muſt be forced to marry, to ſave me from—From what? Let me beſeech you, Madam, to be the guardian of my reputation—Let not your Clariſſa be precipitated into a State ſhe wiſhes not to enter into with any man! And this upon a ſuppoſition that otherwiſe ſhe ſhall marry herſelf, and diſgrace her whole family.

Well then, Clary [paſſing over the force of my plea] if your heart be free—

O my beloved Mamma, let the uſual generoſity of your dear heart operate in my favour. Urge not upon me the inference that made me heſitate.

I won't be interrupted, Clary—You have ſeen in my behaviour to you, on this occaſion, a truly maternal tenderneſs; you have obſerved that I have undertaken this taſk with ſome reluctance, becauſe the man is not every-thing; and becauſe I know you carry your notions of perfection in a man too high—

Deareſt Madam, this one time excuſe me!—Is there then any danger that I ſhould be guilty of an imprudent thing for the man's ſake you hint at?

Again interrupted!—Am I to be queſtioned, and argued with? You know this won't do ſomewhere elſe. You *know* it won't. What reaſon then, ungenerous girl, can you have for arguing with me thus, but becauſe you think from my indulgence to you, you may?

What *can* I ſay? What *can* I do? What muſt that cauſe be that will not bear being argued upon?

Again! Clary Harlowe!

Deareſt Madam, forgive me: It was always my pride and my pleaſure to obey you. But look upon that man—ſee but the diſagreeableneſs of his perſon—

Now, Clary, do I ſee whoſe perſon you have in your eye!—Now is Mr. Solmes, I ſee, but *comparatively* diſagreeable; diſagreeable only as another man has a much more ſpecious perſon.

But, Madam, are not his manners equally ſo?—Is not his perſon the true repreſentative of his mind?—That other man is not, ſhall not be, any thing to me, releaſe me but from this one man, whom my heart, unbidden, reſiſts.

Condition thus with your Father. Will *he* bear, do you think, to be thus dialogued with? Have I not conjured you, as you value my peace—What is it that *I* do not give up?—This very taſk, becauſe I apprehended you would not be *eaſily* perſuaded, is a taſk *indeed* upon me. And will *you* give up nothing? Have you not refuſed as many as have been offered to you? If you would not have us gueſs for whom, comply; for comply you muſt, or be looked upon as in a ſtate of defiance with your whole family.

And ſaying this, ſhe aroſe, and went from me. But at the chamber-door ſtopt; and turned back: I will not ſay below in what a diſpoſition I leave you. Conſider of every-thing. The matter is reſolved upon. As you value your Father's Bleſſing and mine, and the ſatisfaction of all the family, reſolve to comply. I will leave you for a few moments. I will come up to you again. See that I find you as I wiſh to find you; and ſince *your heart is free*, let your duty govern it.

In about half an hour, my Mother returned. She found me in tears. She took my hand: It is my part evermore, ſaid ſhe, to be of the acknowledging

ſide. I believe I have needleſly expoſed myſelf to your oppoſition, by the method I have taken with you. I firſt began as if I *expected* a denial, and by my indulgence brought it upon myſelf.

Do not, my deareſt Mamma! do not, ſay ſo!

Were the occaſion for this debate, proceeded ſhe, to have riſen from myſelf; were it in my power to diſpenſe with your compliance; you too well know what you can do with me.

Would any body, my dear Miſs Howe, wiſh to marry, who ſees a Wife of ſuch a temper, and bleſſed with ſuch an underſtanding as my Mother is noted for, not only deprived of all power; but obliged to be even *active* in bringing to bear points of high importance, which ſhe thinks ought not to be inſiſted upon?

When I came to you a ſecond time, proceeded ſhe, knowing that your oppoſition would avail you nothing, I refuſed to hear your reaſons: And in this I was wrong too, becauſe a young creature who loves to reaſon, and *uſed* to love to be convinc'd by reaſon, ought to have all her objections heard: I now therefore, this third time, ſee you; and am come reſolved to hear all you have to ſay: And let me, my dear, by my patience engage your gratitude; your *generoſity*, I will call it; becauſe it is to You I ſpeak, who uſed to have a mind wholly generous,—Let me, if your heart *be really free*, let me ſee what it will induce you to do to oblige me: And ſo as you permit your uſual diſcretion to govern you, I will hear all you have to ſay; but with this intimation, that ſay what you will, it will be of no avail elſewhere.

What a dreadful ſaying is that! But could I engage your pity, Madam, it would be ſomewhat.

You have as much of my Pity, as of my Love. But what is *perſon*, Clary, with one of your prudence, and *your heart diſengaged?*

Should the eye be diſguſted, when the heart is to be

engaged?—O Madam, who can think of marrying when the heart is ſhocked at the firſt appearance, and where the diſguſt muſt be confirmed by every converſation afterwards?

This, Clary, is owing to your prepoſſeſſion. Let me not have cauſe to regret that noble firmneſs of mind in ſo young a creature which I thought your glory, and which was my boaſt in your character. In this inſtance it would be obſtinacy, and want of duty.—Have you not made objections to ſeveral—

That was to their *minds*, to their *principles*, Madam.—But this man—

Is an honeſt man, Clary Harlowe. He has a good mind. He is a virtuous man.

He an honeſt man? *His* a good mind, Madam? *He* a virtuous man!—

No-body denies him theſe qualities.

Can *he* be an honeſt man who offers terms that will rob all his own Relations of their juſt expectations—Can *his* mind be good—

You, Clary Harlowe, for whoſe ſake he offers ſo much, are the laſt perſon that ſhould make this obſervation.

Give me leave to ſay, Madam, that a perſon preferring happineſs to fortune, as I do; that want not even what I *have*, and can give up the uſe of *that*, as an inſtance of duty—

No more, no more of your merits!—You know you will be a gainer by that chearful inſtance of your duty; not a loſer. You know you have but *caſt your bread upon the waters*—So no more of that!—For it is not underſtood as a merit by every-body, I aſſure you; tho' I think it a high one; and ſo did your Father and Uncles at the time—

At the *time*, Madam!—How unworthily do my Brother and Siſter, who are afraid that the favour I was ſo lately in—

I hear nothing againſt your Brother and Siſter—

What

What family-feuds have I in proſpect, at a time when I hoped moſt comfort from you all?

God bleſs my Brother and Siſter in all their *worthy* views! You ſhall have no family-feuds, if I can prevent them. You yourſelf, Madam, ſhall tell me what I ſhall bear from them, and I will bear it: But let *my* actions, not *their* miſrepreſentations (as I am ſure by the diſgraceful prohibitions I have met with has been the caſe) ſpeak for me.

Juſt then, up came my Father, with a ſternneſs in his looks that made me tremble.—He took two or three turns about my chamber, tho' pained by his gout.—And then ſaid to my Mother, who was ſilent as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him—

My dear, you are long abſent.—Dinner is near ready. What you had to ſay, lay in a very little compaſs. Surely, you have nothing to do but to declare *your* will, and *my* will—But perhaps you may be talking of the preparations—Let us have you ſoon down—Your Daughter in your hand, if worthy of the name.

And down he went, caſting his eye upon me with a look ſo ſtern, that I was unable to ſay one word to him, or even for a few minutes to my Mother.

Was not this very intimidating, my dear?

My Mother, ſeeing my concern, ſeemed to pity me. She called me her good child, and kiſſed me; and told me that my Father ſhould not know I had made ſuch oppoſition. He has kindly furniſhed us with an excuſe for being ſo long together, ſaid ſhe.—Come, my dear—Dinner will be upon table preſently—Shall we go down?—And took my hand.

This made me ſtart: What, Madam, go down to let it be ſuppoſed we were talking of *preparations!*—O my beloved Mamma, command me not down upon ſuch a ſuppoſition.

You ſee, child, that to ſtay longer together, will be owning that you are debating about an abſolute

duty: And that will not be borne. Did not your Father himſelf ſome days ago tell you, he would be obeyed? I will a third time leave you. I muſt ſay ſomething by way of excuſe for you: And that you deſire not to go down to dinner—That your modeſty on the occaſion—

O Madam! ſay not my modeſty on *ſuch* an occaſion: For that will be to give hope—

And deſign you *not* to give hope?—Perverſe girl! —*Riſing, and flinging from me*; Take more time for conſideration!—Since it is neceſſary, *take* more time—And when I ſee you next, let me know what blame I have to caſt upon myſelf, or to bear from your Father, for my indulgence to you.

She made, however, a little ſtop at the chamber-door; and ſeemed to expect that I would have beſought her to make the gentleſt conſtruction for me; for, heſitating, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, I ſuppoſe you would not have me make a report—

O Madam, interrupted I, whoſe favour can I hope for, if I loſe my Mamma's?

To have deſired a *favourable* report, you know, my dear, would have been qualifying upon a point that I was too much determined upon, to give room for any of my friends to think I have the leaſt heſitation about it. And ſo my Mother went down ſtairs.

I will depoſit thus far; and, as I know you will not think me too minute in my relation of particulars ſo very intereſting to one you honour with your Love, proceed in the ſame way. As matters ſtand, I don't care to have papers ſo freely written about me.

Pray let Robert call every day, if you can ſpare him, whether I have any-thing ready or not.

I ſhould be glad you would not ſend him empty-handed. What a generoſity will it be in you, to write as frequently from friendſhip, as I am forced to do from misfortune! The Letters being taken away will be an aſſurance that you have them. As I ſhall write

and

and depoſit as I have opportunity, the formality of *ſuper* and *ſub*-ſcription will be excuſed. For I need not ſay how much I am,

Your ſincere and ever-affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XVII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

MY Mother, on her return, which was as ſoon as ſhe had dined, was pleaſed to inform me, that ſhe told my Father, on his queſtioning her about my *chearful* compliance (for it ſeems, the *chearful* was all that was doubted) that ſhe was willing, on ſo material a point, to give a child whom ſhe had ſo *much reaſon to love* (as ſhe condeſcended to acknowledge were her words) liberty to ſay all that was in her heart to ſay, that her compliance might be the freer: Letting him know, that when he came up, ſhe was attending to my pleas; for that ſhe found I had rather not marry at all.

She told me, that to this my Father angrily ſaid, Let her take care—Let her take care—that ſhe give me not ground to ſuſpect her of a preference ſomewhere elſe. But, if it be to eaſe *her* heart, and not to diſpute *my* will, you may hear her out.

So, Clary, ſaid my Mother, I am returned in a temper accordingly: And I hope you will not again, by *your* peremptorineſs, ſhew *me*, how I ought to treat *you*.

Indeed, Madam, you did me juſtice, to ſay, I have no inclination to marry at all. I have not, I hope, made myſelf ſo *very* unuſeful in my Papa's family, as—

No more of your merits, Clary! You have been a good child. You have eaſed me of all the family-cares: But do not now give more than ever you relieved me from. You have been amply repaid in the reputation your ſkill and management have given you: But now there is ſoon to be a period to all

thoſe aſſiſtances from you. If you marry, there will be a natural, and, if to pleaſe us, a deſirable period; becauſe your own family will employ all your talents in that way: If you do not, there will be a period likewiſe, but *not* a natural one—Your underſtand me, child.

I wept.

I have made enquiry already after a houſekeeper. I would have had your good Norton; but I ſuppoſe you will yourſelf wiſh to have the worthy woman with you. If you deſire it, that ſhall be agreed upon for you.

But, why, deareſt Madam, why am I, the *youngeſt*, to be precipitated into a State, that I am very far from wiſhing to enter into with any-body?

You are going to queſtion me, I ſuppoſe, why your Siſter is not thought of for Mr. Solmes?

I hope, Madam, it will not diſpleaſe you, if I were?

I might refer you for an anſwer to your *Father*.—Mr. Solmes has reaſons for preferring *you*—

And I have reaſons, Madam, for diſliking *him*. And why am I—

This quickneſs upon me, interrupted my Mother, is not to be borne! I am gone, and your Father comes, if *I* can do no good with you.

O Madam, I would rather die, than—

She put her hand to my mouth.—No peremptorineſs, Clary Harlowe: Once you declare yourſelf inflexible, I have done.

I wept for vexation. This is all, all, my Brother's doings—His graſping views—

No reflections upon your Brother: He has entirely the honour of the family at heart.

I would no more diſhonour my family, Madam, than my Brother would.

I believe it: But I hope you will allow your Father, and Me, and your Uncles, to judge what will do it honour, what diſhonour.

I then offered to live ſingle; never to marry at all; or never but with their full approbation.

If you mean to ſhew your duty, and your obedience, Clary, you muſt ſhew it in *our* way, not in *your own*.

I hope, Madam, that I have not ſo behaved hitherto, as to render ſuch a trial of my obedience neceſſary.

Yes, Clary, I cannot but ſay that you have hitherto behaved extremely well: But you have had no trials till now: And I hope, that now you are called to one, you will not fail in it. Parents, proceeded ſhe, when children are young, are pleaſed with every-thing they do. You have been a good child upon the whole: But we have hitherto rather complied with you, than you with us. Now that you are grown up to marriageable years, is the teſt; eſpecially as your Grandfather has made you independent, as we may ſay, in preference to thoſe who had prior expectations upon that Eſtate.

Madam, my Grandfather knew, and expreſly mentioned in his Will his deſire, that my Father will more than make it up to my Siſter. I did nothing but what I thought my duty to procure his favour. It was rather a mark of his affection, than any advantage to me: For, do I either ſeek or wiſh to be independent? Were I to be Queen of the Univerſe, that dignity ſhould not abſolve me from my duty to You and to my Father. I would kneel for your bleſſings, were it in the preſence of millions—So that—

I am loth to interrupt *you*, Clary; tho' you could more than once break in upon *me*. You are young and unbroken: But, with all this oſtentation of your duty, I deſire you to ſhew a little more deference to me when I am ſpeaking.

I beg your pardon, dear Madam, and your patience with me on *ſuch* an occaſion as *this*. If I did not ſpeak with earneſtneſs upon it, I ſhould be ſuppoſed to have

only maidenly objections againſt a man I never can endure.

Clary Harlowe!—

Deareſt, deareſt Madam, permit me to ſpeak what I have to ſay, this once—It is hard, it is *very* hard, to be forbidden to enter into the cauſe of all theſe miſunderſtandings, becauſe I muſt not ſpeak diſreſpectfully of one who ſuppoſes me in the way of his ambition, and treats me like a ſlave—

Whither, whither, Clary—

My deareſt Mamma!—My duty will not permit me ſo far to ſuppoſe my Father arbitrary, as to make a plea of that arbitrarineſs to you—

How now, Clary!—O girl!—

Your patience, my deareſt Mamma:—You were pleaſed to *ſay*, you would hear me with patience.—PERSON in a man is nothing, becauſe I am ſuppoſed to be prudent: So my eye is to be diſguſted, and my reaſon not convinced—

Girl, girl!

Thus are my imputed good qualities to be made my puniſhment; and I am to be wedded to a *monſter*—

[Aſtoniſhing!—Can this, Clariſſa, be from you?

The man, Madam, perſon and mind, is a monſter in my eye.]—And that I may be induced to bear this treatment, I am to be complimented with being indifferent to all men: Yet, at other times, and to ſerve other purpoſes, be thought prepoſſeſſed in favour of a man againſt whoſe moral character lie *juſt* objections.—Confined, as if, like the giddieſt of creatures, I would run away with this man, and diſgrace my whole family!—O my deareſt Mamma! who can be patient under ſuch treatment?

Now, Clary, I ſuppoſe you will allow *me* to ſpeak. I think I have had patience *indeed* with you.—Could I have thought—But I will put all upon a ſhort iſſue. Your *Mother*, Clariſſa, ſhall ſhew you an example of that patience you ſo boldly claim from *her*, without having *any yourſelf*.

O my dear, how my Mother's condeſcenſion diſtreſſed me at the time!—Infinitely more diſtreſſed me, than rigour could dave done. But ſhe *knew*, ſhe was to be ſure *aware*, that ſhe was put upon a harſh, upon an *unreaſonable* ſervice, let me ſay, or ſhe would not, ſhe could not, have had ſo much patience with me.

Let me tell you then, proceeded ſhe, that all lies in a ſmall compaſs, as your Father ſaid.—You have been hitherto, as you are pretty ready to plead, a dutiful child. You have indeed had no *cauſe* to be otherwiſe. No child was ever more favoured. Whether you will diſcredit all your paſt behaviour; whether, at a time and upon an occaſion, that the higheſt inſtance of duty is expected from you (an inſtance that is to crown all); and when you declare that *your heart is free*—you will give that inſtance; or whether, having a view to the independence you may claim (for ſo, Clary, whatever be your motive, it will be judged) and which any man you favour, can aſſert *for you againſt* us all; or rather *for himſelf* in *ſpite* of us—Whether, I ſay, you will break with us all; and ſtand in defiance of a jealous Father, needleſly jealous, I well venture to ſay, of the prerogatives of his Sex, as to me, and ſtill ten times more jealous of the authority of a Father;—This is now the point with us. You know your Father has made it a point; and did he ever give up one he thought he had a right to carry?

Too true, thought I to myſelf! And now my Brother has engaged my Father, his fine ſcheme will *walk alone*, without needing his leading-ſtrings; and it is become my *Father's will* that I oppoſe; not my Brother's graſping views.

I was ſilent. To ſay the truth, I was juſt then *ſullenly* ſilent. My heart was too big. I thought it was hard to be thus given up by my Mother; and that ſhe ſhould make a will ſo uncontroulable as my Brother's, her will.—My Mother, my dear, tho' I

muſt not ſay ſo, was not obliged to marry againſt *her* liking. My Mother loved my Father.

My ſilence availed me ſtill leſs.

I ſee, my dear, ſaid ſhe, that you are convinced. Now, my good child, Now, my Clary, do I love you! It ſhall not be known, that you have argued with me at all. All ſhall be imputed to that modeſty which has ever ſo much diſtinguiſhed you. You ſhall have the full merit of your reſignation.

I wept.

She tenderly wiped the tears from my eyes, and kiſſed my cheek—Your Father expects you down with a chearful countenance—But I will excuſe your going. All your ſcruples, you ſee, have met with an indulgence truly maternal from me. I rejoice in the hope that you are convinced. This indeed ſeems to be a proof of the truth of your agreeable declaration, That *your heart is free.*

Did not this ſeem to border upon *cruelty*, my dear, in ſo indulgent a Mother?—It would be wicked [Would it not!] to ſuppoſe my Mother capable of *Art*—But ſhe is put upon it; and obliged to take methods to which her heart is naturally above ſtooping; and all intended for my good, becauſe ſhe ſees that no arguing will be admitted any where elſe!

I will go down, proceeded ſhe, and excuſe your attendance at afternoon-tea, as I did to dinner: For I know you will have ſome little reluctances to ſubdue. I will allow you thoſe; and alſo ſome little natural ſhyneſſes—And ſo you *ſhall not* come down, if you chuſe *not* to come down—Only, my dear, do not diſgrace my report when you come to ſupper. And be ſure behave as you uſed to do to your Brother and Siſter; for your behaviour to them will be one teſt of your chearful obedience to us. I adviſe as a Friend, you ſee, rather than command as a Mother—So adieu, my Love. And again ſhe kiſſed me; and was going.

O my dear mamma, ſaid I, forgive me!—But ſurely you

you cannot believe, I can ever think of having that man!

She was very angry, and ſeemed to be greatly diſappointed. She threatened to turn me over to my Father and my Uncles:—She however bid me (generouſly bid me) conſider, what a handle I gave to my Brother and Siſter, if I thought they had views to ſerve by making my Uncles diſſatisfied with me.

I, ſaid ſhe, in a milder accent, have early ſaid all that I thought could be ſaid againſt the preſent propoſal, on a ſuppoſition, that you, who have refuſed ſeveral others (whom I own to be preferable as to perſon) would *not* approve of it; and could I have ſucceeded, you, Clary, had never heard of it. But if *I* could not, how can *you* expect to prevail? My great ends, in the taſk I have undertaken, are the preſervation of the family-peace ſo likely to be overturned; to reinſtate you in the affections of your Father and Uncles: and to preſerve you from a man of violence.—Your Father, you muſt needs think will flame out, upon your refuſal to comply: Your Uncles are ſo thoroughly convinced of the conſiſtency of the meaſure with their favourite views of aggrandizing the family, that they are as much determined as your Father—Your Aunt Hervey and your Uncle Hervey are of the ſame party. And it is hard, if a Father and Mother, and Uncles, and Aunt, all conjoined, cannot be allowed to direct your choice—Surely, my dear girl, proceed ſhe [for I was ſilent all this time] it cannot be, that you are the *more* averſe, becauſe the *family views* will be promoted by the match—This, I aſſure you, is what every-body muſt think, if you comply not. Nor, while the man ſo obnoxious to us all, remains unmarried, and *buzzes* about you, will the ſtrongeſt aſſeverations you can make of your reſolution and wiſhes to live ſingle, be in the leaſt regarded. And well you know, that were Mr. Lovelace an angel, and your Father had made it a point that you

ſhould

ſhould not have him, it would be in vain to diſpute his will. As to the prohibition laid upon you (much as I will own againſt *my* liking) that is owing to the belief that you correſponded by Miſs Howe's means with that man; nor do I doubt that you did ſo.

I anſwered to every article, in ſuch a manner, as I am ſure would have ſatisfied her, could ſhe have been permitted to judge for herſelf; and I then inveighed with bitterneſs againſt the diſgraceful prohibitions laid upon me.

They would ſerve to ſhew me, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, how much in earneſt my Father was. They might be taken off, whenever I thought fit, and no harm done, nor diſgrace received. But if I were to be contumacious, I might thank myſelf for all that would follow.

I ſighed. I wept. I was ſilent.

Shall I, Clary, ſaid ſhe, ſhall I tell your Father that theſe prohibitions are as unneceſſary as I hoped they would be? That you know your *duty*, and will not offer to controvert his will? What ſay you, my Love?

O Madam, what can I ſay to queſtions ſo indulgently put?—I do indeed *know* my duty: No creature in the world is more willing to *practiſe* it: But, pardon me, deareſt Madam, if I ſay, That I muſt bear theſe prohibitions, if I am to pay ſo dear to have them taken off.

Determined and perverſe, my dear Mamma called me: And after walking twice or thrice in anger about the room, ſhe turned to me;—Your heart *free*, Clariſſa! How can you tell me your heart is free? Such extraordinary antipathies to a particular perſon muſt be owing to extraordinary prepoſſeſſions in another's favour!—Tell me, Clary; and tell me truly—Do you not continue to correſpond with Mr. Lovelace?

Deareſt Madam, replied I, you know my motives: To prevent miſchief, I anſwered his Letters.

The

The reaſons for our apprehenſions of this ſort are not over.

I own to you, Clary (altho' now I would not have it known) that I once thought a little qualifying among ſuch violent ſpirits was not amiſs. I did not know but all things would come round again by the mediation of Lord. M. and his two Siſters: But as they all three think proper to reſent for their Nephew; and as their Nephew thinks fit to defy us all; and as terms are offered on the other hand, that could not be aſked, which will very probably prevent your Grandfather's Eſtate going out of the family, and may be a means to bring ſtill greater into it; I ſee not, that the continuance of your correſpondence with him either can or ought to be permitted. I therefore now forbid it to you, as you value my favour.

Be pleaſed, Madam, only to adviſe me how to break it off with ſafety to my Brother and Uncles; and it is all I wiſh for. Would to Heaven, the man ſo hated had not the pretence to make of having been too violently treated, when he meant peace and reconciliation! It would always have been in my own power to have broke with him. His reputed immoralities would have given me a juſt pretence at any time to do ſo—But, Madam, as my Uncles and my Brother will keep no meaſures; as he has heard what the view is; and as I have reaſon to think, that he is only reſtrained by his regard for me from reſenting their violent treatment of him and his family; what can I do? Would you have me, Madam, make him deſperate?

The Law will protect us, child! Offended magiſtracy will aſſert itſelf—

But, Madam, may not ſome dreadful miſchief firſt happen?—The Law aſſerts not itſelf, till it *is* offended.

You have made offers, Clary, if you might be obliged in the point in queſtion—Are you really in earneſt, were you to be complied with, to break off all correſpondence with Mr. Lovelace?—Let me know this.

Indeed,

Indeed I am; and I will. You, Madam, ſhall ſee all the Letters that have paſſed between us. You ſhall ſee I have given him no encouragement independent of my duty. And when you have ſeen them, you will be better able to direct me how, on the condition I have offered, to break entirely with him.

I take you at your word, Clariſſa—Give me *his* Letters; and the Copies of *yours*.

I am ſure, Madam, you will keep the knowledge that I write, and what I write—

No conditions with your Mother—Surely my prudence may be truſted to.

I begged her pardon; and beſought her to take the key of the private drawer in my eſcritoire, where they lay, that ſhe herſelf might ſee, that I had no reſerves to my Mother.

She did; and took all his Letters, and the Copies of mine.—Unconditioned with, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, they ſhall be yours again, unſeen by any body elſe.

I thanked her; and ſhe withdrew to read them; ſaying, She would return them, when ſhe had.

You, my dear, have ſeen all the Letters that paſſed between Mr. Lovelace and me, till my laſt return from you. You have acknowledged, that he has nothing to boaſt of from them. Three others I have received ſince, by the private conveyance *I told you of*: The laſt I have not yet anſwered.

In theſe three, as in thoſe you have ſeen, after having beſought my favour, and, in the moſt earneſt manner, profeſſed the ardour of his paſſion for me; and ſet forth the indignities done him; the defiances my Brother throws out againſt him in all companies; the menaces, and hoſtile appearance of my Uncles where-ever they go; and the methods they take to defame him; he declares, 'That neither his own honour, nor 'the honour of his family (involved as that is in the 'undiſtinguiſhing reflections caſt upon him for an un-

'happy

'happy affair which we would have ſhunned, but could 'not) permit him to bear theſe confirmed indignities: 'That as my inclinations, if not favourable to *him*, 'cannot be, nor are, to ſuch a man as the newly-in-'troduced Solmes, he is intereſted the more to reſent 'my Brother's behaviour; who to every-body avows 'his rancour and malice; and glories in the probabi-'lity he has, thro' the addreſs of this Solmes, of mor-'tifying *me*, and avenging himſelf on *him*: That it is 'impoſſible, he ſhould not think himſelf concerned to 'fruſtrate a meaſure ſo directly levelled at him, had he 'not a ſtill higher motive for hoping to fruſtrate it: 'That I muſt forgive him, if he enter into conference 'with Solmes upon it. He earneſtly inſiſts (upon 'what he has ſo often propoſed) That I will give him 'leave, in company with Lord M. to wait upon my 'Uncles, and even upon my Father—And he pro-'miſes patience, if new provocations, abſolutely be-'neath a man to bear, be not given:' Which by the way I am far from being able to engage for.

In my anſwer, I abſolutely declare, as I tell him I have often done, 'That he is to expect no favour 'from me, againſt the approbation of my friends: 'That I am ſure their conſents for his viſiting any of 'them will never be obtained: That I will not be 'either ſo undutiful, or ſo indiſcreet, as to ſuffer my 'intereſts to be ſeparated from the intereſts of my 'family, for any man upon earth: That I do not 'think myſelf *obliged* to him for the forbearance I 'deſire one flaming ſpirit to have with others: That 'in this deſire I require nothing of him, but what 'Prudence, Juſtice, and the Laws of his Country re-'quire: That if he has any expectations of favour 'from me, on that account, he deceives himſelf: 'That I have no inclination, as I have often told 'him, to change my condition: That I cannot al-'low myſelf to correſpond with him any longer in 'this clandeſtine manner: It is mean, low, undutiful,

'ful, I tell him; and has a giddy appearance, which 'cannot be excuſed: That therefore he is not to ex-'pect that I *will* continue it.'

To this, in his laſt, among other things, he replies, 'That if I am actually determined to break off all 'correſpondence with him, he muſt conclude, that 'it is with a view to become the Wife of a man, whom 'no woman of honour and fortune can think tolera-'ble. And in that caſe, I muſt excuſe him for ſay-'ing, that he ſhall neither be able to bear the thoughts 'of loſing for ever a perſon in whom all his preſent 'and all his future hopes are centred; nor ſupport 'himſelf with patience under the inſolent triumphs of 'my Brother upon it. But that nevertheleſs he will 'not threaten either his own life, or that of any other 'man. He muſt take his reſolutions as ſuch a dreaded 'event ſhall impel him, at the time. If he ſhall know 'that it will have my conſent, he muſt endeavour to 'reſign to his deſtiny: But if it be brought about by 'compulſion, he ſhall not be able to anſwer for the 'conſequence.'

I will ſend you theſe Letters for your peruſal in a few days. I would incloſe them; but that it is poſ-ſible ſomething may happen, which may make my Mother require to re-peruſe them—When you ſee them, you will obſerve how he endeavours to hold me to this correſpondence.

In about an hour my Mother returned. Take your Letters, Clary: I have nothing, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, to tax your diſcretion with, as to the wording of yours to him: You have even kept up a proper dignity, as well as obſerved all the rules of decorum; and you have reſented, as you ought to reſent, his menacing invectives. In a word, I ſee not, that he can form the leaſt expectations from what you have written, that you will encourage the paſſion he avows for you. But does he not avow his paſſion? Have you the leaſt

doubt

doubt about what muſt be the iſſue of this correſpondence, if continued? And do you yourſelf think, when you know the avowed hatred of one ſide, and the declared defiances of the other, that this *can* be, that it *ought to be* a match?

By no means it can, Madam; you will be pleaſed to obſerve, that I have ſaid as much to him. But now, Madam, that the whole correſpondence is before you, I beg your commands what to do in a ſituation ſo very diſagreeable.

One thing I will tell you, Clary—But I charge you, as you would not have me queſtion the generoſity of your ſpirit, to take no advantage of it, either *mentally* or *verbally*; that I am ſo much pleaſed with the offer of your keys to me, made in ſo chearful and unreſerved a manner, and in the prudence you have ſhewn in your Letters, that were it practicable to bring every one, or your Father only, into my opinion, I ſhould readily leave all the reſt to your diſcretion, reſerving only to myſelf the direction or approbation of your future Letters; and to ſee, that you broke off the correſpondence as ſoon as poſſible. But as it is not, and as I know your Father would have no patience with you, ſhould it be acknowledged that you correſpond with Mr. Lovelace, or that you *have* correſponded with him ſince the time he prohibited you ſo to do; I forbid you to continue ſuch a liberty—Yet, as the caſe is difficult, let me aſk you, What you yourſelf can propoſe? Your heart, you *ſay*, is *free*: You own, that you cannot think, as matters are circumſtanced, that a match with a man ſo obnoxious as he now is to us all, is proper to be thought of: What do you propoſe to do?—What, Clary, are your own thoughts of the matter?

Without heſitation thus I anſwered—What I humbly propoſe is this:—'That I will write to Mr. 'Lovelace (for I have not anſwered his laſt) that he 'has nothing to do between my Father and Me: 'That

'That I neither *aſk* his advice, nor *need* it: But that 'ſince he thinks he has ſome pretence for interfering, 'becauſe of my Brother's avowal of the intereſt of 'Mr. Solmes in diſpleaſure to him, I will aſſure him '(without giving him any reaſon to impute the aſſu-'rance to be in the leaſt favourable to himſelf) that I 'never will be that man's.' And if, proceeded I, I may be permitted to give him this aſſurance; and Mr. Solmes, in conſequence of it, be diſcouraged from proſecuting his addreſs; let Mr. Lovelace be ſatisfied or diſſatisfied, I will go no farther; nor write another line to him; nor ever ſee him more, if I can avoid it: And I ſhall have a good excuſe for it, without bringing in any of my family.

Ah! my Love!—But what ſhall we do about the *Terms* Mr. Solmes offers? Thoſe are the inducements with every-body. He has even given hopes to your Brother that he will make exchanges of Eſtates; or at leaſt, that he will purchaſe the Northern one; for you know it muſt be entirely conſiſtent with the family-views, that we encreaſe our intereſt in this Country. Your Brother, in ſhort, has given in a plan that captivates us all: And a family ſo rich in all its branches, and that has its views to honour, muſt be pleaſed to ſee a very great probability of taking rank one day among the principal in the kingdom.

And for the ſake of theſe views, for the ſake of this plan of my Brother's, am I, Madam, to be given in Marriage to a Man I never can endure!—O my dear Mamma, ſave me, ſave me, if you can, from this heavy evil.—I had rather be buried alive, indeed I had, than have that man!

She chid me for my vehemence; but was ſo good as to tell me, That ſhe would ſound my Uncle Harlowe, who was then below; and if he encouraged her (or would engage to ſecond her) ſhe would venture to talk to my Father herſelf; and I ſhould hear further in the morning.

She

She went down to Tea, and kindly undertook to excuſe my attendance at ſupper.

But is it not a ſad thing, I repeat, to be obliged to ſtand in oppoſition to the will of ſuch a Mother? Why, as I often ſay to myſelf, was ſuch a man as this Solmes fixed upon? The only man in the world, ſurely, that could offer ſo much, and deſerve ſo little!

Little indeed does he deſerve!—Why, my dear, the man has the moſt indifferent of characters. Every mouth is opened againſt him for his ſordid ways—A *fooliſh* man, to be ſo baſe-minded!—When the difference between the obtaining of a fame for generoſity, and incurring the cenſure of being a miſer, will not, prudently managed, coſt Fifty pounds a year.

What a name have You got, at a leſs expence? And what an opportunity had he of obtaining credit at a very ſmall one, ſucceeding ſuch a wretched creature as Sir Oliver, in fortunes ſo vaſt?—Yet has he ſo behaved, that the common phraſe is applied to him, *That Sir* Oliver *will never be dead while Mr.* Solmes *lives.*

The world, as I have often thought, ill-natured as it is ſaid to be, is generally more juſt in characters (ſpeaking by what it *feels*) than is uſually apprehended: And thoſe who complain moſt of its cenſoriouſneſs, perhaps ſhould look *inwardly* for the occaſion oftener than they do.

My heart is a little at eaſe, on the hopes that my Mother will be able to procure favour for me, and a deliverance from this man; and ſo I have leiſure to moralize. But if I had *not*, I ſhould not forbear to intermingle occaſionally theſe ſort of remarks, becauſe you command me never to omit them when they occur to my mind: And not to be able to make them, even in a more affecting ſituation, when one ſits down to write, would ſhew one's ſelf more engaged to *ſelf*, and to one's *own* concerns, than attentive to the wiſhes of a friend. If it be ſaid, that it is *natural* ſo to be, what

what makes that *nature*, on occaſions where a friend may be obliged, or reminded of a piece of inſtruction, which (writing down) one's ſelf may be the better for, but a *fault*; which it would ſet a perſon above nature to ſubdue?

LETTER XVIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sat. Mar. 4.

WOULD you not have thought that ſomething might have been obtained in my favour, from an offer ſo reaſonable, from an expedient ſo proper, as I imagine, to put a tolerable end, as *from myſelf*, to a correſpondence I hardly know how otherwiſe, with ſafety to ſome of my family, to get rid of?—But my Brother's plan (which my Mother ſpoke of, and of which I have in vain endeavoured to procure a copy, with a deſign to take it to pieces, and expoſe it, as I queſtion not there is room to do) joined with my Father's impatience of contradiction, are irreſiſtible.

I have not been in bed all night; nor am I in the leaſt drowſy. Expectation, and hope, and doubt (an uneaſy ſtate!) kept me ſufficiently wakeful. I ſtept down at my uſual time, that it might not be known I had not been in bed; and gave directions in the family-way.

About eight o'clock Shorey came to me from my Mother with orders to attend her in her chamber.

My Mother had been weeping, I ſaw by her eyes: But her aſpect ſeemed to be leſs tender, and leſs affectionate, than the day before; and this, as ſoon as I entered into her preſence, ſtruck me with an awe, which gave a great damp to my ſpirits.

Sit down, Clary Harlowe; I ſhall talk to you by-and-by: And continued looking into a drawer among Laces and Linen, in a way neither buſy nor unbuſy.

I believe it was a quarter of an hour before ſhe ſpoke to

to me (my heart throbbing with the ſuſpenſe all the time); and then ſhe aſked me coldly, What directions I had given for the day?

I ſhewed her the bill of fare for this day, and to-morrow, if, I ſaid, it pleaſed her to approve of it.

She made a ſmall alteration in it; but with an air ſo cold and ſo ſolemn, as added to my emotions.

Mr. Harlowe talks of dining out to-day, I think, at my Brother Antony's—

Mr. Harlowe!—Not my Father!—Have I not then a Father!—thought I?

Sit down when I bid you.

I ſat down.

You look very ſullen, Clary.

I hope not, Madam.

If children would always be children—parents—And there ſhe ſtopt.

She then went to her toilette, and looked in the glaſs, and gave half a ſigh—The other half, as if ſhe would not have ſighed could ſhe have helped it, ſhe gently hem'd away.

I don't love to ſee the girl look ſo ſullen.

Indeed, Madam, I am not ſullen.—And I aroſe, and, turning from her, drew out my handkerchief; for the tears ran down my cheeks.

I thought, by the glaſs before me, I ſaw the *Mother* in her ſoftened eye caſt towards me: But her words confirmed not the hoped-for tenderneſs.

One of the moſt provoking things in the world is, to have people cry for what they can help!

I wiſh to heaven I could, Madam!—And I ſobbed again.

Tears of penitence and ſobs of perverſeneſs are mighty well ſuited!—You may go up to your chamber. I ſhall talk with you by-and-by.

I courteſied with reverence.

Mock me not with outward geſtures of reſpect. The heart, Clary, is what I want.

Indeed, Madam, you have it. It is not ſo much mine as my Mamma's!

Fine talking!—As ſomebody ſays, If words were to paſs for duty, Clariſſa Harlowe would be the dutifuleſt child breathing.

God bleſs that ſomebody!—Be it whom it will, God bleſs that ſomebody!—And I courteſied, and, purſuant to her laſt command, was going.

She ſeemed ſtruck; but *was* to be angry with me.

So turning from me, ſhe ſpoke with quickneſs, Whither now, Clary Harlowe?

You commanded me, Madam, to go to my chamber.

I ſee you are very ready to go out of my preſence.—Is your compliance the effect of ſullenneſs, or obedience?—You are very ready to leave me.

I could hold no longer; but threw myſelf at her feet: O my deareſt Mamma! Let me know all I am to ſuffer: Let me know what I am to be!—I *will* bear it, if I *can* bear it: But your diſpleaſure I cannot bear!

Leave me, leave me, Clary Harlowe!—No kneeling!—Limbs ſo ſupple; Will ſo ſtubborn!—Riſe, I tell you.

I cannot riſe! I will diſobey my Mamma, when ſhe bids me leave her without being reconciled to me! No ſullens, my Mamma: No perverſeneſs: But, worſe than either: This is direct diſobedience!—Yet tear not yourſelf from me! [wrapping my arms about her as I kneeled; ſhe ſtruggling to get from me; my face lifted up to hers, with eyes running over, that ſpoke not my heart if they were not all humility and reverence] You muſt not, muſt not, tear yourſelf from me! [for ſtill the dear Lady ſtruggled, and looked this way and that, in a ſweet diſorder, as if ſhe knew not what to do].—I will never riſe, nor leave you, nor let you go, till you ſay you are not angry with me.

O thou ever-moving child of my heart! [folding

her dear arms about my neck, as mine embraced her knees] Why was this taſk—But leave me!—You have diſcompoſed me beyond expreſſion! Leave me, my dear!—I won't be angry with you—if I can help it—if you'll be good.

I aroſe trembling, and hardly knowing what I did, or how I ſtood or walked, withdrew to my chamber. My Hannah followed me as ſoon as ſhe heard me quit my Mother's preſence, and with ſalts and ſpring-water juſt kept me from fainting; and that was as much as ſhe could do. It was near two hours before I could ſo far recover myſelf as to take up my pen, to write to you how unhappily my hopes have ended.

My Mother went down to breakfaſt. I was not fit to appear: But if I had been better, I ſuppoſe I ſhould not have been ſent for; ſince the permiſſion for my attending her down, was given by my Father (when in my chamber) only on condition that ſhe found me *worthy of the name of Daughter*. That, I doubt, I never ſhall be in *his* opinion, if he be not brought to change his mind as to this Mr. Solmes.

LETTER XIX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

[*In anſwer to Letter* XV.]

Sat. March 4. 12 *o'clock.*

HANNAH has juſt now brought me from the uſual place your favour of yeſterday. The contents of it have made me very thoughtful; and you will have an anſwer in my graveſt ſtyle.—*I* to have that Mr. Solmes!—No indeed!—I will ſooner—But I will write firſt to thoſe paſſages in your Letter which are leſs concerning, that I may touch upon this part with more patience.

As to what you mention of my Siſter's value for Mr. Lovelace, I am not very much ſurpriſed at it. She

takes ſuch *officious* pains, and it is ſo much her ſubject, to have it thought that ſhe never *did*, and never *could* like him, that ſhe gives but too much room to ſuſpect that ſhe does. She never tells the ſtory of their parting, and of her refuſal of him, but her colour riſes, ſhe looks with diſdain upon me, and mingles anger with the airs ſhe gives herſelf:—Anger as well as Airs, demonſtrating, that ſhe refuſed a man whom ſhe thought worth accepting: Where elſe is the reaſon either for anger or boaſt?—Poor Bella! She is to be pitied—She cannot either like or diſlike with temper!—Would to heaven ſhe had been miſtreſs of all her wiſhes!—Would to heaven ſhe had!

As to what you ſay of my giving up to my Father's controul the Eſtate deviſed me, my motives at the time, as you acknowledge, were not blameable. Your advice to me on the ſubject was grounded, as I remember, on your good opinion of me; believing that I ſhould not make a bad uſe of the power willed me: Neither you nor I, my dear, altho' you now aſſume the air of a diviner [Pardon me] could have believed *That* would have happened which has happened, as to my *Father*'s part particularly. You were indeed jealous of my Brother's views *againſt me*; or rather of his predominant Love of *himſelf*; but I did not think ſo hardly of my Brother and Siſter as you always did. You never loved them; and Ill-will has eyes ever open to the faulty ſide; as Good-will or Love is blind even to real imperfections. I will briefly recollect my motives.

I found Jealouſies and Uneaſineſs riſing in every breaſt, where all before was Unity and Love: The honoured Teſtator was reflected upon: A ſecond childhood was attributed to him; and I was cenſured, as having taken advantage of it. All young creatures, thought I, more or leſs, covet independency; but thoſe who wiſh moſt for it, are ſeldom the fitteſt to be truſted either with the government of themſelves,

or with power over others. This is certainly a very high and unuſual deviſe to ſo young a creature. We ſhould not aim at *all* we have power to do. To take all that good-nature, or indulgence, or good opinion confers, ſhews a want of moderation, and a graſpingneſs that is unworthy of that indulgence; and are bad indications of the *uſe* that may be made of the power bequeathed. It is true, thought I, that I have formed agreeable ſchemes of making others as happy as myſelf, by the proper diſcharge of the Stewardſhip entruſted to me [*Are not all Eſtates Stewardſhips, my dear?*]. But let me examine myſelf: Is not Vanity, or ſecret Love of praiſe, a principal motive with me at the bottom?—Ought I not to ſuſpect my own heart? If I ſet up for myſelf, puffed up with every one's good opinion, may I not be *left* to myſelf?—Every one's eyes are upon the conduct, upon the viſits, upon the *viſitors*, of a young creature of our Sex, made independent: And are not ſuch ſubjected, more than any others, to the attempts of Enterpriſers and Fortune-ſeekers?—And then, left to myſelf, ſhould I take a wrong ſtep, tho' with ever ſo good an intention, how many ſhould I have to triumph over me, how few to pity me!—The more of the one, and the fewer of the other, for having aimed at excelling.

Theſe were ſome of my reflections at the time: And I have no doubt, but that in the ſame ſituation I ſhould do the very ſame thing; and that upon the matureſt deliberation. Who can command or foreſee events? To act up to our beſt judgments at the time, is all we can do. If I have erred, 'tis to worldly wiſdom only that I have erred. If we ſuffer by an act of duty, or even by an act of generoſity, is it not pleaſurable on reflection, that the fault is in others, rather than in ourſelves?—I had much rather have reaſon to think others unkind, than that they ſhould have any to think me undutiful.

And ſo, my dear, I am ſure had you.

And now for the *moſt* concerning part of your Letter.

You think I muſt of neceſſity, as matters are circumſtanced, be Solmes's Wife. I will not be very raſh, my dear, in proteſting to the contrary: But I think it never can, and, what is ſtill more, never *ought* to be!—My temper, I know, is depended upon. But I have heretofore ſaid (*a*), that I have ſomething in me of my Father's family, as well as of my Mother's. And have I any encouragement to follow too implicitly the example which my Mother ſets of meekneſs, and reſignedneſs to the wills of others? Is ſhe not for ever obliged (as ſhe was pleaſed to hint to me) to be of the *forbearing* ſide? In my Mother's caſe, your obſervation I muſt own is verified, that thoſe who will bear much, ſhall have much to bear (*b*). What is it, as ſhe ſays, that *ſhe* has not ſacrificed to peace?—Yet, has *ſhe* by her ſacrifices always found the peace ſhe has deſerved to find? Indeed No!—I am afraid the very contrary. And often and often have I had *reaſon* (on her account) to reflect, that we poor mortals, by our *over*-ſolicitude to preſerve undiſturbed the qualities we are *conſtitutionally* fond of, frequently loſe the benefits we propoſe to ourſelves from them: Since the deſigning and encroaching (finding out what we moſt fear to forfeit) direct their batteries againſt theſe our weaker places, and, making an artillery (if I may ſo phraſe it) of our *hopes* and *fears*, play it upon us at their pleaſure.

Steadineſs of mind (a quality which the ill-bred and cenſorious deny to any of our Sex) when we are abſolutely convinced of being in the right [Otherwiſe it is not *ſteadineſs*, but *obſtinacy*] and when it is exerted in *material* caſes, is a quality, which, as my good Dr. Lewen was wont to ſay, brings great credit to the poſſeſſor of it; at the ſame time that it uſually,

(*a*) See Letter ix. p. 50, 51. (*a*) P. 55.

when

when *tried* and *known*, raiſes *ſuch* above the attempts of the meanly machinating. He uſed therefore to inculcate upon me this ſteadineſs, upon laudable convictions. And why may I not think that I am now put upon a proper exerciſe of it?

I ſaid above, that I never can be, that I never *ought* to be, Mrs. Solmes.—I repeat, that I *ought* not: For ſurely, my dear, I ſhould not give up to my Brother's ambition the happineſs of my future life. Surely I ought not to be the inſtrument of depriving Mr. Solmes's Relations of their natural rights and reverſionary proſpects, for the ſake of further aggrandizing a family (altho' *that* I am of) which already lives in great affluence and ſplendor; and which might be as juſtly diſſatisfied, were all that ſome of it aim at, to be obtained, that they were not Princes, as now they are, that they are not Peers [For when ever was an ambitious mind, as you obſerve in the caſe of avarice (*a*), ſatisfied by acquiſition?]. The leſs, ſurely, ought I to give into theſe graſping views of my Brother, as I myſelf heartily deſpiſe the end aimed at; as I wiſh not either to change my State, or better my Fortunes; and as I am fully perſuaded, that Happineſs and Riches are *two* things, and very ſeldom meet together.

Yet I dread, I exceedingly dread, the conflicts I know I muſt encounter with. It is poſſible, that I may be more unhappy from the due obſervation of the good Doctor's general precept, than were I to yield the point; ſince what I call *Steadineſs* is deemed ſtubbornneſs, obſtinacy, prepoſſeſſion, by thoſe who have a right to put what interpretation they pleaſe upon my conduct.

So, my dear, were we perfect (which no one *can* be) we could not be happy in this life, unleſs thoſe with whom we have to deal (thoſe more eſpecially who have any controul upon us) were governed by

(*a*) See Letter x. p. 55.

the ſame principles. But then does not the good Doctor's concluſion recur,—That we have nothing to do, but to chuſe what is right; to be ſteady in the purſuit of it; and to leave the iſſue to Providence?

This, if you approve of my motives (and if you don't, pray inform me) muſt be my aim in the preſent caſe.

But what then can I plead for a palliation to *myſelf* of my Mother's ſufferings on *my* account? Perhaps This conſideration will carry ſome force with it—That *her* difficulties cannot laſt long; only till this great ſtruggle ſhall be one way or other determined—Whereas *my* unhappineſs, if I comply, will (from an averſion not to be overcome) be for life. To which let me add, That as I have reaſon to think that the preſent meaſures are not entered upon with her own natural liking, ſhe will have the leſs pain, ſhould they want the ſucceſs which I think in my heart they ought to want.

I have run a great length in a very little time. The ſubject touched me to the quick. My reflections upon it will give you reaſon to expect from me a perhaps *too* ſteady a behaviour in a new conference, which, I find, I muſt have with my Mother. My Father and Brother, as ſhe was pleaſed to tell me, dine at my Uncle Antony's; and that, as I have reaſon to believe, on purpoſe to give an opportunity for it.

Hannah informs me, that ſhe heard my Father high and angry with my Mother, at taking leave of her: I ſuppoſe for being too favourable to me; for Hannah heard her ſay, as in tears, 'Indeed, Mr. 'Harlowe, you greatly diſtreſs me!—The poor girl 'does not deſerve—' Hannah heard no more, but that he ſaid, he would break ſomebody's heart—Mine, I ſuppoſe—Not my Mother's, I hope.

As only my Siſter dines with my Mother, I thought I ſhould have been commanded down: But ſhe ſent me up a plate from her table. I continued my writeing.

ing. I could not touch a morſel. I ordered Hannah however to eat it, that I might not be thought ſullen.

Before I conclude this, I will ſee whether any-thing offers from *either* of my private correſpondencies, that will make it proper to add to it; and will take a turn in the wood-yard and garden for that purpoſe.

I AM ſtopped. Hannah ſhall depoſit this. She was ordered by my Mother (who aſked where I was) to tell me, that ſhe would come up and talk with me in my own cloſet.—She is coming! Adieu, my dear.

LETTER XX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sat. Afternoon.

THE expected conference is over: But my difficulties are encreaſed. This, as my Mother was pleaſed to tell me, being the laſt *perſuaſory* effort that is to be attempted, I will be as particular in the account of it as my head and my heart will allow me to be.

I have made, ſaid ſhe, as ſhe entered my room, a *ſhort* as well as *early* dinner, on purpoſe to confer with you: And I do aſſure you, that it will be the laſt conference I ſhall either be permitted or *inclined* to hold with you on the ſubject, if you ſhould prove as refractory as it is imagined you will prove by ſome, who are of opinion, that I have not the weight with you which my indulgence deſerves. But I hope you will convince as well them as me of the contrary.

Your Father both dines and ſups at your Uncle's, on purpoſe to give us this opportunity; and according to the report I ſhall make on his return (which I have promiſed ſhall be a very faithful one) he will take his meaſures with you.

I was offering to ſpeak—Hear, Clariſſa, what I

have to tell you, ſaid ſhe, before you ſpeak, unleſs what you have to ſay will ſignify to me your compliance—Say—*Will* it?—If it *will*, you may ſpeak.

I was ſilent.

She looked with concern and anger upon me—No compliance, I find!—Such a dutiful young creature hitherto!—Will you not, *can* you not, ſpeak as I would have you ſpeak?—Then [rejecting me as it were with her hand] continue ſilent:—*I*, no more than your *Father*, will bear your *avowed* contradiction.

She pauſed, with a look of expectation, as if ſhe waited for my conſenting anſwer.

I was ſtill ſilent; looking down; the tears in my eyes.

O thou determined girl!—But ſay—Speak out—Are you reſolved to ſtand in oppoſition to us all, in a point our hearts are ſet upon?

May I, Madam, be permitted to expoſtulate?—

To what purpoſe expoſtulate with *me*, Clariſſa? Your *Father* is determined. Have I not told you there is no receding; that the honour as well as the intereſt of the family is concerned? Be ingenuous: You *uſed* to be ſo, even occaſionally againſt yourſelf: —Who at the long-run *muſt* ſubmit—*all* of us to *you*; or *you* to *all* of us?—If you intend to yield at *laſt* if you find you cannot conquer, yield *now*, and with a grace—for yield you muſt, or be none of our child.

I wept. I knew not what to ſay; or rather how to expreſs what I had to ſay.

Take notice, that there are flaws in your Grandfather's Will: Not a ſhilling of that Eſtate will be yours, if you do not yield. Your Grandfather left it to you, as a reward of your duty to *him* and to *us* —You will *juſtly* forfeit it, if—

Permit me, good Madam, to ſay, that, if it were *unjuſtly* bequeathed me, I ought not to wiſh to have it.

it. But I hope Mr. Solmes will be appriſed of theſe flaws.

This is very pertly ſaid, Clariſſa: But reflect, that the forfeiture of that Eſtate thro' your oppoſition will be attended with the total loſs of your Father's favour: And then how deſtitute muſt you be; how unable to ſupport yourſelf; and how many benevolent deſigns and good actions muſt you give up!

I muſt accommodate myſelf, Madam, in the latter caſe, to my circumſtances: *Much* only is *required* where *much* is *given*. It becomes me to be thankful for what I have had. I have reaſon to bleſs You, Madam, and my good Mrs. Norton, for bringing me up to be ſatisfied with little; but much leſs, I will venture to ſay, than my Father's indulgence annually confers upon me.—And then I thought of the old Roman and his Lentils.

What perverſeneſs! ſaid my Mother.—But if you depend upon the favour of either or both of your Uncles, vain will be that dependence: *They* will give you up, I do aſſure you, if your Father does, and abſolutely renounce you.

I am ſorry, Madam, that I have had ſo little merit as to have made no deeper impreſſions of favour for me in their hearts: But I will love and honour them as long as I live.

All this, Clariſſa, makes your prepoſſeſſion in a certain man's favour the more evident. Indeed your Brother and Siſter cannot go any-whither, but they hear of theſe prepoſſeſſions.

It is a great grief to me, Madam, to be made the ſubject of the public talk: But I hope you will have the goodneſs to excuſe me for obſerving, that the authors of my diſgrace within-doors, the talkers of my prepoſſeſſion without, and the reporters of it from abroad, are originally the ſame perſons.

She ſeverely chid me for this.

I received her rebukes in ſilence.

You are ſullen, Clariſſa: I ſee you are *ſullen*.—And ſhe walked about the room in anger. Then turning to me—You can *bear* the imputation of ſullenneſs I ſee!—You have no concern to clear yourſelf of it. I was afraid of telling you all I was enjoined to tell you, in caſe you were to be unperſuadeable: But I find that I had a greater opinion of your delicacy, of your gentleneſs, than I needed to have—It cannot diſcompoſe ſo ſteady, ſo inflexible a young creature, to be told, as I now tell you, that the Settlements are actually drawn; and that you will be called down in a very few days to hear them read, and to ſign them: For it is impoſſible, if your heart be free, that you can make the leaſt objection to them; except it will be an objection with you, that they are ſo much in your favour, and in the favour of all our family.

I was ſpeechleſs, abſolutely ſpeechleſs. Altho' my heart was ready to burſt, yet could I neither weep nor ſpeak.

I am ſorry, ſaid ſhe, for your averſeneſs to this match [*Match* ſhe was pleaſed to call it!]: But there is no help. The honour and intereſt of the family, as your Aunt has told you, and as I have told you, are concerned; and you muſt comply.

I was ſtill ſpeechleſs.

She folded the *warm Statue*, as ſhe was pleaſed to call me, in her arms; and entreated me, for Heaven's ſake, and for her ſake, to comply.

Speech and Tears were lent me at the ſame time.—You have given me Life, Madam, ſaid I, claſping my upliſted hands together, and falling on one knee; a happy one, till now, has *your* goodneſs, and my *Papa*'s, made it! O do not, do not, make all the remainder of it miſerable!

Your Father, replied ſhe, is reſolved not to ſee you, till he ſees you as obedient a child as you uſed to be. You have never been put to a teſt till now, that

that deſerved to be called a teſt. This *is*, This *muſt* be, my laſt effort with you. Give me hope, my dear child: My peace is concerned: I will compound with you but for *hope*: And yet your Father will not be ſatisfied without an implicit, and even a chearful obedience—Give me but hope, my child!

To give you hope, my deareſt, my moſt indulgent Mamma, is to give you every-thing. Can I be honeſt, if I give a hope that I cannot confirm?

She was very angry. She again called me perverſe: She upbraided me with regarding only my own prepoſſeſſions, and reſpecting not either her peace of mind, or my own duty:—'It is a grating thing, ſaid 'ſhe, for the parents of a child, who delighted in 'her in all the time of her helpleſs infancy, and 'throughout every ſtage of her childhood; and in 'every part of her education to womanhood, becauſe 'of the promiſes ſhe gave of proving the moſt grate-'ful and dutiful of children; to find, juſt when the 'time arrived which ſhould crown their wiſhes, that 'child ſtand in the way of her own happineſs, and 'her parents comfort, and, refuſing an excellent of-'fer, and noble ſettlements, give ſuſpicions to her 'anxious friends, that ſhe would become the proper-'ty of a vile Rake and Libertine, who (be the occa-'ſion what it will) defies her family, and has actually 'embrued his hands in her Brother's blood.

'I have had a very hard time of it, ſaid ſhe, be-'tween your Father and you; for, ſeeing your diſ-'like, I have more than once pleaded for you: But 'all to no purpoſe. I am only treated as a too fond 'Mother, who, from motives of a blameable in-'dulgence, encourage a child to ſtand in oppoſition 'to a Father's will. I am charged with dividing 'the family into two parts; I and my youngeſt 'Daughter ſtanding againſt my Huſband, his two 'Brothers, my Son, my eldeſt Daughter, and my 'Siſter Hervey. I have been told, that I muſt be

'con-

'convinced of the fitneſs as well as advantage to the 'whole (your Brother and Mr. Lovelace out of the 'queſtion) of carrying the contract with Mr. Solmes, 'on which ſo *many* contracts depend, into execu-'tion.

'Your Father's heart, I tell you once more, is 'in it: He has declared, that he had rather have no 'Daughter in you, than one he cannot diſpoſe of for 'you own good: Eſpecially as you have owned, 'that *your heart is free*; and as the general good of 'his whole family is to be promoted by your obe-'dience. He has pleaded, poor man! that his fre-'quent gouty paroxyſms (every Fit more threaten-'ing than the former) give him no extraordinary 'proſpects, either of worldly happineſs, or of long 'days: And he hopes, that you, who have been 'ſuppoſed to have contributed to the lengthening of 'your *Grandfather*'s life, will not, by your diſobe-'dience, ſhorten your *Father*'s.'

This was a moſt affecting plea, my dear. I wept in ſilence upon it. I could not ſpeak to it. And my Mother proceeded: 'What therefore can be *his* mo-'tives, Clary Harlowe, in the earneſt deſire he has 'to ſee this treaty perfected, but the welfare and ag-'grandizement of his Family; which already having 'fortunes to become the higheſt condition, cannot 'but aſpire to greater diſtinctions? However ſlight 'ſuch views as theſe may appear to you, Clary, you 'know, that they are not ſlight ones to any other of 'the family: And your Father will be his own judge 'of what is and what is not likely to promote the 'good of his children. Your abſtractedneſs, child, '(*Affectation* of abſtractedneſs ſome call it) favours, 'let me tell you, of greater particularity, than what 'we aim to carry. Modeſty and Humility therefore 'will oblige you rather to miſtruſt yourſelf of *peculia-'rity*, then cenſure views which all the world pur-'ſues, as opportunity offers.'

I was

I was ſtill ſilent; and ſhe proceeded—'It is owing 'to the good opinion, Clary, which your Father has 'of you, and of your prudence, duty, and grati- 'tude, that he engaged for your compliance, in your 'abſence (before you returned from Miſs Howe); 'and that he built and finiſhed contracts upon it, 'which cannot be made void, or cancelled.'

But why then, thought I, did they receive me, on my return from Miſs Howe, with ſo much intimidating ſolemnity?—To be ſure, my dear, this argument, as well as the reſt, was obtruded upon my Mother.

She went on, 'Your Father has declared, that 'your unexpected oppoſition [*Unexpected* ſhe was 'pleaſed to call it] and Mr. Lovelace's continued 'menaces and inſults, more and more convince him, 'that a ſhort day is neceſſary in order to put an end 'to all that man's hopes, and to his own apprehen- 'ſions reſulting from the diſobedience of a child ſo 'favoured. He has therefore actually ordered Pat- 'terns of the richeſt Silks to be ſent for from Lon- 'don—'

I ſtarted—I was out of breath—I gaſped, at this frightful precipitance—I was going to open with warmth againſt it. I knew whoſe the *happy* expedient muſt be: Female minds, I once heard my Brother ſay, that could but be brought to *balance* on the change of their State, might eaſily be *determined* by the glare and ſplendor of the Nuptial Preparations, and the pride of becoming the miſtreſs of a family.—But ſhe was pleaſed to hurry on, that I might not have time to expreſs my diſguſts at ſuch a communication—to this effect:

'Your Father therefore, my Clary, cannot, either 'for your ſake, or his own, labour under a ſuſpenſe 'ſo affecting to his repoſe. He has even thought fit 'to acquaint me, on my pleading for you, that it 'becomes me, as I value my own peace [*How harſh*

'*to*

'*to ſuch a Wife!*] and as I wiſh, that he do not 'ſuſpect that I ſecretly favour the addreſs of a vile 'Rake (a character which all the Sex, he is pleaſed 'to ſay, virtuous and vicious, are but too fond of!) 'to exert my authority over you: And that This I 'may the leſs ſcrupulouſly do, as you have owned '[The old ſtring!] *that your heart is free.*'

Unworthy reflection in my Mother's caſe, ſurely, This of our Sex's valuing a Libertine; ſince ſhe made choice of my Father in preference to ſeveral ſuitors of equal fortune, becauſe they were of inferior reputation for morals!

'Your Father, added ſhe, at his going out, told 'me what he expected from me, in caſe I found that 'I had not the requiſite influence upon you—It was 'this—That I ſhould directly ſeparate myſelf from 'you, and leave you ſingly to take the conſequence 'of your double diſobedience—I therefore entreat 'you, my dear Clariſſa, concluded ſhe, and that in 'the moſt earneſt and condeſcending manner, to ſig-'nify to your Father, on his return, your ready 'obedience; and this as well for my ſake as for 'your own.'

Affected by my Mother's goodneſs to me, and by that part of her argument which related to her own peace, and to the ſuſpicions they had of her ſecretly inclining to prefer the man ſo hated by *them*, to the man ſo much *my* averſion, I could not but wiſh it were poſſible for me to obey. I therefore pauſed, heſitated, conſidered, and was ſilent for ſome time. I could ſee, that my Mother hoped that the reſult of this heſitation would be favourable to her arguments. But then recollecting, that all was owing to the inſtigations of a Brother and Siſter, wholly actuated by ſelfiſh and envious views; That I had not deſerved the treatment I had of late met with; That my diſgrace was *already* become the public talk; That the man was Mr. Solmes; and that my averſion to him

was

was too generally known, to make my compliance either creditable to myſelf or to them: That it would give my Brother and Siſter a triumph over me, and over Mr. Lovelace, which they would not fail to glory in; and which, altho' it concerned me but little to regard on *his* account, yet might be attended with fatal miſchiefs—And then Mr. Solmes's diſagreeable perſon; his ſtill more diſagreeable manners; his low underſtanding—Underſtanding! the glory of a man, ſo little to be diſpenſed with in the head and director of a family, in order to preſerve to him that reſpect which a good Wife (and that for the juſtification of her own choice) ſhould pay him herſelf, and wiſh every-body to pay him—And as Mr. Solmes's *inferiority* in this reſpectable faculty of the human mind [I muſt be allowed to ſay this to you, and no great ſelf-aſſumption neither] would proclaim to all future, as well as to all preſent obſervers, what muſt have been my mean inducement—All theſe reflections crouding upon my remembrance; I would, Madam, ſaid I, folding my hands, with an earneſtneſs in which my whole heart was engaged, bear the cruelſt tortures, bear loſs of limb, and even of life, to give *you* peace. But this man, every moment I would, at your command, think of him with favour, is the more my averſion. You cannot, indeed you cannot, think, how my whole Soul reſiſts him!—And to talk of Contracts concluded upon; of Patterns; of a Short Day!—Save me, ſave me, O my deareſt Mamma, ſave your child, from this heavy, from this inſupportable evil!—

Never was there a countenance that expreſſed ſo ſignificantly, as my Mother's did, an anguiſh, which ſhe ſtruggled to hide, under an anger ſhe was compelled to aſſume—Till the latter overcoming the former, ſhe turned from me with an uplifted eye; and ſtamping—*Strange perverſeneſs!* were the only words I heard of a ſentence that ſhe angrily pronounced;

and

and was going. I then, half-franticly I believe, laid hold of her gown—Have patience with me, deareſt Madam! ſaid I—Do not *you* renounce me totally!—If you *muſt* ſeparate yourſelf from your child, let it not be with *abſolute* reprobation on *your own* part!—My Uncles may be hard-hearted—My Father may be immoveable—I may ſuffer from my Brother's Ambition, and from my Siſter's Envy!—But let me not loſe my Mamma's Love; at leaſt, her Pity.

She turned to me with benigner rays—You *have* my *Love!* You *have* my *Pity!* But, O my deareſt girl—I have not *yours.*

Indeed, indeed, Madam, you have: And all my Reverence, all my Gratitude, you have!—But in this *one* point—Cannot I be this *once* obliged?—Will no *expedient* be accepted? Have I not made a very fair propoſal as to Mr. Lovelace?

I wiſh, for both our ſakes, my dear unperſuadeable girl, that the deciſion of this point lay with me. But why, when you know it does not, why ſhould you thus perplex and urge me?—To renounce Mr. Lovelace is now but *half* what is aimed at. Nor will any-body elſe believe you in earneſt in the offer, if *I* would. While you remain ſingle, Mr. Lovelace will have hopes—and you, in the opinion of others, inclinations.

Permit me, deareſt Madam, to ſay, That *your* goodneſs to me, *your* patience, *your* peace, weigh more with me, than all the reſt put together: For altho' I am to be treated by my Brother, and, thro' his inſtigations, by my Father, as a Slave in this point, and not as a Daughter, yet my mind is not that of a Slave. You have not brought me up to be mean.

So, Clary! you are already at defiance with your Father! I have had too much cauſe before to *apprehend* as much—What will this come to?—*I*, and then my dear Mamma ſighed—*I*, am forced to put up with many humours—

That

That you *are*, my ever-honoured Mamma, is my grief. And can it be thought, that this very conſideration, and the apprehenſion of what may reſult from a much *worſe*-tempered man (a man, who has not half the ſenſe of my Father) has not made an impreſſion upon me, to the diſadvantage of the married life? Yet 'tis ſomething of an alleviation, if one muſt bear *undue* controul, to bear it from a man of ſenſe. My Father, I have heard you ſay, Madam, was for years a very good-humoured gentleman—Unobjectible in perſon and manners—But the man propoſed to me—

Forbear reflecting upon your Father [Did I, my dear, in what I have repeated, and I think they are the very words, reflect upon my Father?]: It is not poſſible, I muſt ſay again, and again, were all men *equally* indifferent to you, that you ſhould be thus ſturdy in your will. I am tired out with your obſtinacy—The moſt *unperſuadeable* girl—You forget, that I muſt ſeparate myſelf from you, if you will not comply. You do not remember that your Father will take you up, where I leave you. Once more, however, I will put it to you,—Are you determined to brave your Father's diſpleaſure?—Are you determined to defy your Uncles?—Do you chuſe to break with us all, rather than encourage Mr. Solmes?—Rather than give me hope?

Dreadful alternative—But is not my ſincerity, is not the integrity of my heart, concerned in my anſwer? May not my everlaſting happineſs be the ſacrifice? Will not the leaſt ſhadow of the *hope* you juſt now demanded from me, be driven into abſolute and ſudden *certainty?* Is it not ſought to enſnare, to entangle me in my own deſire of obeying, if I could give anſwers that might be conſtrued into *hope?*—Forgive me, Madam: Bear with your child's boldneſs in ſuch a cauſe as *This!*—Settlements drawn!—Patterns ſent for!—An Early Day!—Dear, dear Madam, how can I give hope, and not intend to be this man's?

Ah,

Ah, girl, never ſay your *heart is free!* You deceive yourſelf if you think it is.

Thus to be driven [and I wrung my hands thro' impatience] by the inſtigations of a deſigning, an ambitious Brother, and by a Siſter, that—

How often, Clary, muſt I forbid your unſiſterly reflections?—Does not your Father, do not your Uncles, does not every-body, patronize Mr. Solmes? And let me tell you, ungrateful girl, and unmoveable as ungrateful, let me *repeatedly* tell you, that it is evident to me, that nothing but a Love unworthy of your prudence can make a creature late ſo dutiful, now ſo ſturdy. You may gueſs what your Father's firſt queſtion on his return will be. He *muſt* know, that I can do nothing with you. I have done my part. Seek *me*, if your mind change before he comes back: You have yet a little more time, as he ſtays ſupper. I will no more ſeek *you*, nor *to* you.—And away ſhe flung.

What could I do but weep?

I am extremely affected on my Mother's account—more, I muſt needs ſay, than on my own. And indeed all things conſidered; and eſpecially, that the meaſure ſhe is engaged in, is (as I dare ſay it is) againſt her own judgment; ſhe *deſerves* more compaſſion than myſelf.—Excellent woman! What pity, that meekneſs and condeſcenſion ſhould not be attended with the due rewards of thoſe charming graces!—Yet had ſhe not let violent ſpirits (as I have elſewhere obſerved with no ſmall regret) find their power over hers, it could not have been thus.

But here, run away with by my pen, I ſuffer my Mother to be angry with me on her own account. She hinted to me, indeed, that I muſt ſeek *her*, if my mind *changed*; which is a condition that amounts to a prohibition of attending her: But, as ſhe left me in diſpleaſure, will it not have a very obſtinate appearance, and look like a kind of renunciation of her

her mediation in my favour, if I go not down before my Father returns, to ſupplicate her pity, and her kind report to him?

I will attend her. I had rather all the world ſhould be angry with me than my Mamma!

Mean time, to clear my hands from papers of ſuch a nature, Hannah ſhall depoſit this. If two or three Letters reach you together, they will but expreſs, from one period to another, the anxieties and difficulties which the mind of your unhappy but ever affectionate friend labours under.

CL. H.

LETTER XXI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sat. Night.

I HAVE been down. I *am* to be unlucky in all I do, I think, be my intentions ever ſo good. I have made matters worſe inſtead of better: As I ſhall now tell you.

I found my Mother and Siſter together in my Siſter's parlour. My Mother, I fear, by the glow in her fine face (and as the browner, ſullener glow in my Siſter's confirmed) had been expreſſing herſelf with warmth, againſt her *unhappier* child: Perhaps giving ſuch an account of what had paſſed, as ſhould clear herſelf, and convince Bella, and thro' *her*, my Brother and Uncles, of the ſincere pains ſhe had taken with me.

I entered like a dejected criminal; and beſought the favour of a private audience. My Mother's return, both looks and words, gave but too much reaſon for my above ſurmize.

You have, ſaid ſhe [looking at me with a ſternneſs that never ſits well on her ſweet features] rather a *requeſting* than a *conceding* countenance, Clariſſa Harlowe: If I am miſtaken, tell me ſo; and I will with-

draw

draw with you where-ever you will.—Yet whether ſo, or not, you may ſay what you have to ſay before your Siſter.

My Mother, I thought, might have withdrawn with me, as ſhe knows, that I have not a friend in my Siſter.

I come down, Madam, ſaid I, to beg of you to forgive me for any-thing you may have taken amiſs in what paſſed above reſpecting your honoured ſelf; and that you will be pleaſed to uſe your endeavours to ſoften my Papa's diſpleaſure againſt me on his return.

Such aggravating looks; ſuch lifting up of hands and eyes; ſuch a furrowed forehead, in my Siſter!

My Mother was angry enough without all that; and aſked me, To what purpoſe I came down, if I were ſtill ſo untractable.

She had hardly ſpoken the words, when Shorey came in to tell her, that Mr. Solmes was in the hall, and deſired admittance.

Ugly creature! What, at the cloſe of day, quite dark, brought him hither?—But, on ſecond thoughts, I believe it was contrived, that he ſhould be here at Supper, to know the reſult of the conference between my Mother and me, and that my Father, on his return, might find us together.

I was hurrying away, but my Mother commanded me (ſince I had come down only, as ſhe ſaid, to mock her) not to ſtir; and at the ſame time ſee if I could behave ſo to Mr. Solmes, as might encourage her to make the favourable report to my Father which I had beſought her to make.

My Siſter triumphed. I was vexed to be ſo caught, and to have ſuch an angry and cutting rebuke given me, with an aſpect more like the taunting Siſter than the indulgent Mother, if I may preſume to ſay ſo: For ſhe herſelf ſeemed to enjoy the ſurpriſe upon me.

The

The man ſtalked in. His uſual walk is by pauſes, as if (from the ſame vacuity of thought which made Dryden's Clown whiſtle) he was telling his ſteps: And firſt paid his clumſy reſpects to my Mother; then to my Siſter; next to me, as if I were already his Wife, and therefore to be laſt in his notice; and ſitting down by me, told us in general what weather it was. Very cold he made it; but I was warm enough. Then addreſſing himſelf to me; And how do *you* find it, Miſs? was his queſtion; and would have taken my hand.

I withdrew it, I believe with diſdain enough. My Mother frowned. My Siſter bit her lip.

I could not contain myſelf: I was never ſo bold in my life; for I went on with my plea, as if Mr. Solmes had not been there.

My Mother coloured, and looked at him, at my Siſter, and at me. My Siſter's eyes were opener and bigger than ever I ſaw them before.

The man underſtood me. He hemmed, and removed from one chair to another.

I went on, ſupplicating for my Mother's favourable report: Nothing but invincible diſlike, ſaid I—

What would the girl be at, interrupted my Mother? Why, Clary! Is this a ſubject!—Is this!—Is this!—Is this a time—And again ſhe looked upon Mr. Solmes.

I am ſorry, on reflection, that I put my Mamma into ſo much confuſion—To be ſure it was very ſaucy in me.

I beg pardon, Madam, ſaid I. But My Papa will ſoon return. And ſince I am not permitted to withdraw, it is not neceſſary, I humbly preſume, that Mr. Solmes's preſence ſhould deprive me of this opportunity to implore your favourable report; and at the ſame time, if he ſtill viſit on my account [looking at him] to convince him, that it cannot poſſibly be to any purpoſe—

Is the girl mad? ſaid my Mother, interrupting me.

My Siſter, with the affectation of a whiſper to my Mother—This is—This is *ſpite*, Madam [Very *ſpitefully* ſhe ſpoke the word] becauſe you commanded her to ſtay.

I only looked at her, and turning to my Mother, Permit me, Madam, ſaid I, to repeat my requeſt. I have no Brother, no Siſter!—If I loſe my Mamma's favour, I am loſt for ever!

Mr. Solmes removed to his firſt ſeat, and fell to gnawing the head of his hazel; a carved head, almoſt as ugly as his own—I did not think the man was ſo *ſenſible*.

My Siſter roſe, with a face all over ſcarlet; and ſtepping to the table, where lay a fan, ſhe took it up, and, altho' Mr. Solmes had obſerved that the weather was cold, fanned herſelf very violently.

My Mother came to me, and angrily taking my hand, led me out of that parlour into my own; which, you know, is next to it—Is not this behaviour very bold, very provoking, think you, Clary?

I beg your pardon, Madam, if it has that appearance to you. But indeed, my dear Mamma, there ſeem to be ſnares laying for me. Too well I know my Brother's drift. With a good word he ſhall have my conſent for all he wiſhes to worm me out of—Neither he, nor my Siſter, ſhall need to take half this pains—

My Mother was about to leave me in high diſpleaſure.

I beſought her to ſtay: One favour, but one favour, deareſt Madam, ſaid I, give me leave to beg of you—

What would the girl?

I ſee how every-thing is working about.—I never, never can think of Mr. Solmes. My Papa will be in tumults when he is told that I cannot. They will judge of the tenderneſs of your heart to a poor child who

who ſeems devoted by every one elſe, from the willingneſs you have already ſhewn to hearken to my prayers. There will be endeavours uſed to confine me, and keep me out of your preſence, and out of the preſence of every one who uſed to love me [*This, my dear Miſs Howe, is threatened*]. If this be effected; if it be put out of my power to plead my own cauſe, and to appeal to You, and to my Uncle Harlowe, of whom only I have hope; then will every ear be opened againſt me, and every tale encouraged —It is, therefore, my humble requeſt, That, added to the diſgraceful prohibitions I now ſuffer under, you will not, if you can help it, give way to my being denied *your* ear.

Your liſtening Hannah has given you this intelligence, as ſhe does many others.

My Hannah, Madam, liſtens not—My Hannah—No more in Hannah's behalf—Hannah is known to make miſchief—Hannah is known—But no more of that bold intermeddler—'Tis true, your Father threatened to confine you to your chamber, if you complied not, in order the more aſſuredly to deprive you of the opportunity of correſponding with thoſe who harden your heart againſt his will. He bid me tell you ſo, when he went out, if I found you refractory. But I was loth to deliver ſo harſh a declaration; being ſtill in hope that you would come down to us in a compliant temper. Hannah has overheard this I ſuppoſe; and has told you of it; as alſo, that he declared he would break your heart, rather than you ſhould break his. And I now aſſure you, that you will be confined, and prohibited making teazing appeals to any of us: And we ſhall ſee who is to ſubmit, You to us, or Every-body to you.

Again I offered to clear Hannah, and to lay the latter part of the intelligence to my Siſter's Echo, Betty Barnes, who had boaſted of it to another ſervant: But I was again bid to be ſilent on that head.

I ſhould ſoon find, my Mother was pleaſed to ſay, that *others* could be as determined as *I* was obſtinate: And, once for all, would add, that ſince ſhe ſaw that I built upon her indulgence, and was indifferent about involving her in contentions with my Father, and his Brothers, and with her other children, ſhe would now aſſure me, that ſhe was as much determined *againſt* Mr. Lovelace, and *for* Mr. Solmes and the family-ſchemes, as any-body; and would not refuſe her conſent to any meaſures that ſhould be thought neceſſary to reduce a ſtubborn child to her duty.

I was ready to ſink. She was ſo good as to lend me her arm to ſupport me.

And this, ſaid I, is all I have to hope for from my Mamma?

It is. But, Clary, this one further opportunity I give you—Go in again to Mr. Solmes, and behave diſcreetly to him; and let your Father find you together, upon *civil* terms at leaſt.

My feet moved [of *themſelves*, I think] farther from the parlour where he was, and towards the ſtairs; and there I ſtopped and pauſed.

If, proceeded ſhe, you are determined to ſtand in defiance of us all—then indeed may you go up to your chamber (as you are ready to do)—And God help you!

God help me indeed! for I cannot give hope of what I cannot intend—But let me have your prayers, my dear Mamma!—Thoſe ſhall have mine, who have brought me into all this diſtreſs.

I was moving to go up—

And *will* you go up, Clary?

I turned my face to her: My officious tears would needs plead for me: I could not juſt then ſpeak; and ſtood ſtill.

Good girl, diſtreſs me not thus!—Dear, good girl, do not thus diſtreſs me! holding out her hand; but ſtanding ſtill likewiſe.

What

What *can* I do, Madam?—What *can* I do?

Go in again, my child—Go in again, my *dear* child!—repeated ſhe; and let your Father find you together.

What, Madam, to give *him* hope?—To give hope to Mr. Solmes?

Obſtinate, perverſe, undutiful Clariſſa! with a rejecting hand, and angry aſpect; then take your own way, and go up!—But ſtir not down again, I charge you, without leave, or till your Father's pleaſure be known concerning you.

She flung from me with high indignation: And I went up with a very heavy heart; and feet as ſlow as my heart was heavy.

❁ ❁

My Father is come home, and my Brother with him. Late as it is, they are all ſhut up together. Not a door opens; not a ſoul ſtirs. Hannah, as ſhe moves up and down, is ſhunned as a perſon infected.

❁ ❁

The angry aſſembly is broken up. My two Uncles and my Aunt Hervey are ſent for, it ſeems, to be here in the morning to breakfaſt. I ſhall then, I ſuppoſe, know my doom. 'Tis paſt Eleven, and I am ordered not to go to bed.

Twelve o'clock.

This moment the keys of every thing are taken from me. It was propoſed to ſend for me down: But my Father ſaid, he could not bear to look upon me.—Strange alteration in a few weeks!—Shorey was the meſſenger. The tears ſtood in her eyes when ſhe delivered her meſſage.

You, my dear, are happy—May you always be ſo—And then I can never be wholly miſerable. Adieu, my beloved friend!

Cl. Harlowe.

LETTER XXII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sunday Morning, March 5.

HANNAH has juſt brought me, from the private place in the garden-wall, a Letter from Mr. Lovelace, depoſited laſt night, ſigned alſo by Lord M.

He tells me in it, 'That Mr. Solmes makes it his 'boaſt, that he is to be married in a few days to one 'of the ſhyeſt women in England: That my Bro'ther explains his meaning; This ſhy creature, he 'ſays, is me; and he aſſures every one, that his 'younger Siſter is very ſoon to be Mr. Solmes's Wife. 'He tells me of the patterns beſpoken which my 'Mother mentioned to me.'

Not one thing eſcapes him that is done or ſaid in this houſe.

'My Siſter, he ſays, reports the ſame things; and 'that with ſuch particular aggravations of inſult upon '*him*, that he cannot but be extremely piqued, as 'well at the manner, as from the occaſion; and ex'preſſes himſelf with great violence upon it.

'He knows not, he ſays, what my Relations in'ducements can be, to prefer ſuch a man as Solmes 'to him. If advantageous Settlements be the motive, 'Solmes ſhall not offer what he will refuſe to com'ply with.

'As to his Eſtate, and Family; the firſt cannot be 'excepted againſt: And for the ſecond, he will not 'diſgrace himſelf by a compariſon ſo odious. He 'appeals to Lord M. for the regularity of his life and 'manners ever ſince he has made his addreſſes to me, 'or had hope of my favour.'

I ſuppoſe, he would have his Lordſhip's ſigning to this Letter to be taken as a voucher for him.

'He deſires my leave (in company with my Lord,

'in

'in a pacific manner) to attend my Father and Uncles,
'in order to make propoſals that *muſt* be accepted, if
'they will but ſee him, and hear what they are: And
'tells me, that he will ſubmit to any meaſures that
'I ſhall preſcribe, in order to bring about a Recon-
'ciliation.'

He preſumes to be very earneſt with me, 'to give
'him a private meeting ſome night, in my Father's
'garden, attended by whom I pleaſe.'

Really, my dear, were you to ſee his Letter, you would think I had given him great encouragement, and that I am in direct treaty with him; or that he is ſure that my friends will drive me into a foreign protection; for he has the boldneſs to offer, in my Lord's name, an aſylum to me, ſhould I be tyrannically treated in Solmes's behalf.

I ſuppoſe it is the way of this Sex to endeavour to entangle the thoughtleſs of ours by bold ſuppoſals and offers, in hopes that we ſhall be too complaiſant or baſhful to quarrel with them; and, if not checked, to reckon upon our ſilence, as aſſents voluntarily given, or conceſſions made in their favour.

There are other particulars in this Letter which I ought to mention to you: But I will take an opportunity to ſend you the Letter itſelf, or a Copy of it.

For my own part I am very uneaſy to think how I have been *drawn* on one hand, and *driven* on the other, into a clandeſtine, in ſhort, into a mere Lover-like correſpondence, which my heart condemns.

It is eaſy to ſee, if I do not break it off, that Mr. Lovelace's advantages, by reaſon of my unhappy ſituation, will every day increaſe, and I ſhall be more and more entangled. Yet if I do put an end to it, without making it a condition of being freed from Mr. Solmes's addreſs—May I, my dear, is it *beſt* to continue it a little longer, in hopes to extricate myſelf out of the other difficulty, by giving up all thoughts of Mr. Lovelace? —*Whoſe* advice can I now aſk but yours?

All my Relations are met. They are at breakfaſt together. Mr. Solmes is expected. I am exceſſively uneaſy. I muſt lay down my pen.

THEY are all going to church together. Grievouſly diſordered they appear to be, as Hannah tells me. She believes ſomething is reſolved upon.

Sunday Noon.

WHAT a cruel thing is ſuſpenſe!—I will aſk leave to go to church this afternoon. I expect to be denied: But if I do not aſk, they may alledge, that my not going is owing to myſelf.

I DESIRED to ſpeak with Shorey. Shorey came. I directed her to carry to my Mother my requeſt for permiſſion to go to church this afternoon. What think you was the return? Tell her, that ſhe muſt direct herſelf to her Brother for any favour ſhe has to aſk.—So, my dear, I am to be delivered up to my Brother!

I was reſolved, however, to aſk of *him* this favour. Accordingly, when they ſent me up my ſolitary dinner, I gave the meſſenger a billet, in which I made it my humble requeſt thro' him to my Father, to be permitted to go to church this afternoon.

This was the contemptuous anſwer: "Tell her, "that her requeſt will be taken into conſideration *to-*"*morrow.*"—My requeſt to go to church *to day* to be taken into conſideration *to morrow!*

Patience will be the fitteſt return I can make to ſuch an inſult. But this method will not do with me; indeed it will not! And yet it is but the beginning, I ſuppoſe, of what I am to xpect from my Brother, now I am delivered up to him.

ON recollection, I thought it beſt to renew my requeſt. I did. The following is a copy of what I wrote, and what follows that, of the Anſwer ſent me.

SIR,

SIR,

I KNOW not what to make of the anſwer brought to my requeſt of being permitted to go to church this afternoon. If you deſigned to ſhew your pleaſantry by it, I hope that will continue; and then my requeſt will be granted.

You know, that I never abſented myſelf, when well, and at home, till the two laſt Sundays; when I was *adviſed* not to go. My preſent ſituation is ſuch, that I never more wanted the benefit of the public prayers.

I will ſolemnly engage only to go thither, and back again.

I hope it cannot be thought that I would do otherwiſe.

My dejection of ſpirits will give a too juſt excuſe on the ſcore of indiſpoſition for avoiding viſits. Nor will I, but by diſtant civilities, return the compliments of any of my acquaintance. My diſgraces, if they are to have an end, need not to be proclaimed to the whole world. I aſk this favour, therefore, for my reputation's ſake, that I may be able to hold up my head in the neighbourhood, if I live to ſee an end of the unmerited ſeverities which ſeem to be deſigned for

Your unhappy Siſter,

CL. HARLOWE.

To Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE.

FOR a girl to lay ſo much ſtreſs upon going to church, and yet reſolve to defy her Parents, in an article of the greateſt conſequence to them, and to the whole family, is an abſurdity. You are recommended, Miſs, to the practice of your *private* devotions. May they be efficacious upon the mind of one of the moſt pervicatious young creatures that ever was heard of! The *intention* is, I tell you plainly, to mortify you into a ſenſe of your duty. The

neighbours you are ſo ſolicitous to appear well with, already know, that you defy *that*. So, Miſs, if you have a real value for your reputation, ſhew it as you ought. It is yet in your own power to eſtabliſh or impair it.

JA. HARLOWE.

Thus, my dear Miſs Howe, has my Brother got me into his ſnares; and I, like a poor ſilly bird, the more I ſtruggle, am the more entangled.

LETTER XXIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Monday Morning, March 6.

THEY they are reſolved to break my heart. My poor Hannah is diſcharged—diſgracefully diſcharged!—Thus it was.

Within half an hour after I had ſent the poor girl down for my breakfaſt, that bold creature Betty Barnes, my Siſter's confident and ſervant (if a favourite maid and confident can be deemed a *ſervant*) came up.

What, Miſs, will you pleaſe to have for breakfaſt?

I was ſurpriſed. What will I have for breakfaſt, Betty!—How!—What!—How comes it!—Then I named Hannah. I could not tell what to ſay.

Don't be ſurpriſed, Miſs:—But you'll ſee Hannah? no more in this houſe.

God forbid!—Is any harm come to Hannah?—What! What is the matter with Hannah?

Why, Miſs, the ſhort and the long is this: Your Pappa and Mamma think Hannah has ſtaid long enough in the houſe to do miſchief; and ſo ſhe is ordered to *troop* [That was the confident creature's word]; and I am directed to wait upon you in her ſtead.

I burſt into tears. I have no ſervice for you, Betty Barnes; none at all. But where is Hannah? Cannot I ſpeak

I ſpeak with the poor girl? I owe her half a year's wages. May I not ſee the honeſt creature, and pay her her wages? I may never ſee her again perhaps; for they are reſolved to break my heart.

And they think you are reſolved to break theirs: So tit for tat, Miſs.

Impertinent I called her; and aſked her, If it were upon ſuch confident terms that her ſervice was to begin.

I was ſo very earneſt to ſee the poor maid, that (to *oblige* me, as ſhe ſaid) ſhe went down with my requeſt.

The worthy creature was as earneſt to ſee me; and the favour was granted in preſence of Shorey and Betty.

I thanked her, when ſhe came up, for her paſt ſervice to me.

Her heart was ready to break. And ſhe began to vindicate her fidelity and love; and diſclaimed any miſchief ſhe had ever made.

I told her, that thoſe who occaſioned her being turned out of my ſervice, made no queſtion of her integrity: That her diſmiſſion was intended for an indignity to me. That I was very ſorry to be obliged to part with her, and hoped ſhe would meet with as good a ſervice.

Never, never, wringing her hands, ſhould ſhe meet with a miſtreſs ſhe loved ſo well. And the poor creature ran on in my praiſes, and in profeſſions of love to me.

We are all apt, you know, my dear, to praiſe our benefactors, becauſe they *are* our benefactors; as if every body did right or wrong, as they obliged or diſobliged *us*. But this good creature *deſerved* to be kindly treated; ſo I could have no merit in favouring one whom it would have been ungrateful not to diſtinguiſh.

I gave her a little linen, ſome laces, and other odd

things; and inſtead of four pounds which were due to her, ten guineas: And ſaid, if ever I were again allowed to be my own miſtreſs, I would think of *her* in the firſt place.

Betty enviouſly whiſpered Shorey upon it.

Hannah told me, before their faces, having no other opportunity, that ſhe had been examined about Letters *to* me, and *from* me: And that ſhe had given her pockets to Miſs Harlowe, who looked into them, and put her fingers in her ſtays, to ſatisfy herſelf that ſhe had not any.

She gave me an account of the number of my Pheaſants and Bantams; and I ſaid, they ſhould be my own care twice or thrice a day.

We wept over each other at parting. The girl prayed for all the family.

To have ſo good a ſervant ſo diſgracefully diſmiſſed, is very cruel: And I could not help ſaying, that theſe methods might break my heart, but not any other way anſwer the end of the authors of my diſgraces.

Betty, with a very ſaucy ſleer, ſaid to Shorey, There would be a trial of ſkill about that, ſhe fanſied. But I took no notice of it. If this wench thinks that I have robbed her young miſtreſs of a Lover, as you ſay ſhe has given out, ſhe may believe that it is ſome degree of merit in herſelf to be impertinent to me.

Thus have I been forced to part with my faithful Hannah. If you can commend the good creature to a place worthy of her, pray do for my ſake.

LETTER XXIV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Monday, near 12 o'clock.

THE incloſed Letter was juſt now delivered to me. My Brother has carried all his points.

I ſend

I ſend you alſo the copy of my anſwer. No more at this time can I write!—

Miſs CLARY, *Monday, Mar.* 6.

BY command of your Father and Mother I write expreſly to forbid you to come into their preſence, or into the garden when *they* are there: Nor when they are *not* there, but with Betty Barnes to attend you; except by particular licence or command.

On their bleſſings you are forbidden likewiſe to correſpond with the vile Lovelace; as it is well known you did by means of your ſly Hannah. Whence her ſudden diſcharge. As was fit.

Neither are you to correſpond with Miſs Howe; who has given herſelf high airs of late; and might poſſibly help on your correſpondence with that deteſted Libertine. Nor, in ſhort, with any-body without leave.

You are not to enter into the preſence of either of your Uncles, without their leave firſt obtained. It is in *mercy* to you, after ſuch a behaviour to your Mother, that your Father refuſes to ſee you.

You are not to be ſeen in any apartment of the houſe you ſo lately governed as you pleaſed, unleſs you are commanded down.

In ſhort, you are ſtrictly to confine yourſelf to your chamber, except now-and-then, in Betty Barnes's ſight (as aforeſaid) you take a morning or evening turn in the garden: And then you are to go directly, and without ſtopping at any apartment in the way, up and down the back-ſtairs, that the ſight of ſo perverſe a young creature may not add to the pain you have given every body.

The hourly threatenings of your fine fellow, as well as your own unheard-of obſtinacy, will account to you for all this. What a hand has the beſt and moſt indulgent of Mothers had with you, who ſo long

pleaded for you, and undertook for you; even when others, from the manner of your ſetting out, deſpaired of moving you!—What muſt your perverſeneſs have been, that *ſuch* a Mother can give you up! She thinks it right ſo to do: Nor will take you to favour, unleſs you make the firſt ſteps, by a compliance with your duty.

As for myſelf, whom perhaps you think hardly of [In very good company, if you do, that is my conſolation]; I have adviſed, that you may be permitted to purſue your own inclinations (ſome people need no greater puniſhment than ſuch a permiſſion) and not to have the houſe encumbered by one who muſt give them the more pain for the neceſſity ſhe has laid them under of avoiding the ſight of her, altho' in it.

If any-thing I have written, appear ſevere or harſh, it is ſtill in your power (but perhaps will not always be ſo) to remedy it; and that by a ſingle word.

Betty Barnes has orders to obey you in all points conſiſtent with her duty to thoſe to whom *you* owe it, as well as *ſhe*.

JA. HARLOWE.

To JAMES HARLOWE, *junior*, *Eſq*;

SIR,

I WILL only ſay, That you may congratulate yourſelf on having *ſo far* ſucceeded in all your views, that you may report what you pleaſe of me, and I can no more defend myſelf, than if I were dead. Yet one favour, nevertheleſs, I will beg of you. It is this—That you will not occaſion more ſeverities, more diſgraces, than are neceſſary for carrying into execution your further deſigns, whatever they be, againſt

Your unhappy Siſter,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

LET-

LETTER XXV.

Miſs Clarissa Harlowe, *To Miſs* Howe.

Tueſday, March 7.

BY my laſt depoſit, you will ſee how I am driven, and what a poor priſoner I am.—No regard had to my reputation. The whole matter is now before you. Can *ſuch* meaſures be ſuppoſed to ſoften?—But ſurely they can only mean to try to frighten me into my Brother's views!—All my hope is, to be able to weather this point till my Couſin Morden comes from Florence; and he is ſoon expected: Yet, if they are determined upon a ſhort day, I doubt he will not be here time enough to ſave me.

It is plain by my Brother's Letter, that my Mother has not ſpared me, in the report ſhe was pleaſed to make of the conference between herſelf and me: Yet ſhe was pleaſed to hint to me, that my Brother had views which ſhe would have had me try to diſappoint. But indeed ſhe had engaged to give a *faithful* account of what was to paſs between herſelf and me: And it was, doubtleſs, much more eligible to give up a Daughter, than to diſoblige a Huſband, and every other perſon of the family.

They think they have done every-thing by turning away my poor Hannah: But as long as the liberty of the garden, and my poultry viſits, are allowed me, they will be miſtaken.

I aſked Mrs. Betty, if ſhe had any orders to watch or attend me; or whether I was to aſk *her* leave whenever I ſhould be diſpoſed to walk in the garden, or to go to feed my Bantams?—Lord bleſs her! what could I mean by ſuch a queſtion! Yet ſhe owned, that ſhe had heard, that I was not to go into the garden, when my Father, Mother, or Uncles were there.

However, as it behoved me to be aſſured on this head,

head, I went down directly, and ſtaid an hour, without queſtion or impediment; and yet a good part of the time, I walked under and in *ſight*, as I may ſay, of my Brother's ſtudy-window, where both he and my Siſter happened to be. And I am ſure they ſaw me, by the loud mirth they affected, by way of inſult, as I ſuppoſe.

So this part of my reſtraint was doubtleſs a ſtretch of the authority given him. The enforcing of that, may perhaps come next. But I hope not.

Tueſday Night.

SINCE I wrote the above, I ventured to ſend a Letter by Shorey to my Mother. I deſired her to give it into her own hand, when no-body was by.

I ſhall incloſe the copy of it. You will ſee that I would have it thought, that now Hannah is gone, I have no way to correſpond out of the houſe. I am far from thinking all I do, right. I am afraid, this is a little piece of art, that is *not* ſo. But this is an after-thought—The Letter went firſt.

Honoured Madam,

HAVING acknowledged to you, that I had received Letters from Mr. Lovelace full of reſentment, and that I anſwered them purely to prevent further miſchief; and having ſhewn you copies of my Anſwers, which you did not diſapprove of, altho' you thought fit, after you had read them, to forbid me any further correſpondence with him; I think it my duty to acquaint you, that another Letter from him has ſince come to my hand, in which he is very earneſt with me to permit him to wait on my Papa, or you, or my two Uncles, in a pacific way, accompanied by Lord M.: On which I beg your commands.

I own to you, Madam, that had not the prohibition been renewed, and had not Hannah been ſo ſud-

denly,

denly diſmiſſed my ſervice, I ſhould have made the leſs ſcruple to have written an anſwer, and to have commanded her to convey it to him, with all ſpeed, in order to diſſuade him from theſe viſits, leſt anything ſhould happen on the occaſion that my heart akes but to think of.

And here I cannot but expreſs my grief, that I ſhould have all the puniſhment, and all the blame, who, as I have reaſon to think, have prevented great miſchief, and have not been the occaſion of any. For, Madam, could *I* be ſuppoſed to govern the paſſions of *either* of the gentlemen?—Over the one indeed I have had ſome little influence, without giving him *hitherto* any reaſon to think he has faſtened an obligation upon me for it—Over the other, Who, Madam, has any?—I am grieved at heart, to be obliged to lay ſo great blame at my Brother's door, altho' my reputation and my liberty are both to be ſacrificed to his reſentment and ambition. May not, however, ſo deep a ſufferer be permitted to ſpeak out?

This communication being as voluntarily made, as dutifully intended; I humbly preſume to hope, that I ſhall not be required to produce the Letter itſelf. I cannot either in honour or prudence do that, becauſe of the vehemence of his ſtyle; for having heard [not, I aſſure you, by my means or thro' Hannah's] of ſome part of the harſh treatment I have met with; he thinks himſelf intitled to place it to his own account, by reaſon of ſpeeches thrown out by ſome of my relations, *equally* vehement.

If I do *not* anſwer him, he will be made deſperate, and think himſelf juſtified (tho' I ſhall not think him ſo) in reſenting the treatment he complains of: If I *do*, and if, in compliment to me, he forbears to reſent what he thinks himſelf intitled to reſent; be pleaſed, Madam, to conſider the obligation he will ſuppoſe he lays me under.

If I were as ſtrongly prepoſſeſſed in his favour as is ſuppoſed,

ſuppoſed, I ſhould not have wiſhed this to be conſidered by you. And permit me, as a ſtill further proof that I am *not* prepoſſeſſed, to beg of you to conſider, Whether, upon the whole, the propoſal I made, of declaring for the Single Life (which I will religiouſly adhere to) is not the beſt way to get rid of his pretenſions with honour. To renounce him, and not be allowed to aver, that I will never be the other man's, will make him conclude (driven as I am driven) that I am determined in that other man's favour.

If this has not its due weight, my Brother's ſtrange ſchemes muſt be tried, and I will reſign myſelf to my deſtiny with all the acquieſcence that ſhall be granted to my prayers. And ſo leaving the whole to your own wiſdom, and whether you chuſe to conſult my Papa and Uncles upon this humble application, or not; or whether I ſhall be allowed to write an anſwer to Mr. Lovelace, or not [And if allowed ſo to do, I beg your direction, by whom to ſend it]; I remain,

Honoured Madam,

Your unhappy, but ever-dutiful Daughter,

CL. HARLOWE.

Wedneſday Morning.

I have juſt received an Anſwer to the incloſed Letter. My Mother, you will obſerve, has ordered me to burn it: But, as you will have it in your ſafe keeping, and nobody elſe will ſee it, her end will be equally anſwered, as if it were burnt. It has neither date nor ſuperſcription.

CLARISSA,

SAY not all the blame and all the puniſhment is yours. I am as much blamed, and as much puniſhed, as you are; yet am more innocent. When your obſtinacy is equal to any other perſon's paſſion, blame not your Brother. We judged right, that Hannah carried on your correſpondencies. Now ſhe is gone,

gone, and you cannot write [We *think* you cannot] to Miſs Howe, nor ſhe to you, without our knowledge, one cauſe of uneaſineſs and jealouſy is over.

I had no diſlike to Hannah. I did not tell her ſo; becauſe Somebody was within hearing when ſhe deſired to pay her duty to me at going. I gave her a caution, in a raiſed voice, To take care, where-ever ſhe went to live next, if there were any young Ladies, how ſhe made parties, and aſſiſted in clandeſtine correſpondencies:—But I ſlid two guineas into her hand. Nor was I angry to hear that you were ſtill *more* bountiful to her—So much for Hannah.

I don't know what to write, about your anſwering that man of violence. What can you think of it, that ſuch a family as ours, ſhould have ſuch a rod held over it?—For my part, I have not owned that I know you *have* correſponded: By your laſt boldneſs to me [An aſtoniſhing one it was, to purſue before Mr. Solmes the ſubject that I was forced to break from above-ſtairs!] you may, as far as I know, plead, that you had my countenance for your correſpondence with him; and ſo add to the uneaſineſs between your Father and me. You was once all my comfort, Clariſſa: You made all my hardſhips tolerable:—But now!—However, nothing, it is plain, can move you; and I will ſay no more on that head: For you are under your Father's diſcipline now; and he will neither be preſcribed to, nor entreated.

I ſhould have been glad to ſee the Letter you tell me of, as I ſaw the reſt:—You ſay, both honour and prudence forbid you to ſhew it to me.—O Clariſſa! what think you of receiving Letters that honour and prudence forbid you to ſhew to a Mother!—But it is not for me to ſee it, if you would *chuſe* to ſhew it me. I will not be in your ſecret. I will not know that you did correſpond. And, as to an Anſwer, take your own methods. But let him know it will be the laſt you will write. And, if you do write,

I won't

I won't ſee it: So ſeal it up (if you do) and give it to Shorey; and ſhe—Yet do not think I give you licence to write.

We will be upon no conditions with him, nor will *you* be allowed to be upon any. Your Father and Uncles would have no patience were he to come. What have *you* to do to oblige *him* with your refuſal of Mr. Solmes?—Will not That refuſal be to give *him* hope? And while he has any, can *we* be eaſy or free from his inſults? Were even your Brother in *fault*, as that fault cannot be conquered, is a Siſter to carry on a correſpondence that ſhall endanger her Brother? But your Father has given his ſanction to your Brother's diſlikes, and they are now your Father's diſlikes, and my diſlikes, your Uncles and every-body's!—No matterto *whom* owing.

As to the reſt, you have by your obſtinacy put it out of my power to do any-thing for you. Your Father takes upon himſelf to be anſwerable for all conſequences. You muſt not therefore apply to me for favour. I ſhall endeavour to be only an obſerver; Happy, if I could be an unconcerned one!—While I had power, you would not let me uſe it as I *would* have uſed it. Your Aunt has been forced to engage not to interfere but by your Father's direction. You'll have ſevere trials. If you have any favour to hope for, it muſt be from the mediation of your Uncles. And yet I believe, they are equally determined: For they make it a principle! [Alas! they never had children!] that that Child, who in Marriage is not governed by her Parents, is to be given up as a loſt creature.

I charge you, let not this Letter be found. Burn it. There is too much of the *Mother* in it, to a Daughter ſo unaccountably obſtinate.

Write not another Letter to me. I can do nothing for you. But you can do every-thing for yourſelf.

Now, my dear, to proceed with my melancholy narrative. After

After this Letter, you will believe, that I could have very little hopes, that an application directly to my Father would ſtand me in any ſtead: But I thought it became me to write, were it but to acquit myſelf *to* myſelf, that I have left nothing unattempted that has the leaſt likelihood to reſtore me to his favour. Accordingly I wrote to the following effect:

'I preſume not, I ſay, to argue with my Papa; I 'only beg his mercy and indulgence in this *one* point, 'on which depends my preſent and perhaps my *fu-* 'ture happineſs; and beſeech him not to reprobate 'his child for an averſion which it is not in her power 'to conquer. I beg, that I may not be ſacrificed to 'projects, and remote contingencies. I complain of 'the diſgraces I ſuffer in this baniſhment, from his 'preſence, and in being confined to my chamber. In 'every-thing but this *one* point, I promiſe implicit 'duty and reſignation to his will. I repeat my offers 'of a Single Life; and appeal to him, whether I have 'ever given him cauſe to doubt my word. I beg to 'be admitted to His, and to my Mamma's preſence, 'and that my conduct may be under their own eye: 'And this with the more earneſtneſs, as I have too 'much reaſon to believe, that ſnares are laid for me; 'and tauntings and revilings uſed on purpoſe to make 'a handle of my words againſt me, when I am not 'permitted to ſpeak in my own defence. I conclude 'with hoping, that my Brother's inſtigations may 'not rob an unhappy child of her Father.'

This is the Anſwer, ſent without ſuperſcription, and unſealed, altho' by Betty Barnes, who delivered it with an air, as if ſhe knew the contents.

Wedneſday.

I Write, perverſe girl; but with all the indignation that your diſobedience deſerves. To deſire to be forgiven a fault you own, and yet reſolve to perſevere in

in, is a boldneſs, no more to be equalled, than paſſed over. It is *my* authority you defy. Your reflections upon a Brother, that is an honour to us all, deſerve my utmoſt reſentment. I ſee how light all Relationſhip ſits upon *you*. The *cauſe* I gueſs at, too. I cannot bear the reflections that naturally ariſe from this conſideration. Your behaviour to your too indulgent, and too fond Mother—But, I have no patience—Continue baniſhed from my preſence, undutiful as you are, till you know how to conform to my will. Ingrateful creature? Your Letter but upbraids me for my paſt indulgence. Write no more to me, till you can diſtinguiſh better; and till you are convinced of your duty to

A juſtly incenſed Father.

This angry Letter was accompanied with one from my Mother, unſealed, and unſuperſcribed alſo. Thoſe who take ſo much pains to confederate every one againſt me, I make no doubt, obliged her to bear her teſtimony againſt the poor girl.

My Mother's Letter being a repetition of ſome of the ſevere things that paſſed between herſelf and me, of which I have already informed you, I ſhall not need to give you the contents—Only thus far, that *ſhe* alſo praiſes my Brother, and blames me for my freedoms with him.

LETTER XXVI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday Morn. March 9.

I Have another Letter from Mr. Lovelace, altho' had not anſwered his former.

This man, ſome how or other, knows every-thing that paſſes in our family. My confinement; Hannah's diſmiſſion; and more of the reſentments and reſolutions of my Father, Uncles, and Brother, than I can poſſibly

poſſibly know, and almoſt as ſoon as the things happen, which he tells me of. He cannot come at theſe intelligences fairly.

He is exceſſively uneaſy upon what he hears; and his expreſſions both of Love to me, and Reſentment to them, are very fervent. He ſolicits me, 'To engage 'my honour to him, Never to have Mr. Solmes.'

I think I may fairly promiſe him that I will not.

He begs, 'That I will not think he is endeavour-'ing to make to himſelf a *merit* at any man's ex-'pence, ſince he hopes to obtain my favour on the 'foot of his *own*; nor that he ſeeks to *intimidate* me 'into a conſideration for him. But declares, that the 'treatment he meets with from my family is of ſuch 'a nature, that he is perpetually reproached for not 'reſenting it; and that as well by Lord M. and Lady 'Sarah, and Lady Betty, as by all his other friends: 'And if he muſt have no hope from me, he cannot 'anſwer for what his deſpair will make him do.'

Indeed, he ſays, 'his Relations, the Ladies par-'ticularly, adviſe him to have recourſe to a *legal* 'remedy: But how, he aſks, can a man of honour 'go to Law for verbal abuſes given by people entitled 'to wear ſwords?'

You ſee, my dear, that my Mother ſeems as apprehenſive of miſchief as myſelf; and has *indirectly* offered to let Shorey carry my Anſwer to the Letter he ſent me before.

He is full of the favour of the Ladies of his family to me: To whom, nevertheleſs, I am perſonally a ſtranger; except that once I ſaw Miſs Patty Montague at Mrs. Knollys's.

It is natural, I believe, for a perſon to be the more deſirous of making new friends, in proportion as ſhe loſes the favour of old ones: Yet had I rather appear amiable in the eyes of my own Relations, and in your eyes, than in thoſe of all the world beſides.—But theſe four Ladies of his family have ſuch excellent cha-

racters,

racters, that one cannot but wiſh to be thought wel of by them. Cannot there be a way to find out by Mrs. Forteſcue's means, or by Mr. Hickman, who has ſome knowledge of Lord M. [covertly, however] what their opinions are of the preſent ſituation of things in our family; and of the little likelihood there is, that ever the alliance once approved of by them, can take effect?

I cannot, for my own part, think ſo well of myſelf, as to imagine, that they can wiſh their Kinſman to perſevere in his views with regard to me, through ſuch contempts and diſcouragements.—Not that it would concern me, ſhould they adviſe him to the contrary. By my Lord's ſigning Mr. Lovelace's former Letter; by Mr. Lovelace's aſſurances of the continued favour of all his Relations; and by the report of others; I ſeem ſtill to ſtand high in their favour: But, methinks, I ſhould be glad to have this confirmed to me, as from themſelves, by the lips of an indifferent perſon; and the rather, as they are known to put a value upon their alliance, becauſe of their fortunes and family; and take it amiſs (as they have reaſon) to be included by *ours* in the contempt thrown upon their Kinſman.

Curioſity at preſent is all my motive: Nor will there ever, I hope, be a ſtronger, notwithſtanding your queſtionable *throbs*—Even were the merits of Mr. Lovelace much greater than they are.

I HAVE anſwered his Letters. If he takes me at my word, I ſhall need to be the leſs ſolicitous for the opinions of his Relations in my favour: And yet one would be glad to be well thought of by the worthy.

This is the ſubſtance of my Letter:

'I expreſs my ſurpriſe at his knowing (and ſo 'early) all that paſſes here.'

I aſſure him, 'That were there not ſuch a man in 'the world as himſelf, I would not have Mr. Solmes

I tell him, 'That to return, as I underſtand he does, 'defiances for defiances, to my Relations, is far from 'being a proof with me, either of his politeneſs, or of 'the conſideration he pretends to have for me.

'That the moment I hear he viſits any of my 'friends without their conſent, I will make a reſolu- 'tion never to ſee him more, if I can help it.'

I appriſe him, 'That I am connived at in ſending 'this Letter (altho' no one has ſeen the contents) 'provided it ſhall be the laſt I will ever write to 'him: That I had more than once told him, that 'the Single Life was my choice; and this before 'Mr. Solmes was introduced as a viſitor in our fa- 'mily: That Mr. Wyerley, and other gentlemen, 'knew it to be my choice, before himſelf was ac- 'quainted with any of us: That I had never been 'induced to receive a line from him on the ſubject, 'but that I thought he had not acted ungenerouſly 'by my Brother; and yet had not been ſo handſomely 'treated by my friends, as he might have expected: 'But that had he even my friends on his ſide, I 'ſhould have very great objections to him, were I to 'get over my choice of a Single Life, ſo really pre- 'ferable to me as it is; and that I ſhould have de- 'clared as much to him, had I regarded him as *more* 'than a common viſitor. On all theſe accounts, I de- 'ſire, that the one more Letter, which I will allow him 'to depoſit in the uſual place, may be the very *laſt*; 'and That only, to acquaint me with his acquieſcence 'that it ſhall be ſo; at leaſt till happier times.'

This laſt I put in that he may not be quite deſpe- rate. But if he take me at my word, I ſhall be rid of one of my tormentors.

I have promiſed to lay before you all his Letters, and my Anſwers: I repeat that promiſe: And am the leſs ſolicitous for that reaſon, to amplify upon the con- tents of either. But I cannot too often expreſs my vexation, to be driven to ſuch ſtreights and difficulties,

here

here at home, as oblige me to anſwer Letters (from a man I had not abſolutely intended to encourage, and to whom I had really great objections) filled as *his* are with ſuch warm proteſtations, and written to me with a ſpirit of expectation.

For, my dear, you never knew ſo bold a ſuppoſer. As commentators find beauties in an author, to which the author perhaps was a ſtranger; ſo he ſometimes compliments me in high ſtrains of gratitude for favours, and for a conſideration, which I never deſigned him; inſomuch that I am frequently under a neceſſity of explaining away the attributed goodneſs to him, which if I ſhewed, I ſhould have the leſs opinion of myſelf.

In ſhort, my dear, like a reſtiff horſe (as I have heard deſcribed by ſportſmen) he pains one's hands, and half disjoints one's arms, to rein him in. And, when you ſee his Letters, you muſt form no judgment upon them, till you have read my Anſwers. If you do, you will indeed think you have cauſe to attribute *ſelf-deceit*, and *throbs*, and *glows* to your friend—And yet, at other times, the contradictory creature complains, that I ſhew him as little favour, and my friends as much inveteracy, as if in the Recounter betwixt my Brother and him, he had been the aggreſſor; and as if the cataſtrophe had been as fatal, as it might have been.

If he had a deſign by this conduct (ſometimes complaining of my ſhyneſs, at others exulting in my imaginary favours) to induce me at one time to acquieſce with his compliments; at another to be more complaiſant for his complaints; and if the contradiction be not the effect of his inattention and giddineſs; I ſhall think him as deep and as artful (too probably, as *practiſed*) a creature, as ever lived; and were I to be ſure of it, ſhould hate him, if poſſible, worſe than I do Solmes.

But enough for the preſent of a creature ſo very various.

LET-

LETTER XXVII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Thurſday Night, March 9.

I Have not patience with any of the people you are with. I know not what to adviſe you to do. How do you know, that you are not puniſhable for being the cauſe, tho' to your own loſs, that the Will of your Grandfather is not complied with?—Wills are ſacred things, child. You ſee, that they, even *they*, think ſo, who imagine they ſuffer by a Will, thro' the diſtinction paid you in it.

I allow of all your noble reaſonings for what you did at the time: But ſince ſuch a charming, ſuch a generous inſtance of filial duty is to go thus unrewarded, why ſhould you not reſume?

Your Grandfather knew the family-failing. He knew what a noble ſpirit you had to do good. He himſelf perhaps [Excuſe me, my dear] had done too little in his life-time; and therefore he put it in your power to make up for the defects of the whole family. Were it to me, I would reſume it. Indeed I would.

You will ſay, You cannot do it, while you are with them. I don't know that. Do you think they can uſe you worſe than they do? And is it not your *right*? And do they not make uſe of your own generoſity to oppreſs you? Your Uncle Harlowe is one Truſtee; your Couſin Morden is the other: Inſiſt upon your right to your Uncle; and write to your Couſin Morden about it. This, I dare ſay, will make them alter their behaviour to you.

Your inſolent Brother—what has *he* to do to controul you?—Were it me [I wiſh it were for one month, and no more] I'd ſhew him the difference. I would be in my own manſion, purſuing my charming ſchemes, and making all around me happy. I would ſet up my own chariot. I would viſit them when

they deſerved it. But when my Brother and Siſter gave themſelves airs, I would let them know, that I was their Siſter, and not their Servant: And, if that did not do, I would ſhut my gates againſt them; and bid them go, and be company for each other.

It muſt be confeſſed, however, that this Brother and Siſter of yours, judging as ſuch narrow ſpirits will ever judge, have ſome reaſon for treating you as they do. It muſt have long been a mortification to them (ſet diſappointed Love on her ſide, and Avarice on his, out of the queſtion) to be ſo much eclipſed by a younger Siſter. Such a Sun in a family, where there are none but faint twinklers, how could they bear it! Why, my dear, they muſt look upon you as a prodigy among them: And prodigies, you know, tho' they obtain our Admiration, never attract our Love. The diſtance between you and them is immenſe. Their eyes ake to look up at you. What ſhades does your full day of merit caſt upon them! Can you wonder then, that they ſhould embrace the firſt opportunity that offered, to endeavour to bring you down to their level?

Depend upon it, my dear, you will have more of it, and more ſtill, as you bear it.

As to this odious Solmes, I wonder not at your averſion to him. It is needleſs to ſay any thing to you, who have ſo ſincere an antipathy to him, to ſtrengthen your diſlike: Yet, who can reſiſt her own talents? One of mine, as I have heretofore ſaid, is to give an ugly likeneſs. Shall I indulge it?—I will. And the rather, as, in doing ſo, you will have my opinion in juſtification of your Averſion to him, and in approbation of a ſteadineſs that I ever admired and muſt for ever approve of in your temper.

'I was twice in this wretch's company. At one of 'the times your Lovelace was there. I need not 'mention to you, who have ſuch a *pretty curioſity* '(tho' at preſent, *only* a curioſity, you know) the 'unſpeakable difference. 'Love-

'Lovelace entertained the company in his lively 'gay way, and made every-body laugh at one of his 'Stories. It was before this creature was thought of 'for you. Solmes laughed too. It was, however, '*his* laugh: For his firſt three years, at leaſt, I imagine, muſt have been one continual fit of crying; 'and his muſcles have never yet been able to recover 'a riſible tone. His very ſmile [You never ſaw him 'ſmile, I believe; never at leaſt gave him cauſe to 'ſmile] is ſo little natural to his features, that it appears in him as hideous as the *grin* of a man in 'malice.

'I took great notice of him, as I do of all the noble 'Lords of the creation, in their peculiarities; and 'was diſguſted, nay, ſhocked at him, even then. I 'was glad, I remember, on that particular occaſion, to 'ſee his ſtrange features recovering their natural 'gloomineſs; tho' they did this but ſlowly, as if the 'muſcles which contributed to his diſtortions, had 'turned upon ruſty ſprings.

'What a dreadful thing muſt even the *Love* of ſuch 'a Huſband be! For my part, were I his Wife! (But 'what have I done to myſelf, to make but ſuch a 'ſuppoſition?) I ſhould never have comfort but in his 'abſence, or when I was quarrelling with him. A 'ſplenetic woman, who muſt have ſomebody to find 'fault with, might indeed be brought to endure ſuch 'a wretch: The ſight of him would always furniſh 'out the occaſion, and all her ſervants, for That reaſon, and for *That* only, would have cauſe to bleſs 'their maſter. But how grievous and apprehenſive 'a thing muſt it be for his Wife, had ſhe the leaſt degree of delicacy to catch herſelf in having done 'ſomething to oblige him?

'So much for his perſon: As to the other half of 'him, he is ſaid to be an inſinuating, creeping mortal 'to any-body he hopes to be a gainer by: An inſolent, over-bearing one, where he has no ſuch views:

'And is not this the genuine ſpirit of meanneſs? He 'is reported to be ſpiteful and malicious, even to the 'whole family of any ſingle perſon who has once diſ-'obliged him; and to his own relations moſt of all. I 'am told, that they are none of them ſuch wretches 'as himſelf. This may be one reaſon why he is for 'diſinheriting them.

'My Kitty, from one of his domeſtics, tells me, 'that his tenants hate him: And that he never had a 'ſervant who ſpoke well of him. Vilely ſuſpicious of 'their wronging him (probably from the badneſs of 'his own heart) he is always changing.

'His pockets, they ſay, are continually crammed 'with keys: So that when he would treat a gueſt (A '*friend* he has not out of your family) he is half as 'long puzzling *which* is *which*, as his niggardly treat 'might be concluded in. And if it be wine, he always 'fetches it himſelf. Nor has he much trouble in 'doing ſo; for he has very few viſitors—only thoſe, 'whom buſineſs or neceſſity brings: For a gentle-'man who can help it, would rather be benighted, 'than put up at his houſe.'

Yet this is the man they have found out (for conſiderations as ſordid as thoſe he is governed by) for a Huſband, that is to ſay, for a Lord and Maſter, for Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe!

But perhaps, he may not be quite ſo miſerable as he is repreſented. Characters extremely good, or extremely bad, are ſeldom juſtly given. Favour for a perſon will exalt the one, as diſfavour will ſink the other. But your Uncle Antony has told my Mother, who objected to his covetouſneſs, that it was intended *to tie him* up, as he called it, *to your own terms*; which would be with a hempen, rather than a matrimonial cord, I dare ſay. But, is not this a plain indication, that even his own recommenders think him a mean creature; and that he muſt be articled with—perhaps for *neceſſaries*? But enough, and too much, of ſuch a wretch

a wretch as this!—You muſt not have him, my dear—That I am clear in—tho' not ſo clear, how you will be able to avoid it, except you aſſert the independence to which your Eſtate gives you a title.

⌘ ⌘

HERE my Mother broke in upon me. She wanted to ſee what I had written. I was ſilly enough to read Solmes's character to her.

She owned, that the man was not the moſt deſirable of men; and that he had not the happieſt appearance: But what, ſaid ſhe, is *perſon* in a man? And I was chidden for ſetting you againſt complying with your Father's will. Then followed a lecture upon the preference to be given in favour of a man who took care to diſcharge all his obligations to the world, and to keep all together, in oppoſition to a ſpendthrift or profligate: A fruitful ſubject you know, whether any particular perſon be meant by it, or not.

Why will theſe wiſe Parents, by ſaying too much againſt the perſons they diſlike, put one upon defending them? Lovelace is not a ſpendthrift; owes not obligations to the world; though, I doubt not, profligate enough. Then, putting one upon doing *ſuch* but common juſtice, we muſt needs be prepoſſeſſed, truly!—And ſo perhaps we are put upon *Curioſities* firſt, that is to ſay, how *ſuch a one* or *his friends* may think of one:—And then, but too probably, comes in a diſtinguiſhing preference, or ſomething that looks exceedingly like it.

My Mother charged me at laſt, to write that ſide over again.—But excuſe me, my good Mamma! I would not have the character loſt upon any conſideration; ſince my vein ran freely into it: And I never wrote to pleaſe myſelf, but I pleaſed you. A very good reaſon why—We have but one mind between us—Only, that ſometimes you are a little too grave, methinks; I, no doubt, a little too flippant in your opinion.

This difference in our tempers, however, is probably the reaſon that we love one another *ſo* well, that in the words of Norris, no *third Love* can come in betwixt. Since each, in the other's eye, having ſomething amiſs, and each loving the other well enough to bear being told of it (and the rather perhaps as neither wiſhes to mend it); this takes off a good deal from that rivalry which might encourage a little (if not a great deal of that latent Spleen, which in time might riſe into Envy, and That into Ill-will. So, my dear, if This be the caſe, let each keep her fault, and much good may do her with it, ſay I: For there is Conſtitution in both to plead for it: And what an Hero or Heroine muſt he or ſhe be, who can conquer a Conſtitutional fault? Let it be *Avarice*, as in ſome I *dare not* name: Let it be *Gravity*, as in my *beſt friend*: Or let it be *Flippancy*, as in—I need not ſay whom.

It is proper to acquaint you, that I was obliged to comply with my Mother's *Curioſity* [My Mother has her ſhare, her *full* ſhare, of *Curioſity*, my dear] and to let her ſee here-and-there ſome paſſages in your Letters—

I am broken in upon—But I will tell you by-and-by what paſſed between my Mother and me on this occaſion—And the rather, as ſhe had her GIRL, her favourite HICKMAN, and your LOVELACE, all at once in her eye, in her part of the converſation.

⌘ ⌘

THUS it was.

'I cannot but think, Nancy, ſaid ſhe, after all, that 'there is a little hardſhip in Miſs Harlowe's caſe: 'And yet (as her Mother ſays) it is a grating thing to 'have a child, who was always noted for her duty in '*ſmaller* points, to ſtand in oppoſition to her parents 'will, in the *greater*; yea, in the *greateſt of all*. And 'now, to middle the matter between both, it is pity, 'that the man *they* favour has not that ſort of merit 'which a perſon of a mind ſo delicate as that of Miſs

'Harlowe

'Harlowe might reaſonably expect in a Huſband.—
'But then, this man is ſurely preferable to a Libertine:
'To a Libertine too, who has had a duel with her own
'Brother: *Fathers* and *Mothers* muſt think ſo, were
'it *not* for that circumſtance—And it is ſtrange if *they*
'do not know beſt.'

And ſo they muſt, thought I, from their experience, if no little dirty views give *them* alſo that prepoſſeſſion in one man's favour, which they are ſo apt to cenſure their Daughters for having in another's—And if, as I may add in your caſe, they have no creeping, old, muſty Uncle Antony's to ſtrengthen their prepoſſeſſions, as he does my Mother's—Poor, creeping, poſitive ſoul, what has ſuch an old Bachelor as he to do, to prate about the Duties of Children to Parents; unleſs he had a notion that Parents owe ſome to their Children? But your Mother, by her indolent meekneſs, let me call it, has ſpoiled all the three Brothers.

'But you ſee, child, proceeded my Mother, what a
'different behaviour MINE is to YOU. I recommend
'to you one of the ſobereſt, yet politeſt, men in
'England—'

I think little of my Mother's *politeſt*, my dear. She judges of honeſt Hickman for her *Daughter*, as ſhe would have done, I ſuppoſe, twenty years ago, for *herſelf*.

'Of a good family, continued my Mother; a fine,
'clear, and improving Eſtate [A prime conſideration
'with my Mother, as well as with ſome other folks,
'whom you know]: And I *beg* and I *pray* you to en-
'courage him: At leaſt, not to uſe him the *worſe*,
'for his being ſo obſequious to you.'

Yes indeed! To uſe *him* kindly, that he may treat *me* familiarly—But diſtance to the men-wretches is beſt—I ſay.

'Yet all will hardly prevail upon you to do as I
'would have you. What would you ſay, were I to

'treat you as Miſs Harlowe's Father and Mother 'treat her?

'What would I *ſay*, Madam!—That's eaſily an-'ſwered. I would *ſay* nothing. Can you think ſuch 'uſage, and to ſuch a young Lady, is to be borne?

'Come, come, Nancy, be not ſo haſty: You have 'heard but one ſide; and that there is *more* to be ſaid 'is plain, by your reading to me but parts of her 'Letters. They are her Parents. *They* muſt know 'beſt. Miſs Harlowe, as fine a child as ſhe is, muſt 'have *done* ſomething, muſt have *ſaid* ſomething '(You know how they loved her) to make them treat 'her thus.

'But if *ſhe* ſhould be blameleſs, Madam, how does 'your own ſuppoſition condemn *them?*'

Then came up Solmes's great Eſtate; his good management of it—'A little too NEAR indeed,' was the word!—[*O how money-lovers*, thought I, *will palliate!* Yet my Mother is a princeſs in ſpirit to this Solmes!]

'What ſtrange effects, added ſhe, have Prepoſſeſſion 'and Love upon young Ladies?'

I don't know how it is, my dear; but people take high delight in finding out folks in Love. Curioſity *begets* Curioſity: I believe that's the thing.

She proceeded to praiſe Mr. Lovelace's perſon, and his qualifications natural and acquired: But then ſhe would judge as *Mothers* will judge, and as *Daughters* are very loth to judge:—But could ſay nothing in anſwer to your offer of living ſingle; and breaking with him—if—if—[three or four *If's* ſhe made of one good one, If] *that* could be depended on.

But ſtill *obedience without reſerve*, reaſon what I will, is the burden of my Mother's ſong: And This, for *my* ſake, as well as for *yours*.

I muſt needs ſay, that I think duty to Parents is a very meritorious excellence: But I bleſs God I have not your trials. We can all be good when we have no temptation nor provocation to the contrary:—But

few

few young perſons (who can help themſelves too as you can) would bear what you bear.

I will now mention all that is upon my mind, in relation to the behaviour of your Father and Uncles, *and the reſt of them*, becauſe I would not offend you: But I have now a higher opinion of my own ſagacity, than ever I had, in that I could never cordially love any one of your family but yourſelf. I am not *born* to like them. But it is my *duty* to be ſincere to my *friend:* And this will excuſe her Anna Howe to Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe.

I ought indeed to have excepted your Mother; a Lady to be reverenced; and now to be pitied. What muſt have been her treatment, to be thus ſubjugated, as I may call it? Little did the good old Viſcount think, when he married his darling, his only Daughter to ſo well-appearing a gentleman, and to her own liking too, that ſhe would have been ſo much kept down. Another would call your Father a Tyrant, if I muſt not: All the world that know him, *do* call him ſo; and if you love your Mother, you ſhould not be very angry at the world for taking that liberty.

Yet, after all, I cannot help thinking, that ſhe is the leſs to be pitied, as ſhe may be ſaid (be the Gout, or what will, the occaſion of his moroſeneſs) to have long behaved unworthy of her birth and fine qualities, in yielding ſo much as ſhe yields to encroaching ſpirits [You may confine the reflection to your Brother, if it will pain you to extend it]; and This for the ſake of preſerving a temporary peace to herſelf; which was the leſs worth endeavouring to preſerve, as it always produced a ſtrength in the will of others, and was followed by a weakneſs in her own, which ſubjected her to an arbitrarineſs that of courſe grew, and became eſtabliſhed, upon her patience.—And now to give up the moſt deſerving of her children (againſt her judgment) a ſacrifice to the ambition and ſelfiſhneſs of the leaſt deſerving!—But I fly from this ſubject—having,

I fear, ſaid too much to be forgiven—and yet much leſs than is in my heart to ſay upon the over-meek ſubject.

Mr. Hickman is expected from London this evening. I have deſired him to enquire after Lovelace's life and converſation in town. If he has not enquired, I ſhall be very angry with him. Don't expect a very good account of either. He is certainly an intriguing wretch, and full of inventions.

Upon my word, I moſt heartily deſpiſe that Sex! I wiſh they would let our Fathers and Mothers alone; teazing *them* to teaze *us* with their golden promiſes, and proteſtations, and ſettlements, and the reſt of their oſtentatious nonſenſe. How charmingly might you and I live together, and deſpiſe them all!—But to be cajoled, wire-drawn, and enſnared, like ſilly birds, into a ſtate of bondage, or vile ſubordination: To be courted as Princeſſes for a few weeks, in order to be treated as Slaves for the reſt of our lives—Indeed, my dear, as you ſay of Solmes, I cannot endure them!—But for your relations [*friends* no more will I call them, unworthy as they are even of the *other* name!] to take ſuch a wretch's price as That; and to the cutting off all reverſions from his own family!—How muſt a mind but commonly juſt reſiſt ſuch a meaſure!

Mr. Hickman ſhall ſound Lord M. upon the ſubject you recommend. But beforehand, I can tell you what he and what his Siſter will ſay, when they *are* ſounded. Who would not be proud of ſuch a relation as Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe?—Mrs. Forteſcue told me, that they are all your very great admirers.

If I have not been clear enough in my advice about what you ſhall do, let me ſay, that I can give it in one word: It is only by re-urging you to RESUME. If you do, all the reſt will follow.

We are told here, that Mrs. Norton, as well as your Aunt Hervey, has given her opinion on the *implicit* ſide of the queſtion. If ſhe can think, that the

part ſhe has had in your education, and your own admirable talents and acquirements, are to be thrown away upon ſuch a worthleſs creature as Solmes, I could heartily quarrel with her. You may think I ſay this to leſſen your regard for the good woman. And perhaps not wholly without cauſe, if you do. For, to own the truth, methinks, I don't love her ſo well as I ſhould do, did you love her ſo apparently leſs, that I could be out of doubt, that you love me better.

Your Mother tells you, 'That you will have 'great trials: That you are under your Father's *diſ-* '*cipline.*'—The word is enough for me to deſpiſe them who give occaſion for its uſe.—'That it is out 'of her power to help you!' And again: 'That 'if you have any favour to hope for, it muſt be by 'the mediation of your Uncles.' I ſuppoſe you will write to the Oddities, ſince you are forbid to ſee them.—But can it be, that ſuch a Lady, ſuch a Siſter, ſuch a Wife, ſuch a Mother, has no influence in her own family? Who, indeed, as you ſay, if this be ſo, would marry, that can live ſingle? My choler is again beginning to riſe. RESUME, my dear:—And that is all I will give myſelf time to ſay further, leſt I offend you when I cannot ſerve you.—Only this, that I am

Your truly affectionate Friend and Servant,

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXVIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Friday, March 10.

YOU will permit me, my dear, to touch upon a few paſſages in your laſt Letter, that affect me ſenſibly.

In the firſt place, you muſt allow me to ſay, low as I am in ſpirits, that I am very angry with you for

your reflections on my relations, particularly on my Father and Mother, and on the memory of my Grandfather. Nor, my dear, does your *own* Mother always eſcape the keen edge of your vivacity. One cannot one's *ſelf* forbear to write or ſpeak freely of thoſe we love and honour, when grief from imagined hard treatment wrings the heart: But it goes againſt one to hear any-body elſe take the ſame liberties. Then you have ſo very ſtrong a manner of expreſſion where you take a diſtaſte, that when paſſion has ſubſided, and I come (upon reflection) to ſee by *your* ſeverity what I have given occaſion for, I cannot help condemning myſelf.

But leaſt of all can I bear that you ſhould reflect upon my Mother. What my dear, if her meekneſs ſhould not be rewarded? Is the want of reward, or the want even of a grateful acknowledgment, a reaſon for us to diſpenſe with what we think our duty? They were my Father's lively ſpirits that firſt made him an intereſt in her gentle boſom. They were the ſame ſpirits turned inward, as I have heretofore obſerved (*a*), that made him ſo impatient when the cruel malady ſeized him. He always loved my Mother: And would not LOVE and PITY, *excuſably*, nay *laudably*, make a good Wife (who was an hourly witneſs of his pangs, when labouring under a paroxyſm, and his paroxyſms becoming more and more frequent, as well as more and more ſevere) give up her own will, her own likings, to oblige a Huſband, thus afflicted, whoſe love for *her* was unqueſtionable? —And if ſo, was it not too natural [Human nature is not perfect, my dear] that the Huſband thus humoured by the Wife, ſhould be unable to bear controul from any-body elſe? much leſs contradiction from his children?

If then you would avoid my higheſt diſpleaſure, you muſt ſpare my Mother: And, ſurely, you will

(*a*) See p. 32.

allow me, with her, to pity, as well as to love and honour my Father.

I have no friend but you to whom I can appeal, to whom I dare complain. Unhappily circumſtanced as I am, it is but too probable that I *ſhall* complain, becauſe it is but too probable that I ſhall have more and more cauſe given me *for* complaint. But be it your part, if I do, to ſooth my angry paſſions, and to ſoften my reſentments; and this the rather, as you know what an influence your advice has upon me; and as you *muſt* alſo know, that the freedoms you take with my friends, can have no other tendency, but to weaken the ſenſe of my duty to them, without anſwering any good end to myſelf.

I cannot help owning, however, that I am pleaſed to have you join with me in opinion of the contempt which Solmes deſerves from me. But yet, permit me to ſay, that he is not *quite* ſo horrible a creature as you make him: As to his *Perſon*, I mean; for with regard to his *Mind*, by all I have heard, you have done him but juſtice: But you have ſuch a talent at an ugly likeneſs, and ſuch a vivacity, that they ſometimes carry you out of veriſimilitude. In ſhort, my dear, I have known you, in more inſtances than one, ſit down reſolved to write all that wit, rather than ſtrict juſtice, could ſuggeſt upon the given occaſion. Perhaps it may be thought, that I ſhould ſay the leſs on this particular ſubject, becauſe your diſlike of him ariſes from love to me: But ſhould it not be our aim to judge of ourſelves, and of every-thing that affects us, as we may reaſonably imagine other people would judge of us, and of our actions?

As to the advice you give, to reſume my Eſtate, I am determined not to litigate with my Father, let what will be the conſequence to myſelf. I may give you, at another time, a more particular anſwer to your reaſonings on this ſubject: But, at preſent, will only obſerve, that it is my opinion, that Lovelace himſelf

himſelf would hardly think me worth addreſſing, were he to know *this* to be my reſolution. Theſe *Men*, my dear, with all their flatteries, look forward to the PERMANENT. Indeed, it is fit they ſhould. For Love muſt be a very fooliſh thing to look back upon, when it has brought perſons born to affluence into indigence, and laid a generous mind under obligation and dependence.

You very ingeniouſly account for the Love we bear to one another, from the *difference* in our tempers. I own, I ſhould not have thought of That. There may poſſibly be ſomething in it: But whether there be, or not, whenever I am cool, and give myſelf time to reflect, I will love you the better for the correction you give me, be as ſevere as you will upon me. Spare me not therefore, my dear friend, whenever you think me in the leaſt faulty. I love your agreeable raillery: You know I always did: Nor, however *over*-ſerious you think me, did I ever think you *flippant*, as you harſhly call it. One of the firſt conditions of our mutual friendſhip was, that each ſhould ſay or write to the other whatever was upon her mind, without any offence to be taken: A condition, that is indeed indiſpenſable in friendſhip.

I knew your Mother would be for implicit obedience in a child. I am ſorry my caſe is ſo circumſtanced, that I *cannot* comply. It would be my duty to do ſo, if I could. You are indeed very happy, that you have nothing but your own agreeable, yet whimſical, humours to contend with, in the choice ſhe invites you to make of Mr. Hickman. How happy ſhould I be, to be treated with ſo much lenity!—I ſhould bluſh to have *my* Mother ſay, that ſhe *begged* and *prayed* me, and all in vain, to encourage a man ſo unexceptionable as Mr. Hickman.

Indeed, my beloved Miſs Howe, I am aſhamed to have your Mother ſay, with ME in her view, 'What 'ſtrange effects have Prepoſſeſſion and Love upon

'young

'young creatures of our Sex!' This touches me the more ſenſibly, becauſe you yourſelf, my dear, are ſo ready to *perſuade* me into it.

I ſhould be very blameable to endeavour to hide any the leaſt byas upon my mind, from you: And I cannot but ſay—that this man—this Lovelace—is a man that might be liked well enough, if he bore ſuch a character as Mr. Hickman bears; and even if there were hopes of reclaiming him. And further ſtill I will acknowledge, that I believe it poſſible that one might be driven, by violent meaſures, ſtep by ſtep, as it were, into ſomething that might be called—I don't know what to call it—A *conditional kind of liking*, or ſo. But as to the word LOVE—juſtifiable and charming as it is in ſome caſes (that is to ſay, in all the *relative*, in all the *ſocial*, and, what is ſtill beyond *both*, in all our *ſuperior* duties, in which it may be properly called *divine*); it has, methinks, in the narrow, circumſcribed, ſelfiſh, peculiar ſenſe, in which you apply it to me (the man too ſo little to be approved of for his morals, if all that report ſays of him be true) no pretty ſound with it. Treat me as freely as you will in all other reſpects, I will love you, as I have ſaid, the better for your friendly freedom: But, methinks, that I could be glad, that you would not let this imputation paſs ſo glibly from *your* pen, or *your* lips, as attributable to one of your *own Sex*, whether *I* be the perſon or not: Since the *other* muſt have a *double* triumph, when a perſon of your delicacy (armed with ſuch contempts of them all, as you would have one think) can give up a friend, with an exultation over her weakneſs, as a ſilly, love-ſick creature!

I could make ſome other obſervations upon the contents of your laſt two Letters; but my mind is not free enough at preſent. The occaſions for the above ſtuck with me; and I could not help taking the earlieſt notice of them.

Having written to the end of my ſecond ſheet, I will

will cloſe this Letter, and in my next acquaint you with all that has happened here ſince my laſt.

LETTER XXIX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Saturday, March 11.

I HAVE had ſuch taunting meſſages, and ſuch repeated avowals of ill offices, brought me from my Brother and Siſter, if I do not comply with their wills (delivered, too, with provoking ſaucineſs by Betty Barnes) that I have thought it proper, before I entered upon my intended addreſs to my Uncles, in purſuance of the hint given me in my Mother's Letter, to expoſtulate a little with *them*. But I have done it in ſuch a manner, as will give you (if you pleaſe to take it as you have done ſome parts of my former Letters) great advantage over me. In ſhort, you will have more cauſe than ever, to declare me far gone in Love, if my *reaſons* for the change of my ſtyle in theſe Letters, with regard to Mr. Lovelace, do not engage your more favourable opinion.—For I have thought proper to give them their own way; and, ſince they will have it, that I have a preferable regard for Mr. Lovelace, I give them cauſe rather to confirm their opinion than doubt it.

Theſe are my reaſons in brief, for the alteration of my ſtyle.

In the firſt place, they have grounded their principal argument for my compliance with their will, upon my acknowledgment that my heart is free; and ſo, ſuppoſing I give up no preferable perſon, my oppoſition has the look of downright obſtinacy in their eyes; and they argue, that, at worſt, my averſion to Solmes is an averſion that may be eaſily ſurmounted, and *ought* to be ſurmounted in duty to my Father, and for the promotion of family-views.

Next, altho' they build upon this argument in order

to

to ſilence me, they ſeem not to believe me, but treat me as diſgracefully, as if I were in love with one of my Father's footmen :—So that my *conditional* willingneſs to give up Mr. Lovelace has procured me no favour.

In the next place, I cannot but think, that my Brother's antipathy to Mr. Lovelace is far from being well-grounded: The man's inordinate paſſion for the Sex is the crime that is always rung in my ears: And a very great one it is: But, does my Brother recriminate upon him thus in love to *me*?—No—His whole behaviour ſhews me, that That is not his principal motive, and that he thinks me rather in his way than otherwiſe.

It is then the call of juſtice, as I may ſay, to ſpeak a little in favour of a man, who, altho' provoked by my Brother, did not do him all the miſchief he could have done him, and which my Brother had endeavoured to do *him*. It might not be amiſs therefore, I thought, to alarm them a little with an apprehenſion, that the methods they are a taking with me are the very reverſe of thoſe they *ſhould* take to anſwer the end they deſign by them. And after all, what is the compliment I make Mr. Lovelace, if I *allow* it to be thought, that I do *really* prefer him to ſuch a man as him they terrify me with? Then, my Miſs Howe [concluded I] accuſes me of a tameneſs which ſubjects me to inſults from my Brother: I will keep that dear friend in my eye; and for *all* theſe conſiderations, try what a little of *her* ſpirit will do—ſit it ever ſo aukwardly upon me.

In this way of thinking, I wrote to my Brother and Siſter. This is my Letter to him.

TReated as I am treated, and, in a great meaſure, if not *wholly*, by *your* inſtigations, Brother, you muſt permit me to expoſtulate with you upon the occaſion. It is not my *intention* to diſpleaſe you in what I am

I am going to write: And yet I muſt deal freely with you. The occaſion calls for it.

And permit me, in the firſt place, to remind you, That I am your *Siſter*; and not your *Servant*; and that, therefore, the bitter revilings and paſſionate language brought me from you, upon an occaſion in which you have no reaſon to preſcribe to me, are neither worthy of my character to bear, nor of yours to offer.

Put the caſe, that I *were* to marry the man you diſlike; and that he were *not* to make a polite or tender Huſband, Is that a reaſon for you to be an unpolite and diſobliging Brother?—Why muſt you, Sir, anticipate my misfortunes, were ſuch a caſe to happen?—Let me tell you plainly, that the man who could treat me as a *Wife*, worſe than you of late have treated me as a *Siſter*, muſt be a barbarous man indeed.

Aſk yourſelf, I pray you, Sir, If you would thus have treated your Siſter Bella, had *ſhe* thought fit to receive the addreſſes of the man ſo much hated by you?—If not, let me caution you, my Brother, not to take your meaſures by what you think *will be borne*, but rather by what *ought to be offered*.

How would *you* take it, if you had a Brother, who, in a like caſe, were to act by *you*, as you do by *me*?—You cannot but remember what a Laconic anſwer you gave even to my Father, who recommended to you Miſs Nelly D'Oily—*You did not like her*, were your words: And that was thought ſufficient.

You muſt needs think, that I cannot but know to *whom* to attribute my diſgraces, when I recollect my Father's indulgence to me, in permitting me to decline ſeveral offers; and to *whom*, that a common cauſe is endeavoured to be made, in favour of a man whoſe perſon and manners are more exceptionable than thoſe of any of the gentlemen I have been permitted to refuſe.

I offer

I offer not to compare the two men together: Nor is there indeed the leaſt compariſon to be made between them. All the difference to the *one*'s diſadvantage, if I *did*, is but in one point—Of the greateſt importance, indeed—But to whom of *moſt* importance?—To *myſelf*, ſurely, were I to encourage his application:—Of the leaſt to *you*. Nevertheleſs, if you do not, by your ſtrange politics, unite *that man* and *me* as joint-ſufferers in one cauſe, you ſhall find me as much reſolved to renounce *him*, as I am to refuſe the *other*. I have made an overture to this purpoſe: I hope you will not give me reaſon to confirm my apprehenſions, that it will be owing to *you* if it be not accepted.

It is a ſad thing to have it to ſay, without being conſcious of ever having given you cauſe of offence, that I have in *you* a Brother, but not a Friend.

Perhaps you will not condeſcend to enter into the reaſons of your late and preſent conduct with a fooliſh Siſter. But if *politeneſs*, if *civility*, be not due to that character, and to my Sex, *juſtice* is.

Let me take the liberty further to obſerve, that the principal end of a young man's education at the Univerſity, is, to learn him to reaſon juſtly, and to ſubdue the violence of his paſſions. I hope, Brother, that you will not give room for any-body who knows us both, to conclude, that the Toilette has taught the *one* more of the latter doctrine, than the Univerſity has taught the *other*. I am truly ſorry to have cauſe to ſay, that I have heard it often remarked, that your uncontrouled paſſions are not a credit to your liberal education.

I hope, Sir, that you will excuſe the freedom I have taken with you: You have given me too much reaſon for it, and you have taken much greater with me, *without* reaſon:—ſo, if you are offended, ought to look at the cauſe, and not at the effect:—Then examining yourſelf, that cauſe will ceaſe, and there will

not

not be any-where a more accompliſhed gentleman than my Brother.

Siſterly affection, I do aſſure you, Sir, (unkindly as you have uſed *me*) and not the pertneſs which of late you have been ſo apt to impute to me, is my motive in this hint. Let me invoke your returning kindneſs, my *only Brother!* And give me cauſe, I beſeech you, to call you my *compaſſionating Friend*. For I am, and ever will be,

Your affectionate Siſter,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

This is my Brother's Anſwer.

To Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE.

I Know, there will be no end of your impertinent ſcribble, if I don't write to you. I write therefore: But, without entering into argument with ſuch a conceited and pert preacher and queſtioner, it is, to forbid you to plague me with your quaint nonſenſe. I know not what Wit in a woman is good for, but to make her over-value herſelf, and deſpiſe every other perſon. Yours, Miſs Pert, has ſet you above your duty, and above being taught or preſcribed to, either by Parents, or any-body elſe—But go on, Miſs: your mortification will be the greater; That's all, child. It *ſhall*, I aſſure you, if I can make it ſo, ſo long as you prefer that villainous Lovelace (who is juſtly hated by all your family) to every-body. We ſee by your Letter now (what we too juſtly ſuſpected before) moſt evidently we ſee, the hold he has got of your forward heart. But the ſtronger the hold, the greater muſt be the force (and you ſhall have enough of that) to tear ſuch a miſcreant from it. In me, notwithſtanding your ſaucy lecturing, and your ſaucy reflections before, you are ſure of a Friend, as well as of a Brother, if it be not your own fault.

But

But if you will ſtill think of ſuch a wretch as that Lovelace, never expect either Friend or Brother in

JA. HARLOWE.

I will now give you a copy of my Letter to my Siſter; with her Anſwer.

IN what, my dear Siſter, have I offended you, that inſtead of endeavouring to ſoften my Father's anger againſt me (as I am ſure I ſhould have done for you, had my unhappy caſe been yours) you ſhould, in ſo hard-hearted a manner, join to aggravate not only *his* diſpleaſure, but my Mother's againſt me. Make but my caſe your own, my dear Bella; and ſuppoſe you were commanded to marry Mr. Lovelace (to whom you are believed to have an antipathy) would you not think it a very grievous injunction?—Yet cannot your diſlike to Mr. *Lovelace* be greater than mine is to Mr. *Solmes*. Nor are Love and Hatred voluntary paſſions.

My Brother may perhaps think it a proof of a *manly* ſpirit, to ſhew himſelf an utter ſtranger to the gentle paſſions. We have both heard him boaſt, that he never loved with diſtinction; and, having predominating paſſions, and checked in his firſt attempt, perhaps he never will. It is the leſs wonder then, raw from the College, ſo lately himſelf the *tutored*, that he ſhould ſet up for a tutor, a preſcriber to our gentler Sex, whoſe taſtes and manners are differently formed: For what, according to his account, are Colleges, but claſſes of Tyrants, from the Upper-ſtudents over the Lower, and from them to the Tutor?—That *he*, with ſuch *maſculine* paſſions, ſhould endeavour to controul and bear down an unhappy Siſter, in a caſe where his antipathy, and, give me leave to ſay, his ambition [Once you would have allowed the latter to be his fault] can be gratified by ſo doing, may not be quite ſo much to be wondered

at

at—But that a Sister should give up the cause of a Sister, and join with him to set her Father and Mother against her, in a case that might have been her own—Indeed, my Bella, this is not pretty in you.

There *was* a time that Mr. Lovelace was thought reclaimable, and when it was far from being deemed a censurable view to hope to bring back to the paths of virtue and honour, a man of his sense and understanding. I am far from wishing to make the experiment: But nevertheless will say, That if I have *not* a regard for him, the disgraceful methods taken to compel me to receive the addresses of such a man as Mr. Solmes, are enough to induce it.

Do you, my Sister, for one moment, lay aside all prejudice, and compare the two men in their births, their educations, their persons, their understandings, their manners, their air, and their whole deportments; and in their fortunes too, taking in reversions; and then judge of both: Yet, as I have frequently offered, I will live single with all my heart, if that will do.

I cannot thus live in displeasure and disgrace. I would, if I could, oblige all my friends. But will it be *just*, will it be *honest*, to marry a man I cannot endure? If I have not been used to oppose the will of my Father, but have always delighted to oblige and obey, judge of the strength of my antipathy, by the painful opposition I am obliged to make, and cannot help it.

Pity then, my dearest Bella, my Sister, my Friend, my Companion, my Adviser, as you used to be when I was happy, and plead for

Your ever-affectionate

CL. HARLOWE.

To Miſs CLARY HARLOWE.

LET it be pretty or not pretty in your wiſe opinion, I ſhall ſpeak my mind, I will aſſure you, both of you and your conduct in relation to this deteſted Lovelace. You are a fond fooliſh girl with all your wiſdom. Your Letter ſhews *that* enough in twenty places. And as to your cant of living ſingle, nobody will believe you. This is one of your *fetches* to avoid complying with your duty, and the will of the moſt indulgent parents in the world, as yours have been to you, I am ſure—Tho' now they ſee themſelves finely requited for it.

We all, indeed, once thought your temper ſoft and amiable: But why was it? You never was contradicted before. You had always your own way. But no ſooner do you meet with oppoſition in your wiſhes to throw yourſelf away upon a vile Rake, but you ſhew what you are. You cannot love Mr. Solmes! that's the pretence: But Siſter, Siſter, let me tell you, that is becauſe Lovelace has got into your fond heart: —A wretch hated, juſtly hated, by us all; and who has dipped his hands in the blood of your Brother: Yet *him* you would make our relation, would you?

I have no patience with you, but for putting the caſe of my liking ſuch a vile wretch as him. As to the encouragement you pretend he received formerly from all our family, it was before we knew him to be ſo vile: And the proofs that had ſuch force upon *us*, ought to have had ſome upon *you*:—And *would*, had you not been a fooliſh forward girl; as on this occaſion every-body ſees you are.

O how you run out in favour of the wretch!—His birth, his education, his perſon, his underſtanding, his manners, his air, his fortune—Reverſions too taken in to augment the ſurfeiting catalogue! What a fond ſtring of love-ſick praiſes is here! And yet you would live ſingle—Yes, I warrant!—when ſo many

many imaginary perfections dance before your dazzled eye!—But no more—I only deſire, that you will not, while you ſeem to have an ſuch opinion of your wit, think every one elſe a fool; and that you can at pleaſure, by your whining flouriſhes, make us all dance after your lead.

Write as often as you will, this ſhall be the laſt anſwer or notice you ſhall have upon this ſubject from

ARABELLA HARLOWE.

I had in readineſs a Letter for each of my Uncles; and meeting in the garden a ſervant of my Uncle Harlowe, I gave them to him to deliver according to their reſpective directions. If I am to form a judgment by the Anſwers I have received from my Brother and Siſter, as above, I muſt not, I doubt, expect any good from thoſe Letters. But when I have tried every expedient, I ſhall have the leſs to blame myſelf for, if any-thing unhappy ſhould fall out. I will ſend you copies of both, when I ſhall ſee what notice they will be thought worthy of, if of any.

LETTER XXX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Sunday Night, March 12.

THIS man, this Lovelace, gives me great uneaſineſs. He is extremely bold and raſh. He was this afternoon at our Church—In hopes to ſee me, I ſuppoſe: And yet, if he had ſuch hopes, his uſual intelligence muſt have failed him.

Shorey was at church; and a principal part of her obſervation was upon his haughty and proud behaviour when he turned round in the pew where he ſat to our family-pew. My Father and both my Uncles were there; ſo were my Mother and Siſter. My Brother happily was not.—They all came home in diſorder.

diſorder. Nor did the congregation mind any-body but him; it being his firſt appearance there, ſince the unhappy Rencounter.

What did the man come for, if he intended to look challenge and defiance, as Shorey ſays he did, and as others, it ſeems, thought he did, as well as ſhe? Did he come for *my* ſake; and, by behaving in ſuch a manner to thoſe preſent of my family, imagine he was doing me either ſervice or pleaſure?—He knows how they hate him: Nor will he take pains, would pains do, to obviate their hatred.

You and I, my dear, have often taken notice of his Pride; and you have rallied him upon it; and inſtead of exculpating himſelf, he has owned it: And by owning it he has thought he has done enough.

For my own part, I thought Pride in his caſe an improper ſubject for raillery.—People of birth and fortune to be proud, is ſo needleſs, ſo mean a vice!—If they *deſerve* reſpect, they will have it, without requiring it. In other words, for perſons to endeavour to gain reſpect by a haughty behaviour, is to give a proof that they miſtruſt their own merit: To make confeſſion that they *know* that their *actions* will not attract it.—Diſtinction or Quality may be prided in by thoſe to whom diſtinction or quality is a *new* thing. And then the reflection and contempt which ſuch bring upon themſelves by it, is a counter-balance.

Such added advantages too, as this man has in his perſon and mien: Learned alſo, as they ſay he is;—*Such* a man to be haughty, to be imperious!—The lines of his own face at the ſame time condemning him—how wholly inexcuſeable!—Proud of what? Not of doing well: The only *juſtifiable* Pride.—Proud of *exterior* advantages!—Muſt not one be led by ſuch a *ſtop-ſhort* pride, as I may call it, in him or her who has it, to miſtruſt the *interior?* Some people may indeed be afraid, that if they did not aſſume, they would be trampled upon. A very narrow fear, how-

ever, ſince they trample upon themſelves, who can fear *this*. But this man muſt be ſecure, that humility would be an ornament to him.

He has talents indeed: But thoſe talents and his perſonal advantages have been ſnares to him. It is plain they have. And this ſhews, that, weighed in an equal balance, he would be found greatly wanting.

Had my friends confided as they did at firſt, in that diſcretion which they do not accuſe me of being defective in, I dare ſay I ſhould have found him out: And then ſhould have been as reſolute to diſmiſs *him*, as I was to diſmiſs others, and as I *am* never to have Mr. *Solmes*. O that they did but know my heart!—It ſhall ſooner burſt, than voluntarily, uncompelled, undriven, dictate a meaſure that ſhall caſt a ſlur either upon Them, or upon my Sex.

Excuſe me, my dear friend, for theſe grave *ſoliloquies*, as I may call them. How have I run from reflection to reflection!—But the occaſion is recent—They are all in commotion below upon it.

Shorey ſays, that Mr. Lovelace watched my Mother's eye, and bowed to her: And ſhe returned the compliment. He always admired my Mother. She would not, I believe, have hated *him*, had ſhe not been *bid* to hate him; and had it not been for the Rencounter between him and her only Son.

Dr. Lewen was at church; and obſerving, as every one elſe did, the diſorder into which Mr. Lovelace's appearance had put all our family, was ſo good as to engage him in converſation, when the Service was over, till they were all gone to their coaches.

My Uncles had my Letters in the morning. They, as well as my Father, are more and more incenſed againſt me, it ſeems. Their Anſwers, if they vouchſafe to anſwer me, will demonſtrate, I doubt not, the unſeaſonableneſs of this raſh man's preſence at our church.

They are angry alſo, as I underſtand, with my Mother,

Mother, for returning his compliment. What an enemy is hatred, even to the common forms of civility! which, however, more diſtinguiſh the *payer* of a compliment, than the *receiver*. But they all ſee, they ſay, that there is but one way to put an end to his inſults. So I ſhall ſuffer: And in what will the raſh man have benefited himſelf, or mended his proſpects?

I am extremely apprehenſive that this worſe than ghoſt-like appearance of his, bodes ſome ſtill bolder ſtep. If he come hither (and very deſirous he is of my leave to come) I am afraid there will be murder. To avoid That, if there were no other way, I would moſt willingly be buried alive.

They are all in conſultation—Upon my Letters, I ſuppoſe—So they were in the morning; which occaſioned my Uncles to be at our church. I will ſend you the copies of thoſe Letters, as I promiſed in my laſt, when I ſee whether I can give you their Anſwers with them. This Letter is all—I cannot tell what—the effect of apprehenſion and diſpleaſure at the man who has occaſioned my apprehenſions. Six lines would have contained all that is in it to the purpoſe of my Story.

CL. H.

See p. 205, *for Mr. Lovelace's account of his behaviour and intentions in his appearance at their church.*

LETTER XXXI.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Monday, March 13.

IN vain doſt thou (*a*) and thy compeers preſs me to go to town, while I am in ſuch an uncertainty as I am in at preſent with this proud Beauty. All

(*a*) Theſe gentlemen affected what they called the Roman ſtyle (to wit, the *thee* and *thou*) in their Letters: And it was an agreed Rule with them, to take in good part whatever freedoms they treated each other with, if the paſſages were written in that ſtyle.

the ground I have hitherto gained with her, is entirely owing to her concern for the ſafety of people whom I have reaſon to hate.

Write then, thou biddeſt me, if I will not come. That, indeed, I can do; and as well without a ſubject, as with one. And what follows ſhall be a proof of it.

The Lady's malevolent Brother has now, as I told thee at M. Hall, introduced another man; the moſt unpromiſing in his perſon and qualities, the moſt formidable in his offers, that has yet appeared.

This man has by his propoſals captivated every ſoul of the Harlowes—*Soul!* did I ſay—There is not a ſoul among them but my Charmer's: And ſhe, withſtanding them All, is actually confined, and otherwiſe maltreated by a Father the moſt gloomy and poſitive; at the inſtigation of a Brother the moſt arrogant and ſelfiſh—But thou knoweſt their characters; and I will not therefore ſully my Paper with them.

But is it not a confounded thing to be in Love with one, who is the Daughter, the Siſter, the Niece, of a family I muſt eternally deſpiſe? And, the devil of at, That Love increaſing, with her—what ſhall I call it?—'Tis not ſcorn:—'Tis not pride:—'Tis not the inſolence of an adored Beauty:—But 'tis to *Virtue*, it ſeems, that my difficulties are owing; and I pay for not being a ſly ſinner, an hypocrite; for being regardleſs of my reputation; for permitting ſlander to open its mouth againſt me. But is it neceſſary for ſuch a one as I, who have been uſed to carry all before me, upon my own terms—I, who never inſpired a Fear, that had not a diſcernibly-predominant mixture of Love in it; to be an hypocrite?—Well ſays the poet:

He who ſeems virtuous does but act a part;
And ſhews not his own Nature, but his Art.

Well, but it ſeems I muſt *practiſe* for This Art, if

if I would ſucceed with this truly admirable creature! But why *practiſe* for it?—Cannot I *indeed* reform?—I have but *one* vice;—Have I, Jack?—Thou knoweſt my heart, if any man living does. As far as I know it myſelf, thou knoweſt it. But 'tis a curſed deceiver; for it has many and many a time impoſed upon its maſter—*Maſter*, did I ſay? That am I not now; nor have I been from the moment I beheld this angel of a woman. Prepared indeed as I was by her character before I ſaw her: For what a mind muſt that be, which tho' not virtuous itſelf, admires not virtue in another?—My viſit to Arabella, owing to a miſtake of the Siſters, into which, as thou haſt heard me ſay, I was led by the blundering Uncle; who was to introduce *me* (but lately come from abroad) to the *Divinity*, as I thought; but, inſtead of her, carried me to a *mere mortal*. And much difficulty had I, ſo fond and forward my Lady! to get off without forfeiting All with a family that I intended ſhould give me a Goddeſs.

I have boaſted, that I was once in love before:—And indeed I thought I was. It was in my early manhood—with that Quality-jilt, whoſe infidelity I have vowed to revenge upon as many of the Sex as ſhall come into my power. I believe, in different climes, I have already ſacrificed an Hecatomb to my Nemeſis, in purſuance of this vow. But upon recollecting what I was *then*, and comparing it with what I find myſelf *now*, I cannot ſay that I was ever in Love before.

What was it then, doſt thou aſk me, ſince the diſappointment had ſuch effects upon me, when I found myſelf jilted, that I was hardly kept in my ſenſes?—Why, I'll tell thee what, as near as I can remember; for it was a great while ago:—It was—Egad, Jack, I can hardly tell what it was—But a vehement aſpiration after a novelty, I think—Thoſe confounded Poets, with their terrenely-celeſtial deſcriptions, did as much

much with me as the Lady: They fired my imagination, and ſet me upon a deſire to become a goddeſs-maker. I muſt needs try my new-fledged pinions in Sonnet, Elogy, and Madrigal. I muſt have a Cynthia, a Stella, a Sachariſſa, as well as the beſt of them: Darts, and flames, and the devil knows what, muſt I give to my Cupid. I muſt create Beauty, and place it where nobody elſe could find it: And many a time have I been at a loſs for a *ſubject*, when my new-created goddeſs has been kinder than it was proper for my plaintive Sonnet that ſhe ſhould be.

Then I had a Vanity of *another* ſort in my paſſion: I found myſelf well received among the women in general; and I thought it a pretty *lady-like* tyranny [I was then very young, and very vain!] to ſingle out ſome *one* of the Sex, to make *half a ſcore* jealous. And I can tell thee, it had its effect: For many an eye have I made to ſparkle with rival indignation: Many a cheek glow; and even many a fan have I cauſed to be ſnapped at a Siſter-beauty; accompanied with a reflection perhaps at being ſeen alone with a wild young fellow who could not be in private with both at once.

In ſhort, Jack, it was more Pride than Love, as I now find it, that put me upon making ſuch a confounded rout about loſing this noble varleteſs. I thought ſhe loved me at leaſt as well as I believed I loved her: Nay, I had the vanity to ſuppoſe ſhe could not help it. My friends were pleaſed with my choice. They wanted me to be ſhackled: For early did they doubt my morals, as to the Sex. They ſaw, that the dancing, the ſinging, the muſical Ladies were all fond of my Company: For who [I am in a humour to be vain, I think!—for who] danced, who ſung, who touched the ſtring, whatever the inſtrument, with a better grace than thy friend?

I have no notion of playing the hypocrite ſo egregiouſly, as to pretend to be blind to qualifications which

which every one ſees and acknowledges. Such praiſe-begging hypocriſy! Such affectedly diſclaimed attributes: Such contemptible praiſe-traps!—But yet, ſhall my vanity extend only to *perſonals*, ſuch as the gracefulneſs of dreſs, my debonnaire, and my aſſureance—Self-taught, ſelf-acquired, theſe!—For my *Parts*, I value not myſelf upon *them*. Thou wilt ſay, I have no cauſe.—Perhaps not: But if I had anything valuable as to intellectuals, thoſe are not my own; and to be proud of what a man is anſwerable for the abuſe of, and has no merit in the right uſe of, is to ſtrut, like the jay, in borrowed plumage.

But to return to my fair jilt—I could not bear, that a woman, who was the firſt that had bound me in ſilken fetters [they were not iron ones, like thoſe I now wear] ſhould prefer a coronet to me: And when the bird was flown, I ſet more value upon it, than when I had it ſafe in my cage, and could viſit it when I pleaſed.

But now am I *indeed* in Love. I can think of nothing, of nobody, but the divine Clariſſa Harlowe—*Harlowe!*—How that hated word ſticks in my throat—But I ſhall give her for it the name of Love (*a*).

CLARISSA! *O there's muſic in the name,*
That, ſoft'ning me to infant tenderneſs,
Makes my heart ſpring like the firſt leaps of life!

But couldſt thou have believed that I, who think it poſſible for me to favour as much as I can be favoured; that I, who for this charming creature think of foregoing the *life of honour* for the *life of ſhackles*; could adopt thoſe over-tender lines of Otway?

I check myſelf, and leaving the three firſt Lines of the following of Dryden to the family of the whiners, find the workings of the paſſion in my ſtormy ſoul better expreſſed by the three laſt:

(*a*) Lovelace.

Love various minds does variouſly inſpire:
He ſtirs in gentle natures gentle fires;
Like that of incenſe on the altar laid.

But raging flames tempeſtuous ſouls invade:
A fire, which ev'ry windy paſſion blows;
With Pride it mounts, and with Revenge it glows.

And with REVENGE it *ſhall* glow!—For, doſt thou think, that if it were not from the hope, that this ſtupid family are all combined to do my work for me, I would bear their inſults?—Is it poſſible to imagine, that I would be braved as I am braved, threatned as I am threatned, by thoſe who are afraid to ſee me; and by this brutal Brother too, to whom I gave a life [A life, indeed, not worth my taking!]; had I not a greater pride in knowing, that by means of his very Spy upon me, I am playing him off as I pleaſe; cooling or inflaming his violent paſſions as may beſt ſuit my purpoſes; permitting ſo much to be revealed of my life and actions, and intentions, as may give him ſuch a confidence in his double-faced agent, as ſhall enable me to dance his employer upon my own wires?

This it is that makes my Pride mount above my Reſentment. By this engine, whoſe ſprings I am continually oiling, I play them all off. The buſy old tarpaulin Uncle I make but my embaſſador to Queen Annabella Howe, to engage her (for example-ſake to her Princeſsly daughter) to join in their cauſe, and to aſſert an authority they are reſolved, right or wrong, (or I could do nothing) to maintain.

And what my motive, doſt thou aſk? No leſs than this, That my Beloved ſhall find no protection out of my family; for, if I know *hers*, fly ſhe muſt, or have the man ſhe hates. This, therefore, if I take my meaſures right, and my Familiar fail me not, will ſecure her mine, in ſpite of them all; in ſpite of her own inflexible heart: Mine, without condition;

without

without reformation promiſes; without the neceſſity of a ſiege of years, perhaps; and to be even then, after wearing the guiſe of a merit-doubting hypocriſy, at an uncertainty, upon a probation unapproved of—Then ſhall I have all the raſcals and raſcaleſſes of the family come creeping to me: I preſcribing to them; and bringing that ſordidly-imperious Brother to kneel at the footſtool of my throne.

All my fear ariſes from the little hold I have in the heart of this charming Froſt-piece: Such a conſtant glow upon her lovely features: Eyes ſo ſparkling: Limbs ſo divinely turned: Health ſo florid: Youth ſo blooming: Air ſo animated—To have an heart ſo impenetrable: And *I*, the hitherto ſucceſsful Lovelace, the addreſſer—How can it be? Yet there are people, and I have talked with ſome of them, who remember that ſhe was *born*. Her nurſe Norton boaſts of her maternal offices in her earlieſt infancy; and in her education *gradatim*. So that there is full proof, that ſhe came not from above all at once an angel! How then can ſhe be ſo impenetrable?

But here's her miſtake; nor will ſhe be cured of it—She takes the man ſhe calls her Father [Her Mother had been faultleſs, had ſhe not been her Father's Wife]; ſhe takes the men ſhe calls her Uncles; the fellow ſhe calls her Brother; and the poor contemptible ſhe calls her Siſter; to *be* her Father, to *be* her Uncles, her Brother, her Siſter; and that, as ſuch, ſhe owes to ſome of them reverence, to others reſpect, let them treat her ever ſo cruelly!—Sordidities!—Mere cradle-prejudices!—For had they not been impoſed upon her by Nature, when ſhe was in a perverſe humour, or could ſhe have choſen her relations, Would any of *theſe* have been among them?

How my heart riſes at her preference of them to me, when ſhe is convinced of their injuſtice to me! Convinced, that the alliance would do honour to them

all—herſelf excepted; to whom every one owes honour; and from whom the moſt princely family might receive it. But how much more will my heart riſe with indignation againſt her, if I find ſhe heſitates but one moment (however perſecuted) about preferring me to the man ſhe avowedly hates! But ſhe cannot ſurely be ſo mean as to purchaſe her peace with them at ſo dear a rate. She cannot give a ſanction to projects formed in malice, and founded in a ſelfiſhneſs (and that at her own expence) which ſhe has ſpirit enough to deſpiſe in others; and ought to diſavow, that we may not think her a Harlowe.

By this incoherent ramble thou wilt gather, that I am not likely to come up in haſte; ſince I muſt endeavour firſt to obtain ſome aſſurance from the Beloved of my ſoul, that I ſhall not be ſacrificed to ſuch a wretch as Solmes! Woe be to the Fair-one, if ever ſhe be *driven* into my power (for I deſpair of a voluntary impulſe in my favour) and I find a difficulty in obtaining this ſecurity.

That her indifference to me is not owing to the ſuperior liking ſhe has for *any* other man, is what rivets my chains: But take care, Fair-one; take care, O thou moſt exalted of female minds, and lovelieſt of perſons, how thou debaſeſt thyſelf, by encouraging ſuch a competition as thy ſordid relations have ſet on foot in mere malice to me!—Thou wilt ſay I rave. And ſo I do:

Perdition catch my ſoul, but I do *love her.*

Elſe, could I bear the perpetual revilings of her implacable family?—*Elſe*, could I baſely creep about—not her proud Father's houſe—but his paddock—and garden-walls?—Yet (a quarter of a mile's diſtance between us) not hoping to behold the leaſt glimpſe of her ſhadow?—*Elſe*, ſhould I think myſelf repaid, amply repaid, if the fourth, fifth, or ſixth midnight ſtroll, thro' unfrequented paths, and over briery incloſures,

cloſures, affords me a few cold lines; the even *expected* purport only to let me know, that ſhe values the moſt worthleſs perſon of her very worthleſs family, more than ſhe values me; and that ſhe would not write at all, but to induce me to bear inſults, which *un-man* me to bear?—My lodging in the intermediate way, at a wretched alehouſe; diſguiſed like an inmate of it: Accommodations equally vile, as thoſe I met with in my Weſtphalian journey. 'Tis well, that the neceſſity for all This ariſes not from ſcorn and tyranny! but is firſt impoſed upon herſelf!

But was ever hero in Romance (fighting with giants and dragons excepted) called upon to harder trials?—Fortune and family, and reverſionary grandeur, on my ſide! Such a wretched fellow my competitor!—Muſt I not be deplorably in Love, that can go thro' theſe difficulties, encounter theſe contempts?—By my ſoul, I am half-aſhamed of myſelf: I, who am perjured too, by priority of obligation, if I am faithful to any woman in the world!

And yet, why ſay I, I am half-aſhamed?—Is it not a glory to love *her* whom every one who ſees her, either loves, or reveres, or both? Dryden ſays,

The Cauſe of Love can never be aſſign'd:
'Tis in no face;—But in the Lover's mind.

—And Cowley thus addreſſes Beauty as a mere imaginary:

Beauty! thou wild fantaſtic ape,
Who doſt in ev'ry country change thy ſhape:
Here black; there brown; here tawny; and there white;
Thou flatt'rer! who comply'ſt with ev'ry ſight!
Who haſt no certain What, nor Where.

But both theſe, had they been her cotemporaries, and known her, would have confeſſed themſelves miſtaken: And, taking together perſon, mind, and behaviour,

viour, would have acknowledged the *juſtice* of the univerſal voice in her favour.

——*Full many a Lady*
I've ey'd with beſt regard; and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear. For ſev'ral *virtues*
Have I liked ſev'ral *women. Never any*
With ſo full ſoul, but ſome defect in her
Did quarrel with the nobleſt grace ſhe ow'd,
And put it to the foil. *But* SHE!—*O* SHE!
So perfect and ſo peerleſs is created,
Of ev'ry creature's beſt. Shakeſp.

Thou art curious to know, If I have not ſtarted a new game?—If it be poſſible for ſo univerſal a Lover to be confined ſo long to one object? Thou knoweſt nothing of this charming creature, that thou canſt put ſuch queſtions to me; or thinkeſt thou knoweſt me better than thou doſt. All that's excellent in her Sex is this Lady!—Until by MATRIMONIAL, or EQUAL intimacies, I have found her *leſs than angel*, it is impoſſible to think of any other. Then there are ſo many ſtimulatives to ſuch a ſpirit as mine in this affair, *beſides* Love: Such a field for ſtratagem and contrivance, which thou knoweſt to be the delight of my heart. Then the rewarding end of all!—To carry off ſuch a girl as this, in ſpite of all her watchful and implacable friends; and in ſpite of a prudence and reſerve that I never met with in any of the Sex:—What a triumph!—What a triumph over the whole Sex!—And then ſuch a Revenge to gratify; which is only at preſent politically reined in, eventually to break forth with the greater fury—Is it poſſible, thinkeſt thou, that there can be room for a thought that is not *of* her, and devoted *to* her?

*** ***

By the advices I have this moment received, I have reaſon to think, that I ſhall have occaſion for thee

here. Hold thyſelf in readineſs to come down upon the firſt ſummons.

Let Belton, and Mowbray, and Tourville, likewiſe prepare themſelves. I have a great mind to contrive a method to ſend James Harlowe to travel for improvement. Never was there Booby-'Squire that more wanted it. *Contrive* it, did I ſay? I have *already* contrived it; could I but put it in execution without being ſuſpected to have a hand in it. This I am reſolved upon; If I have not his *Siſter*, I will have *Him*.

But be This as it may, there is a preſent likelihood of room for *glorious* miſchief. A confederacy had been for *ſome time* formed againſt me; but the Uncles and the Nephew are *now* to be double-ſervanted [*ſingle*-ſervanted they were before]; and thoſe ſervants are to be *double*-armed when they attend their maſters abroad. This indicates their reſolute enmity to me, and as reſolute favour to Solmes.

The reinforced orders for this hoſtile apparatus are owing it ſeems to a viſit I made yeſterday to their Church—A good place I thought to begin a Reconciliation in; ſuppoſing the heads of the family to be Chriſtians, and that they meant ſomething by their prayers. My hopes were to have an invitation (or, at leaſt, to gain a pretence) to accompany home the gloomy Sire; and ſo get an opportunity to ſee my goddeſs: For I believed they durſt not but be *civil* to me, at leaſt. But they were filled with terror it ſeems at my entrance; a terror they could not get over. I ſaw it indeed in their countenances; and that they all expected ſomething extraordinary to follow.—And ſo it *ſhould* have done, had I been more ſure than I am of their Daughter's favour. Yet not a hair of any of their ſtupid heads do I intend to hurt.

You ſhall all have your directions in writing, if there be occaſion. But after all, I dare ſay there will be no need but to ſhew your faces in my company.

Such

Such faces never could four men ſhew—Mowbray's ſo fierce and ſo fighting: Belton's ſo pert and ſo pimply: Tourville's ſo fair and ſo foppiſh: Thine ſo rough and ſo reſolute: And *I* your Leader!—What hearts, altho' meditating hoſtility, muſt thoſe be which we ſhall not appall?—Each man occaſionally attended by a ſervant or two, long ago choſen for qualities reſembling thoſe of his maſter.

Thus, Jack, as thou deſireſt, have I written.—Written upon Something; upon Nothing; upon REVENGE, which I love; upon LOVE, which I hate, *heartily* hate, becauſe 'tis my maſter: And upon the devil knows what beſides:—For, looking back, I am amazed at the length of it. *Thou* may'ſt read it: *I* would not for a King's ranſom—But ſo as I do *but* write, thou ſayeſt thou wilt be pleaſed.

Be pleaſed then. I *command* thee to be pleaſed: If not for the writer's or written's ſake, for thy word's ſake. And ſo in the royal ſtyle (for I am not likely to be thy King and thy Emperor in the great affair before us?) I bid Thee very heartily

Farewel.

LETTER XXXII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Tueſday, March 14.

I Now ſend you copies of my Letters to my Uncles: With their Anſwers. Be pleaſed to return the latter by the firſt depoſit. I leave them for *you* to make remarks upon. *I* ſhall make none.

To JOHN HARLOWE, *Eſq*;

Sat. March 11.

ALLOW me, my honoured Second Papa, as in my happy days you taught me to call you, to implore your intereſt with my Papa, to engage him

to diſpenſe with a command, which, if inſiſted upon, will deprive me of my free-will, and make me miſerable for my whole life.

For my *whole life!* let me repeat: Is that a ſmall point, my dear Uncle, to give up? Am not *I* to live with the man? Is any-body elſe? Shall I not therefore be allowed to judge for myſelf, whether I *can*, or *cannot*, live *happily* with him?

Should it be ever ſo *unhappily*, will it be prudence to complain, or appeal? If it were, to whom could I appeal with *effect* againſt a huſband? And would not the invincible and avowed diſlike I have for him at *ſetting out*, ſeem to juſtify any ill uſage from him, *in that State*, were I to be ever ſo obſervant of him? And if I were to be at all obſervant of him, it muſt be from Fear, not Love.

Once more, let me repeat, That this is not a *ſmall* point to give up: And that it is *for life*. Why, I pray you, good Sir, ſhould I be made miſerable for *life?* Why ſhould I be deprived of all comfort, but that which the hope that it would be a very ſhort one, would afford me?

Marriage is a very ſolemn engagement, enough to make a young creature's heart ake, with the *beſt* proſpects, when ſhe thinks ſeriouſly of it!—To be given up to a ſtrange man; To be engrafted into a ſtrange family; To give up her very Name, as a mark of her becoming his abſolute and dependent property; To be obliged to prefer this ſtrange man to Father, Mother—to every-body:—And his humours to all her own—Or to contend perhaps, in breach of a vowed duty, for every innocent inſtance of free-will—To go no whither; To make acquaintance; To give up acquaintance; To renounce even the ſtricteſt friendſhips perhaps; all at his pleaſure, whether ſhe think it reaſonable to do ſo or not: Surely, Sir, a young creature ought not to be obliged to make all theſe ſacrifices but for ſuch a man as ſhe can love.—If ſhe be,

be, how ſad muſt be the caſe!—How miſerable the life, if it be called *life!*

I wiſh I could obey you all. What a pleaſure would it be to me, if I could!—*Marry firſt, and Love will come after*, was ſaid by one of my deareſt friends: But this is a ſhocking aſſertion. A thouſand things may happen to make that ſtate but barely tolerable, where it is entered into with *mutual affection:* What muſt it then be, where the Huſband can have no confidence in the Love of his Wife; but has reaſon rather to queſtion it, from the preference he *himſelf* believes ſhe would have given to ſomebody elſe, had ſhe had her own option? What doubts, what jealouſies, what want of tenderneſs, what unfavourable prepoſſeſſions, will there be, in a Matrimony thus circumſtanced! How will every look, every action, even the moſt innocent, be liable to miſconſtruction!—While, on the other hand, an indifference, a careleſſneſs to oblige, may take place; and Fear *only* can conſtrain even an *appearance* of what ought to be the effect of undiſguiſed Love!

Think ſeriouſly of theſe things, dear good Sir, and repreſent them to my Father in that ſtrong light which the ſubject will bear; but in which my Sex, and my tender years and inexperience, will not permit me to paint it; and uſe your powerful intereſt, that your poor Niece may not be conſigned to a miſery ſo durable.

I offered to engage not to marry at all, if that condition may be accepted. What a diſgrace is it to me to be thus ſequeſtred from company, thus baniſhed my Papa's and Mamma's preſence; thus ſlighted and deſerted by you, Sir, and my other kind Uncle! And to be hindered from attending at that Public Worſhip, which, were I *out* of the way of my duty, would be moſt likely to reduce me *into* the right path again!—Is *this* the way, Sir; can *this* be thought to be the way to be taken with a free and open ſpirit?

May

May not this ſtrange method rather harden than convince? I cannot bear to live in diſgrace thus: The very ſervants ſo lately permitted to be under my own direction, hardly daring to ſpeak to me; my own ſervant diſcarded with high marks of undeſerved ſuſpicion and diſpleaſure, and my Siſter's maid ſet over me.

The matter may be too far puſhed.—Indeed it may.—And then, perhaps, every one will be ſorry for their parts in it.

May I be permitted to mention an expedient?—'If I *am* to be watched, baniſhed, and confined; Suppoſe, Sir, it were to be at *your* houſe?'—Then the neighbouring gentry will the leſs wonder, that the perſon of whom they uſed to think ſo favourably, appear not at church here; and that ſhe received not their viſits.

I hope, there can be no objection to This. You uſed to love to have me with you, Sir, when all went *happily* with me: And will you not now permit me, in my *troubles*, the favour of your houſe, till all this diſpleaſure be overblown?—Upon my word, Sir, I will not ſtir out of doors, if you require the contrary of me: Nor will I ſee any-body, but whom you will allow me to ſee; provided Mr. Solmes be not brought to perſecute me there.

Procure, then, this favour for me; if you cannot procure the ſtill greater, that of a happy Reconciliation (which nevertheleſs I preſume to hope for, if *you* will be ſo good as to plead for me); and you will then add to thoſe favours, and to that indulgence, which have bound me, and will for ever bind me to be

Your dutiful and obliged Niece,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

The ANSWER.

My dear Niece, *Sunday Night.*

IT grieves me to be forced to deny you any-thing you aſk. Yet it *muſt* be ſo; for unleſs you can bring

bring your mind to oblige us in this one point, in which our promiſes and honour were engaged before we believed there could be ſo ſturdy an oppoſition, you muſt never expect to be what you have been to us all.

In ſhort, Niece, we are an *embattled phalanx*. Your reading makes you a ſtranger to nothing, but what you ſhould be moſt acquainted with—So you will ſee by that expreſſion, that we are not to be pierced by your perſuaſions, and invincible perſiſtence. We have agreed *all* to be moved, or *none*; and not to comply without one another. So you know your deſtiny; and have nothing to do but to yield to it.

Let me tell you, the virtue of obedience lies not in obliging when you can be obliged again—But give up an inclination, and there is ſome merit in That.

As to your expedient; You ſhall not come to my houſe, Miſs Clary; tho' this is a prayer I little thought I ever ſhould have denied you: For were you to keep your word as to ſeeing nobody but whom we pleaſe, yet can you *write* to ſomebody elſe, and receive Letters from him: This we too well know you can, and have done—More is the ſhame and the pity!

You offer to live ſingle, Miſs—*We* wiſh you married: But becauſe you may not have the man your heart is ſet upon, why, truly, you will have nobody we ſhall recommend: And as we know, that ſomehow or other you correſpond with him, or at leaſt did, as long as you could; and as he defies us all, and would not dare to do ſo, if he were not ſure of you in ſpite of us all (which is not a little vexatious to us, you muſt think); we are reſolved to fruſtrate him, and triumph over him, rather than that he ſhould triumph over us: That's one word for all. So expect not any advocateſhip from me: I will not plead for you; and that's enough. From

Your diſpleaſed Uncle,

JOHN HARLOWE.

P. S. For the reſt, I refer to my Brother Antony.

To

To ANTONY HARLOWE, *Eſq*;

Honoured Sir, *Saturday*, *March* 11.

AS you have thought fit to favour Mr. Solmes with your particular recommendation, and was very earneſt in his behalf, ranking him (as you told me, upon introducing him to me) among your ſelect friends; and expecting my regards to him accordingly; I beg your patience, while I offer a few things, out of many that I could offer, to your ſerious conſideration, on occaſion of his *addreſs* to me, if I am to uſe that word.

I am charged with prepoſſeſſion in another perſon's favour. You will be pleaſed, Sir, to remember, that till my Brother returned from Scotland, that other perſon was not abſolutely diſcouraged, nor was I forbid to receive his viſits. I believe it will not be pretended, that in birth, education, or perſonal endowments, a compariſon can be made between the two. And only let me aſk you, Sir, if the one would have been thought of for me, had he not made ſuch offers, as, upon my word, I think, *I* ought not in juſtice to accept of, nor *he* to propoſe: Offers, which if *he* had not made, I dare ſay, my *Papa* would not have required them of him.

But the one, it ſeems, has many faults:—Is the other *faultleſs?*—The principal thing objected to Mr. Lovelace (and a very inexcuſable one) is, that he is immoral in his Loves—Is not the other in his Hatreds?—Nay, as I may ſay, in his Loves too (the object only differing) if *the love of money* be *the root of all evil.*

But, Sir, if I am prepoſſeſſed, what has Mr. Solmes to hope for?—Why ſhould he perſevere? What muſt I think of the man who would wiſh me to be his Wife againſt my inclination?—And is it not a very harſh thing for my friends to deſire to ſee me married to one I *cannot* love, when they will not be perſuaded but that there is one whom I *do* love?

Treated

Treated as I am, now is the time for me to ſpeak out, or never.—Let me review what it is Mr. Solmes depends upon on this occaſion. Does he believe, that the diſgrace which I ſuffer on his account, will give him a merit with me? Does he think to win my eſteem, thro' my Uncles ſternneſs to me; by my Brother's contemptuous Uſage; by my Siſter's unkindneſs; by being denied to viſit, or be viſited; and to correſpond with my choſen friend, altho' a perſon of unexceptionable honour and prudence, and of my own Sex; my ſervant to be torn from me, and another ſervant ſet over me; to be confined, like a priſoner, to narrow and diſgraceful limits, in order *avowedly* to mortify me, and to break my ſpirit; to be turned out of that family-management which I loved, and had the greater pleaſure in it, becauſe it was an eaſe, as I thought, to my Mamma, and what my Siſter choſe not; and yet, tho' time hangs heavy upon my hands, to be ſo put out of my courſe, that I have as little inclination as liberty to purſue any of my choice delights?—Are theſe ſteps neceſſary to reduce me to a level ſo low, as to make me a fit Wife for this man?—Yet theſe are all he can have to truſt to—And if his reliance is on theſe meaſures, I would have him to know, that he miſtakes *meekneſs* and *gentleneſs* of diſpoſition for *ſervility* and *baſeneſs* of heart.

I beſeech you, Sir, to let the natural turn and bent of *his* mind and *my* mind be conſidered: What are his qualities, by which he would hope to win my eſteem?—Dear, dear Sir, if I *am* to be compelled, let it be in favour of a man that can read and write—That can *teach* me ſomething: For what a Huſband muſt that man make, who can do nothing but command; and needs himſelf the inſtruction he ſhould be qualified to give?

I may be conceited, Sir; I may be vain of my little reading; of my writing; as of late I have more than once been told I am—But, Sir, the more unequal the propoſed

propoſed match, if ſo: The better opinion I have of myſelf, the worſe I muſt have of him; and the more unfit are we for each other.

Indeed, Sir, I muſt ſay, I thought my friends had put a higher value upon me. My Brother pretended once, that it was owing to ſuch value, that Mr. Lovelace's addreſs was prohibited.—Can this be; and ſuch a man as Mr. Solmes be intended for me?

As to his propoſed Settlements, I hope I ſhall not incur your greater diſpleaſure, if I ſay, what all who know me have reaſon to think (and ſome have upbraided me for) that I *deſpiſe* thoſe motives. Dear, dear Sir, what are Settlements to one who has as much of her own as ſhe wiſhes for?—Who has more in her own power, as a ſingle perſon, than it is probable ſhe would be permitted to have at her diſpoſal, as a Wife?—Whoſe expences and ambition are moderate; and who, if ſhe had ſuperfluities, would rather diſpenſe them to the neceſſitous, than lay them by her uſeleſs? If then ſuch narrow motives have ſo little weight with me for my *own* benefit, ſhall the remote and uncertain view of family-aggrandizement, and that in the perſon of my *Brother* and his *deſcendants*, be thought ſufficient to influence me?

Has the behaviour of that Brother to me of late, or his conſideration for the family (which had ſo little weight with him, that he could chuſe to hazard a life ſo juſtly precious as an only Son's, rather than not gratify paſſions which he is above attempting to ſubdue, and, give me leave to ſay, has been too much indulged in, either with regard to his own good, or the peace of any-body related to him; Has his behaviour, I ſay) deſerved of *me* in particular, that I ſhould make a ſacrifice of my temporal (and, who knows? of my eternal) happineſs, to promote a plan formed upon *chimerical*, at leaſt upon *unlikely* contingencies; as I will undertake to demonſtrate, if I may be permitted to examine it?

I am

I am afraid you will condemn my warmth: But does not the occaſion require it? To the want of a greater degree of earneſtneſs in my oppoſition, it ſeems, it is owing, that ſuch advances have been made, as have been made. Then, dear Sir, allow ſomething, I beſeech you, for a ſpirit raiſed and embittered by diſgraces, which (knowing my own heart) I am confident to ſay, are unmerited.

But why have I ſaid ſo much, in anſwer to the ſuppoſed charge of prepoſſeſſion, when I have declared to my Mamma, as now, Sir, I do to You, that if it be not inſiſted upon that I ſhall marry any other perſon, particularly this Mr. Solmes, I will enter into any engagements never to have the other, nor any man elſe, without their conſents; that is to ſay, without the conſents of my Father and Mother, and of you my Uncle, and my elder Uncle, and my Couſin Morden, as he is one of the Truſtees for my Grandfather's bounty to me?—As to my Brother indeed, I cannot ſay, that his treatment of me has been of late ſo brotherly, as to entitle him to more than civility from me: And for *this*, give me leave to add, he would be very much my debtor.

If I have not been explicit enough in declaring my diſlike to Mr. Solmes (that the *prepoſſeſſion* which is charged upon me may not be ſuppoſed to influence me againſt him) I do declare ſolemnly, That, were there no ſuch man as Mr. Lovelace in the world, I would not have Mr. Solmes. It is neceſſary, in ſome *one* of my Letters to my dear friends, that I ſhould write ſo clearly as to put this matter out of all doubt: And to whom can I better addreſs myſelf with an explicitneſs that can admit of no miſtake, than to that Uncle who profeſſes the higheſt regard for plain-dealing and ſincerity?

Let me then, for theſe reaſons, be ſtill more particular in ſome of my exceptions to him.

Mr. Solmes appears to me (to all the world indeed)

to

to have a very narrow mind, and no great capacity: He is coarſe and indelicate; as rough in his manners as in his perſon: He is not only narrow, but covetous: Being poſſeſſed of great wealth, he enjoys it not; nor has the ſpirit to communicate to a diſtreſs of any kind. Does not his own Siſter live unhappily, for want of a little of his ſuperfluities? And ſuffers he not his aged Uncle, the Brother of his own Mother, to owe to the generoſity of ſtrangers the poor ſubſiſtence he picks up from half-a-dozen families?—You know, Sir, my open, free, communicative temper: How unhappy muſt I be, circumſcribed in his narrow, ſelfiſh circle! out of which, being with-held by this diabolical parſimony, he dare no more ſtir, than a conjurer out of his; nor would let me.

Such a man as this, *love!*—Yes, perhaps he may, my Grandfather's Eſtate; which he has told ſeveral perſons (and could not reſiſt hinting the ſame thing to me, with that ſort of pleaſure which a low mind takes, when it intimates its *own intereſt* as a ſufficient motive for it to expect *another's favour*) lies ſo extremely convenient for him, that it would double the value of a conſiderable part of his own. That Eſtate, and an alliance which would do credit to his obſcurity and narrowneſs, may make him think he *can* love, and induce him to believe he *does:* But at moſt, it is but a ſecond-place Love. Riches were, are, and always will be, his predominant paſſion. *His* were left him by a miſer, on this very account: And I muſt be obliged to forego all the choice delights of my life, and be as mean as he, or elſe be quite unhappy. Pardon, Sir, this ſeverity of expreſſion—One is apt to ſay more than one would, of a perſon one diſlikes, when more is ſaid in his favour than he can poſſibly deſerve; and when he is urged to my acceptance with ſo much vehemence, that there is no choice left me.

Whether theſe things be perfectly ſo, or not, while I *think* they are, it is impoſſible I ſhould ever look upon

upon Mr. Solmes in the light he is offered to me. Nay, were he to be proved ten times better than I have repreſented him, and ſincerely think him; yet would he be ſtill ten times more diſagreeable to me than any other man I know in the world. Let me therefore beſeech you, Sir, to become an advocate for your Niece, that ſhe may not be made a victim to a man ſo highly diſguſtful to her.

You and my other Uncle can do a great deal for me, if you pleaſe, with my Papa. Be perſuaded, Sir, that I am not governed by obſtinacy in this caſe; but by averſion; an averſion I cannot overcome: For, if I have but *endeavoured* to reaſon with myſelf (out of regard to the duty I owe to my Father's will) my heart has recoiled, and I have been averſe to myſelf, for offering but to argue with myſelf, in behalf of a man who, in the light he appears to me, has no one merit; and who, knowing this averſion, could not perſevere as he does, if he had the ſpirit of a man.

If, Sir, you can think the contents of this Letter reaſonable, I beſeech you to ſupport them with your intereſt: If not—I ſhall be moſt unhappy?—Nevertheleſs, it is but juſt in me ſo to write, as that Mr. Solmes may know what he has to truſt to.

Forgive, dear Sir, this tedious Letter; and ſuffer it to have weight with you; and you will for ever oblige

Your dutiful and affectionate Niece,

CL. HARLOWE.

Mr. ANTONY HARLOWE, *To Miſs* CL. HARLOWE, *Niece* CLARY,

YOU had better not write to us, or to any of us. To me, particularly, you had better never to have ſet pen to paper, on the ſubject whereupon you have written. *He that is firſt in his own cauſe*, ſaith the wiſe man, *ſeemeth juſt: But his neighbour cometh and ſearcheth him.* And ſo, in this reſpect, I will be your *neighbour*; for I will ſearch your heart to the bottom;

bottom; that is to ſay, if your Letter be written from your heart. Yet do I know what a taſk I have undertaken, becauſe of the knack you are noted for at writing: But in defence of a Father's authority, in behalf of the good, and honour, and proſperity of a family one comes of, what a hard thing would it be, if one could not beat down all the arguments a *Rebel* child (How loth I am to write down that word of Miſs Clary Harlowe!) can bring, in behalf of her obſtinacy!

In the firſt place, Don't you declare (and that contrary to your declarations to your Mother; remember that, girl!) that you prefer the man we all hate, and who hates us as bad!—Then what a character have you given of a worthy man! I wonder you dare write ſo freely of one we all reſpect—But poſſibly it may be for that very reaſon.

How you begin your Letter!—Becauſe I value Mr. Solmes as my friend, you treat him the worſe—That's the plain Dunſtable of the Matter, Miſs!—I am not ſuch a fool but I can ſee That.—And ſo a noted whoremonger is to be choſen before a man who is a money-lover!—Let me tell you, Niece, this little becomes ſo nice a one as you have been always reckoned. Who, think you, does moſt injuſtice, a prodigal man or a ſaving man?—The one ſaves his own money; the other ſpends other peoples. But your favourite is a ſinner in grain, and upon record.

The devil's in your Sex! God forgive me for ſaying ſo—The niceſt of them will prefer a vile Rake and Wh—— I ſuppoſe I muſt not repeat the word:—The *Word* will offend, when the *Vicious* denominated by that word will be choſen! I had not been a Bachelor to this time, if I had not ſeen ſuch a maſs of contradictions in you all.—Such *gnat-ſtrainers* and *camel ſwallowers*, as venerable Holy Writ has it.

What names will perverſeneſs call things by!—A prudent man, who intends to be juſt to every-body,

is a covetous man!—While a vile, profligate Rake is chriſtened with the appellation of a gallant man; and a polite man, I'll warrant you!

It is my firm opinion, Lovelace would not have ſo much regard for you as he profeſſes; but for two reaſons. And what are theſe?—Why, out of ſpite to all of us—one of them: The other, becauſe of your independent fortune. I wiſh your good Grandfather had not left what he did ſo much in your own power, as I may ſay. But little did he imagine his beloved Grand-daughter would have turned upon all her friends as ſhe has done!

What has Mr. Solmes to hope for, if you are prepoſſeſſed! Hey-day! Is this *you*, Couſin Clary!—Has he then nothing to hope for from your Father's, and Mother's, and Our recommendations?—No, nothing at all, it ſeems!—O brave!—I ſhould think that *this*, with a dutiful child, as we took you to be, was *enough*. Depending on this your duty, we proceeded: And now there is no help for it: For we will not be balked: Neither ſhall our friend Mr. Solmes, I can tell you that.

If your *Eſtate is convenient for him*, what then? Does that (pert Couſin) make it out that he does not love you? He had need to expect ſome good *with* you, that has ſo little good to hope for *from* you; mind that. But pray, is not this Eſtate *our* Eſtate, as we may ſay? Have we not *all* an intereſt in it, and a prior right, if right were to have taken place? And was it more than a good old man's dotage, God reſt his ſoul! that gave it you before us all?—Well then, ought we not to have a choice who ſhall have it in marriage with you? And would you have the conſcience to wiſh us to let a vile fellow who hates us all, run away with it?—You bid me weigh what you write: Do you weigh this, girl: And it will appear we have more to ſay for ourſelves than you was aware of.

As

As to your hard treatment, as you call it, thank yourſelf for That. It may be over when you will: So I reckon nothing upon that. You was not baniſhed and confined till all entreaty and fair ſpeeches were tried with you: Mind that. And Mr. Solmes can't help *your* obſtinacy.—Let that be obſerved too.

As to being viſited, and viſiting; you never was fond of either: So that's a grievance put into the ſcale to make weight.—As to diſgrace, that's as bad to us as to you: So fine a young creature! So much as we uſed to brag of you!—And too-beſides, this is all in your power, as the reſt.

But your heart recoils, when you would perſuade yourſelf to obey your Parent—Finely deſcribed, is it not!—Too truly deſcribed, I own, as you go on. I know, that you may love him if you will. I had a good mind to bid you hate him; then, perhaps, you would like him the better: For I have always found a moſt horrid romantic perverſeneſs in your Sex.—To *do* and to *love* what you ſhould not, is meat, drink, and veſture, to you all.

I am abſolutely of your Brother's mind, *That reading and writing*, tho' not too much for the wits of you young girls, are too much for your judgments.—You ſay, you *may be* conceited, Couſin; you *may be* vain!—And ſo you *are*, to deſpiſe this gentleman as you do. He can read and write as well as *moſt* gentlemen, I can tell you *that*. Who told you Mr. Solmes cannot read and write? *But you muſt have a Huſband who can learn you ſomething!*—I wiſh you knew but your *duty* as well as you do your talents—That, Niece, you have of late days to learn; and Mr. Solmes will therefore find ſomething to inſtruct you in. I will not ſhew him this Letter of yours, tho' you ſeem to deſire it, leſt it ſhould provoke him to be too ſevere a ſchoolmaſter, when you are his'n.

But when I think of it, ſuppoſe you *are* readier at your pen than he—You will make the more uſeful

wife to him; won't you? For who ſo good an œconomiſt as you?—And you may keep all his accounts, and ſave yourſelves a Steward.—And, let me tell you, this is a fine advantage in a family: For thoſe Stewards are often ſad dogs, and creep into a man's Eſtate before he knows where he is; and not ſeldom is he forced to pay them intereſt for his own money.

I know not why a good wife ſhould be above theſe things. It is better than lying abed half the day, and junketing and card-playing all the night, and making yourſelves wholly uſeleſs to every good purpoſe in your own families, as is now the faſhion among ye—The duce take you all that do ſo, ſay I!—Only that, thank my Stars, I am a Bachelor.

Then this is a province you are admirably verſed in: You grieve that it is taken from you *here*, you know. So here, Miſs, with Mr. Solmes you will have ſomething to keep account of, for the ſake of you and your children: With the other, perhaps you will have an account to keep, too—But an account of what will go over the left ſhoulder: Only of what he ſquanders, what he borrows, and what he owes, and never will pay. Come, come, Couſin, you know nothing of the world; a man's a man; and you may have many partners in a handſome man, and coſtly ones too, who may laviſh away all you ſave. Mr. Solmes therefore for my money, and I hope for yours.

But Mr. Solmes is a coarſe man. He is not delicate enough for your niceneſs; becauſe I ſuppoſe he dreſſes not like a fop and a coxcomb, and becauſe he lays not himſelf out in complimental nonſenſe, the poiſon of female minds. He is a man of ſenſe, I can tell you. No man talks more to the purpoſe to *us*: But you fly him ſo, that he has no opportunity given him, to expreſs it to *you*: And a man who loves, if he have ever ſo much ſenſe, looks like a fool; eſpecially when he is deſpiſed, and treated as you treated him the laſt time he was in your company.

As to his Siſter; ſhe threw herſelf away (as you want to do) againſt his full warning: For he told her what ſhe had to truſt to, if ſhe married where ſhe did marry. And he was as good as his word; and ſo an honeſt man ought: Offences againſt warning ought to be ſmarted for. Take care this be not your caſe. Mind that.

His *Uncle* deſerves no favour from *him*; for he would have circumvented Mr. Solmes, and got Sir Oliver to leave to himſelf the Eſtate he had always deſigned for him his Nephew; and brought him up in the hope of it. *Too ready forgiveneſs does but encourage offences:* That's your good Father's maxim: And there would not be ſo many headſtrong daughters as there are, if this maxim were kept in mind.—Puniſhments are of ſervice to offenders; Rewards ſhould be only to the meriting: And I think the former are to be dealt out rigorouſly, in wilful caſes.

As to his Love; he ſhews it but too much for your deſervings, as they have been of late; let me tell you That: And This is *his* misfortune; and may in time perhaps be *yours*.

As to his Parſimony, which you wickedly call diabolical [a very free word in your mouth, let me tell ye] Little reaſon have *you* of all people for this, on whom he propoſes, of his own accord, to ſettle all he has in the world: A proof, let him love *Riches* as he will, that he loves *you* better. But that you may be without excuſe on this ſcore, we will tie him up to your own terms, and oblige him by the marriage-articles to allow you a very handſome quarterly ſum to do what you pleaſe with. And this has been told you before; and I have ſaid it to Mrs. Howe (that good and worthy Lady) before her proud daughter, that you might hear of it again.

To contradict the charge of prepoſſeſſion to Lovelace, you offer never to have him without our conſents: And what is This ſaying, but that you will hope

on for our conſents, and to wheedle and tire us out? Then he will always be in expectation while you are ſingle: And we are to live on at this rate (are we?) vexed by you, and continually watchful about you; and as continually expoſed to his inſolence and threats. Remember laſt Sunday, girl!—What *might* have happened, had your Brother and he met?—Moreover, you cannot do with ſuch a ſpirit as his, as you can with worthy Mr. Solmes: The one you make tremble; the other will make you quake—Mind that—And you will not be able to help yourſelf. And remember, that if there ſhould be any miſunderſtanding between *one* of them and you, we ſhould all interpoſe; and with effect, no doubt: But with the *other*, it would be *ſelf-do*, *ſelf-have*; and who would either care or dare to put in a word for you? Nor let the ſuppoſition of matrimonial differences frighten you: Honey-moon laſts not now-a-days above a fortnight; and Dunmow Flitch, as I have been informed, was *never* claimed; tho' ſome ſay *once* it was. Marriage is a queer State, child, whether paired by the parties or by their friends. Out of three Brothers of us, you know, there was but one had courage to marry. And why was it, do you think? We were wiſe by other peoples experience.

Don't deſpiſe money ſo much: You may come to know the value of it: That is a piece of *inſtruction* that you *are to learn*; and which, according to your *own* notions, Mr. Solmes will be *able to teach you.*

I do indeed *condemn your warmth.* I will not *allow for diſgraces you bring upon yourſelf.* If I thought them *unmerited*, I would be your advocate. But it was always my notion, that Children ſhould not diſpute their Parents authority. When your Grandfather left his Eſtate to you, tho' his three Sons, and a Grandſon, and your elder Siſter, were in being, we all acquieſced: And why? Becauſe it was our Father's doing. Do you imitate that example: If you will not,

thoſe

thoſe who ſet it you have the more reaſon to hold you inexcuſable. Mind that, Couſin.

You mention your Brother too ſcornfully: And, in your Letter to him, are very diſreſpectful; and ſo indeed you are to your Siſter, in the Letter you wrote to her. Your Brother, Madam, is your Brother; a third older than yourſelf; and a *Man*: And pray be ſo good as not to forget what is due to a Brother, (who, next to us three Brothers) is the head of the family; and on whom the name depends—As upon your dutiful compliance depends the ſucceſs of the nobleſt plan that ever was laid down for the honour of the family you are come of. And pray now let me aſk you, If the honour of That will not be an honour to you?—If you don't think ſo, the more unworthy you. You ſhall ſee the plan, if you promiſe not to be prejudiced againſt it right or wrong. If you are not beſotted to that man, I am ſure you will like it. If you are, were Mr. Solmes an angel, it would ſignify nothing: For the devil is Love, and Love is the devil, when it gets into any of your heads. Many examples have I ſeen of that.

If there were no ſuch man as Lovelace in the world, you would not have Mr. Solmes.—You *would not*, Miſs!—Very pretty, truly!—We *ſee* how your ſpirit is *embittered* indeed.—Wonder not, ſince it is come to your *will not's*, that thoſe who have authority over you, ſay, *You ſhall have the other.* And I am one, Mind that. And if it behoves YOU *to ſpeak out*, Miſs, it behoves US not to *ſpeak in.* What's *ſauce for the gooſe is ſauce for the gander*: Take That in your thought too.

I humbly apprehend, that Mr. Solmes *has the ſpirit of a man, and a gentleman.* I would admoniſh you therefore not to provoke it. He pities you as much as he loves you. He ſays, He will convince you of his Love by deeds, ſince he is not permitted by you to expreſs it by words. And all his dependence is

upon your generoſity hereafter. We hope he *may* depend upon That: We encourage him to think he may. And this heartens him up. So that you may lay his conſtancy at your Parents and your Uncles doors; and This will be another mark of your duty, you know.

You muſt be ſenſible, that you reflect upon your Parents, and all of us, when you tell me you cannot in *juſtice* accept of the Settlements propoſed to you. This reflection we ſhould have wondered at from you once; but now we don't.

There are many other very cenſurable paſſages in this free Letter of yours; but we muſt place them to the account of your *embittered* ſpirit. I am glad you mentioned that word, becauſe we ſhould have been at a loſs what to have called it.—I ſhould much rather nevertheleſs have had reaſon to give it a better name.

I love you dearly ſtill, Miſs. I think you, tho' my Niece, one of the fineſt young gentlewomen I ever ſaw. But, upon my conſcience, I think you ought to obey your Parents, and oblige me, and my Brother John: For you know very well, that we have nothing but your good at heart: Conſiſtently indeed with the good and honour of *all* of us. What muſt we think of any one of it, who would not promote the good of the whole? and who would ſet one part of it againſt another?—Which God forbid, ſay I!—You ſee I am for the good of *all*. What ſhall *I* get by it, let things go as they will? Do I want anything of any-body for my own ſake?—Does my Brother John?—Well, then, Couſin Clary, What would you be at, as I may ſay?

O but You can't love Mr. Solmes!—But, I ſay, you know not *what* you can do. You *encourage* yourſelf in your diſlike. You *permit* your heart (little did I think it was ſuch a froward one) to *recoil*. Take it to taſk, Niece; *drive it on* as faſt as it *recoils* [We do ſo in all our Sea-fights, and Land fights too, by our Sailors

Sailors and Soldiers, or we ſhould not conquer]; and we are all ſure you will overcome it. And why? Becauſe you *ought*. So *we* think, whatever *you* think: And whoſe thoughts are to be preferred? You may be *wittier* than we; but, if you are *wiſer*, we have lived ſome of us, let me tell you, to very little purpoſe thirty or forty years longer than you.

I have written as long a Letter as yours. I may not write in ſo lively, or ſo polite a ſtyle as my Niece: But I think I have all the argument on my ſide: And you will vaſtly oblige me, if you will ſhew me by your compliance with all our deſires, that you think ſo too. If you do not, you muſt not expect an Advocate, or even a Friend, in me, dearly as I love you. For then I ſhall be ſorry to be called

Your Uncle,

Tueſday, Two in the Morning. ANTONY HARLOWE.

Poſtſcript.

You muſt ſend me no more Letters: But a compliable one you may ſend. But I need not have forbid you; for I am ſure, this, by fair argument, is unanſwerable—I know it is. I have written day and night, I may ſay, ever ſince Sunday Morning, only church time, or the like of that: But this is the laſt, I can tell you, from

ANT. H.

LETTER XXXIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Thurſday, March 16.

HAVING met with ſuch bad ſucceſs in my application to my Relations, I have taken a ſtep that will ſurpriſe you. It is no other than writing a Letter to Mr. Solmes himſelf. I ſent it; and have his Anſwer. He had certainly help in it. For I have ſeen a Letter of his; as indifferently worded, as poorly

ſpelt. Yet the ſuperſcription is of *his* dictating, I dare ſay; for he is a formal wretch. With theſe, I ſhall incloſe one from my Brother to me, on occaſion of mine to Mr. Solmes. I did think that it was poſſible to diſcourage the man from proceeding; and if I could have done that, it would have anſwered all my wiſhes. It was worth the trial. But you'll ſee nothing will do. My Brother has taken his meaſures too ſecurely.

To ROGER SOLMES, *Eſq;*

SIR, *Wedneſday, March* 15.

YOU will wonder to receive a Letter from me; and more ſtill at the uncommon ſubject of it. But the neceſſity of the caſe will juſtify me, at leaſt in my own apprehenſion; and I ſhall therefore make no other apology for it.

When you firſt came acquainted with our family, you found the writer of This one of the happieſt creatures in the world; beloved by the beſt and moſt indulgent of parents; and rejoicing in the kind favour of two affectionate Uncles, and in the eſteem of every one.

But how is this happy ſcene now changed!—You was pleaſed to caſt a favourable eye upon me. You addreſſed yourſelf to my friends: Your propoſals were approved of by them—approved of without conſulting me; as if my choice and happineſs were of the leaſt ſignification. Thoſe who had a right to all reaſonable obedience from me, inſiſted upon it without reſerve. I had not the felicity to think as they did; almoſt the firſt time my ſentiments differed from theirs. I beſought them to indulge me in a point ſo important to my future happineſs: But, alas, in vain! And then (for I thought it was but honeſt) I told *you* my mind; and even that my affections were engaged. But, to my mortification and ſurpriſe, you perſiſted, and ſtill perſiſt.

The

The conſequence of all is too grievous for me to repeat: You, who have ſuch free acceſs to the reſt of the family, know it too well—too well you know it, either for the credit of your own generoſity, or for my reputation. I am uſed, on your account, as I never before was uſed, and never before was thought to deſerve to be uſed; and this was the hard, the impoſſible condition of their returning favour, that I muſt prefer a man *to* all others, that *of* all others I cannot prefer.

Thus diſtreſſed, and made unhappy, and all for your ſake, and thro' your cruel perſeverance, I write, Sir, to demand of you the peace of mind you have robbed me of: To demand of you the Love of ſo many dear friends, of which you have deprived me; and, if you have the generoſity that ſhould diſtinguiſh a man, and a gentleman, to adjure you not to continue an addreſs that has been attended with ſuch cruel effects to the creature you profeſs to eſteem.

If you really value me, as my friends would make me believe, and as you have declared you do, muſt it not be a mean and ſelfiſh value? A value that can have no merit with the unhappy object of it, becauſe it is attended with effects ſo grievous to her? It muſt be for *your own ſake* only, not for *mine*. And even in this point you muſt be miſtaken; for, would a prudent man wiſh to marry one who has not a heart to give? Who cannot eſteem him? Who therefore muſt prove a bad Wife!—And how cruel would it be to make a poor creature a bad Wife, whoſe pride it would be to make a good one?

If I am capable of judging, our tempers and inclinations are vaſtly different. Any other of my Sex will make you happier than I can. The treatment I meet with, and the obſtinacy, as it is called, with which I ſupport myſelf under it, ought to convince you of this; were I *not* able to give ſo good a reaſon for this my ſuppoſed perverſeneſs, as that I cannot conſent to marry a man whom I cannot value.

But if, Sir, you have not ſo much generoſity in your value for me, as to deſiſt for *my own* ſake, let me conjure you, by the regard due to *yourſelf*, and to your own future happineſs, to diſcontinue your ſuit, and place your affections on a worthier object: For why ſhould you make *me* miſerable, and *yourſelf* not happy? By this means you will do all that is now in your power to reſtore to me the affection of my friends; and, if That can be, it will leave me in as happy a ſtate as you found me in. You need only to ſay, That you ſee there are no HOPES, as you will perhaps complaiſantly call it, of ſucceeding with me [And indeed, Sir, there cannot be a greater truth]; and that you will therefore no more think of me; but turn your thoughts another way.

Your compliance with this requeſt will lay me under the higheſt obligation to your generoſity, and make me ever

Your Well-wiſher, and humble Servant,

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

To Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Theſe moſt humbly preſent.

Deareſt Miſs,

YOUR Letter has had a very contrary effect upon me, to what you ſeem to have expected from it. It has double convinced me of the excellency of your mind, and of the honour of your diſpoſition. Call it *ſelfiſh*, or what you pleaſe, I muſt perſiſt in my ſuit; and happy ſhall I be, if by patience and perſeverance, and a ſteady and unalterable devoir, I may at laſt overcome the difficulty laid in my way.

As your good Parents, your Uncles, and other friends, are abſolutely determined you ſhall never have Mr. Lovelace, if they can help it; and as I preſume no other perſon is in the way; I will contentedly wait the iſſue of this matter. And forgive me, deareſt Miſs;

Miſs; but a perſon ſhould ſooner perſuade me to give up to him my Eſtate, as an inſtance of my generoſity, becauſe *he* could not be happy without it, than I would a much more valuable treaſure, to promote the felicity of another, and make his way eaſier to circumvent myſelf.

Pardon me, dear Miſs; but I muſt perſevere, tho' I am ſorry you ſuffer on my account, as you are pleaſed to think; for I never before ſaw the woman I could love: And while there is any hope, and that you remain undiſpoſed of to ſome happier man, I muſt and will be

Your faithful and obſequious Admirer,

March 16. ROGER SOLMES.

Mr. JAMES HARLOWE, *To Miſs* CL. HARLOWE.

March 16.

WHAT a fine whim you took into your head, to write a Letter to Mr. Solmes, to perſuade him to give up his pretenſions to you!—Of *all* the pretty romantic flights you have delighted in, this was certainly one of the moſt extraordinary. But to ſay nothing of what fires us all with indignation againſt you (your owning your prepoſſeſſion in a villain's favour, and your impertinence to Me, and your Siſter, and your Uncles; one of which has given it you home, child); how can you lay at Mr. Solmes's door the uſage you ſo bitterly complain of?—You know, little fool as you are, that it is your fondneſs for Lovelace that has brought upon you all theſe things; and which would have happened whether Mr. Solmes had honoured you with his addreſſes or not.

As you muſt needs know This to be true, conſider, pretty witty Miſs, if your fond love-ſick heart can let you conſider, what a fine figure all your expoſtulations with Us, and charges upon Mr. Solmes, make!—With what propriety do you *demand* of *him* to reſtore

to you your former happineſs (as you call it, and *merely* call it; for if you thought our favour ſo, you would reſtore it to yourſelf) ſince it is yet in your own power to do ſo? Therefore, Miſs Pert, none of your pathetics, except in the right place. Depend upon it, whether you have Mr. Solmes, or not, you ſhall never have your heart's delight, the vile Rake Lovelace, if our Parents, if our Uncles, if I, can hinder it. No! you fallen angel, you ſhall not give your Father and Mother ſuch a *Son*, nor me ſuch a *Brother*, in giving yourſelf that profligate wretch for a *Huſband*. And ſo ſet your heart at reſt, and lay aſide all thoughts of him, if ever you expect forgiveneſs, reconciliation, or a kind opinion, from any of your family; but eſpecially from him, who, at preſent, ſtyles himſelf

Your Brother,

JAMES HARLOWE.

P. S. I know your knack at Letter-writing. If you ſend me an anſwer to this, I will return it unopened; for I will not argue with your perverſeneſs in ſo plain a caſe.—Only once for all, I was willing to put you right as to Mr. Solmes; whom I think to blame to trouble his head about you.

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq*;

Friday, March 17.

I Receive, with great pleaſure, the early and chearful aſſurances of your Loyalty and Love. And let our principal and moſt truſty friends named in my laſt know that I do.

I would have thee, Jack, come down, as ſoon as thou canſt. I believe I ſhall not want the others ſo ſoon. Yet they may come down to Lord M's. I will be there, if not to receive them, to ſatisfy my Lord, that there is no new miſchief in hand, which will require his ſecond intervention.

For

For thyſelf, thou muſt be conſtantly with me: Not for my *Security*: The family dare do nothing but bully: They bark only at a diſtance: But for my *Entertainment*: That thou mayſt, from the Latin and the Engliſh Claſſics, keep my love ſick Soul from drooping.

Thou hadſt beſt come to me here, in thy old corporal's coat: Thy ſervant out of livery; and to be upon a familiar foot with me, as a diſtant relation, to be provided for by thy intereſt above—I mean not in Heaven, thou mayſt be ſure. Thou wilt find me at a little Alehouſe; they call it an Inn: The White Hart; moſt terribly wounded (but by the weather only) the Sign:—In a ſorry village; within five miles from Harlowe-Place. Every-body knows Harlow-Place; for, like Verſailles, it is ſprung up from a dunghill, within every elderly perſon's remembrance. Every poor body, particularly, knows it. But that only for a few years paſt, ſince a certain angel has appeared there among the ſons and daughters of men.

The people here at the Hart are poor, but honeſt; and have gotten it into their heads, that I am a man of quality in diſguiſe; and there is no reining in their officious reſpect. Here is a pretty little ſmirking Daughter; Seventeen, ſix days ago. I call her my Roſe-bud. Her grandmother (for there is no Mother) a good neat old woman, as ever filled a wicker chair in a chimney-corner, has beſought me to be merciful to her.

This is the right way with me. Many and many a pretty rogue had I ſpared, whom I did *not* ſpare, had my power been acknowledged, and my mercy in time implored. But the *Debellare ſuperbos* ſhould be my motto, were I to have a new one.

This ſimple chit (for there is a ſimplicity in her thou wouldſt be highly pleaſed with: All humble; all officious; all innocent—I love her for her humility, her officiouſneſs, and even for her *innocence*) will be

pretty

pretty amuſement to thee; while I combat with the weather, and dodge and creep about the walls and purlieus of Harlowe-Place. Thou wilt ſee in her mind, all that her ſuperiors have been taught to conceal, in order to render themſelves leſs natural, and of conſequence leſs pleaſing.

But I charge thee, that thou do not (what I would not permit myſelf to do for the world—I charge thee, that thou do not) crop my Roſe-bud. She is the only flower of fragrance, that has blown in this vicinage for ten years paſt; or will for ten years to come: For I have looked backward to the *have-been's*, and forward to the *will-be's*; having but too much leiſure upon my hands in my preſent waiting.

I never was ſo honeſt for ſo long together ſince my matriculation. It behoves me ſo to be—Some way or other, my receſs at this little Inn may be found out; and it will then be thought that my Roſe bud has attracted me. A report in my favour, from ſimplicities ſo amiable, may eſtabliſh me; for the Grandmother's relation to my Roſe-bud may be ſworn to: And the Father is an honeſt poor man: Has no joy, but in his Roſe-bud.—O Jack! ſpare thou therefore (for I ſhall leave thee often alone with her, ſpare thou) my Roſe-bud!—Let the rule I never departed from, but it coſt me a long regret, be obſerved to my Roſe-bud! Never to ruin a poor girl, whoſe ſimplicity and innocence were all ſhe had to truſt to; and whoſe fortunes were too low to ſave her from the rude contempts of worſe minds than her own, and from an indigence extreme: Such a one will only pine in ſecret; and at laſt, perhaps, in order to refuge herſelf from ſlanderous tongues and virulence, be induced to tempt ſome guilty ſtream, or ſeek her end in the knee-incircling garter, that, peradventure, was the firſt attempt of abandoned Love.—No defiances will my Roſe-bud breathe; no *ſelf*-dependent, *thee*-doubting watchfulneſs (indirectly challenging thy inventive machinations to do their worſt) will

will ſhe aſſume. Unſuſpicious of her danger, the Lamb's throat will hardly ſhun thy knife!—O be not thou the Butcher of my Lambkin!

The leſs be thou ſo, for the reaſon I am going to give thee—The gentle heart is touched by Love: Her ſoft boſom heaves with a paſſion ſhe has not yet found a name for. I once caught her eye following a young carpenter, a widow neighbour's ſon, living [to ſpeak in her dialect] *at the little white houſe over the way*. A gentle youth he alſo ſeems to be, about three years older than herſelf: Play-mates from infancy, till his Eighteenth and her Fifteenth year furniſhed a reaſon for a greater diſtance in ſhew, while their hearts gave a better for their being nearer than ever—For I ſoon perceived the Love reciprocal. A ſcrape and a bow at firſt ſeeing his pretty miſtreſs; turning often to ſalute her following eye; and, when a winding lane was to deprive him of her ſight, his whole body turned round, his hat more reverently d'offed than before. This anſwered (for, unſeen, I was behind her) by a low courtſey, and a ſigh, that Johnny was too far off to hear!—Happy Whelp! ſaid I to myſelf!—I withdrew; and in tript my Roſebud, as if ſatisfied with the dumb ſhew, and wiſhing nothing beyond it.

I have examined the little heart. She has made me her confident. She owns, ſhe could love Johnny Barton very well: And Johnny Barton has told her, He could love her better than any maiden he ever ſaw—But, alas! it muſt not be thought of. Why not be thought of!—She don't know!—And then ſhe ſighed: But Johnny has an Aunt, who will give him an hundred pounds, when his time is out; and her Father cannot give her but a few things, or ſo, to ſet her out with: and tho' Johnny's Mother ſays, ſhe knows not were Johnny would have a prettier, or notabler wife, yet—And then ſhe ſighed again—What ſignifies talking?—I would not have Johnny

be

be unhappy and poor for me!—For what good would that do *me*, you know, Sir!

What would I give [By my Soul, my angel will indeed reform me, if her friends implacable folly ruin us not both!—What would I give] to have ſo innocent and ſo good a heart, as either my Roſe-bud's, or Johnny's!

I have a confounded miſchievous one—by *nature* too, I think!—A good motion now-and-then riſes from it: But it dies away preſently—A love of intrigue—An invention for miſchief—A triumph in ſubduing—Fortune encouraging and ſupporting—And a conſtitution—What ſignifies palliating? But I believe I had been a rogue, had I been a plough-boy.

But the devil's in this Sex! Eternal miſguiders. Who, that has once treſpaſſed with them, ever recovered his virtue? And yet where there is not virtue, which nevertheleſs we free-livers are continually plotting to deſtroy, what is there even in the ultimate of our wiſhes with them?—*Preparation* and *Expectation* are in a manner every thing: *Reflection* indeed may be ſomething, if the mind be hardened above feeling the guilt of a paſt *treſpaſs*: But the *Fruition*, what is there in that? And yet That being the end, nature will be ſatisfied with it.

See what grave reflections an innocent ſubject will produce! It gives me ſome pleaſure to think, that it is not out of my *power* to reform: But then, Jack, I am afraid I muſt keep better company than I do at preſent—For we certainly harden one another. But be not caſt down, my boy; there will be time enough to give the whole fraternity warning to chuſe another leader: And I fancy thou wilt be the man.

Mean time, as I make it my rule, whenever I have committed a very capital enormity, to do ſome good by way of atonement; and as I believe I am a pretty deal indebted on that ſcore: I intend, before I leave theſe parts (ſucceſsfully ſhall I leave them I hope, or

I ſhall

I ſhall be tempted to double the miſchief by way of revenge, tho' not to my Roſe-bud any) to join an hundred pounds to Johnny's Aunt's hundred pounds, to make one innocent couple happy.—I repeat therefore, and for half-a-dozen more *therefores*, Spare thou my Roſe-bud.

An interruption—Another Letter anon; and both ſhall go together.

LETTER XXXV.

Mr. LOVELACE, *To* JOHN BELFORD, *Eſq;*

I HAVE found out by my *watchful Spy* almoſt as many of my charmer's motions, as of thoſe of the reſt of her relations. It delights me to think how the raſcal is careſſed by the Uncles and Nephew; and let into *their* ſecrets; yet it proceeds all the time by *my* line of direction. I have charged him, however, on forfeiture of his preſent weekly ſtipend, and my future favour, to take care, that neither my Beloved, nor any of the family, ſuſpect him: I have told him that he may indeed watch her egreſſes and regreſſes; but that only keep off other ſervants from her paths; yet not to be ſeen by her himſelf.

The dear creature has tempted him, he told *them*, with a Bribe [*which ſhe never offered*] to convey a Letter [*which ſhe never wrote*] to Miſs Howe; *he believes*, with one incloſed (*perhaps to me*): But he declined it: And he begged they would take no notice of it to *her*. This brought him a ſtingy ſhilling; great applauſe; and an injunction followed it to all the ſervants, for the ſtricteſt look-out, leſt ſhe ſhould contrive ſome way to ſend it—And, about an hour after, an order was given him to throw himſelf in her way; and (expreſſing his concern for denying her requeſt) to tender his ſervice to her, and to bring them her Letter: Which it will be *proper for him to report* that ſhe has refuſed to give him.

Now

Now ſeeſt thou not, how many good ends this contrivance anſwers?

In the firſt place, the Lady is ſecured by it, againſt her own knowledge, in the liberty allowed her of takeing her private walks in the garden: For *this attempt* has confirmed them in their belief, that now they have turned off her maid, ſhe has no way to ſend a Letter out of the houſe: If ſhe had, ſhe would not have run the riſque of tempting a fellow who had not been in her ſecret—So that ſhe can proſecute unſuſpectedly her correſpondence with me, and Miſs Howe.

In the next place, it will perhaps afford me an opportunity of a private interview with her, which I am meditating, let her take it as ſhe will; having found out by my *Spy* (who can keep off every-body elſe) that ſhe goes every morning and evening to a Woodhouſe remote from the dwelling-houſe, under pretence of viſiting and feeding a ſet of Bantam-poultry, which were produced from a Breed that was her Grandfather's, and of which for that reaſon ſhe is very fond; as alſo of ſome other curious fowls brought from the ſame place. I have an account of all her motions here.—And as ſhe has owned to me in one of her Letters that ſhe correſponds privately with Miſs Howe, I preſume it is by this way.

The interview I am meditating, will produce her conſent, I hope, to other favours of the like kind: For, ſhould ſhe not chuſe the place in which I am expecting to ſee her, I can attend her any-where in the rambling, Dutch-taſte garden, whenever ſhe will permit me that honour: For my implement, *high Joſeph Leman*, has procured me the opportunity of getting two keys made to the garden-door (one of which I have given him, for reaſons good); which door opens to the haunted Coppice, as tradition has made the ſervants think it; a man having been found hanging in it about twenty years ago: And Joſeph, upon proper notice, will leave it unbolted.

But

But I was obliged previouſly to give him my honour, that no miſchief ſhould happen to any of my adverſaries, from this liberty: For the fellow tells me, he loves all his maſters: And, only that he knows I am a man of honour; and that my alliance will do credit to the family; and after prejudices are overcome, ever-body will think ſo; or he would not for the world act the part he does.

There never was a rogue, who had not a ſalvo to himſelf for being ſo.—What a praiſe to *Honeſty*, that every man pretends to it, even at the inſtant that he knows he is purſuing the methods that will perhaps prove him a knave to the whole world, as well as to his own conſcience!

But what this ſtupid family can mean, to make all this neceſſary, I cannot imagine. My REVENGE and my LOVE are uppermoſt by turns. If the latter ſucceed not, the gratifying of the former will be my only conſolation: And, by All that's good, they ſhall feel it; altho' for it I become an exile from my native country for ever.

I will throw myſelf into my Charmer's preſence. I have twice already attempted it in vain. I ſhall then ſee what I may depend upon from her favour. If I thought I had no proſpect of that, I ſhould be tempted to carry her off.—That would be a rape worthy of a Jupiter!

But all gentle ſhall be my movements: All reſpectful, even to reverence, my addreſs to her—Her hand ſhall be the only witneſs to the preſſure of my lip—my trembling lip: I *know* it will tremble, if I do not *bid* it tremble. As ſoft my ſighs, as the ſighs of my gentle Roſe bud. By *my* humility will I invite *her* confidence: The lonelineſs of the place ſhall give me no advantage: To diſſipate her fears, and engage her reliance upon my honour for the future, ſhall be my whole endeavour: But little will I complain of, not at all will I threaten, thoſe who are continually threatening

ening me: But yet with a view to act the part of Dryden's Lion; to ſecure my Love, or to let looſe my vengeance upon my hunters.

What tho' his mighty ſoul his grief contains?
He meditates revenge who leaſt complains;
And like a lion ſlumb'ring in his way,
Or ſleep diſſembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearleſs foes within his diſtance draws;
Conſtrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the laſt, his time for fury found,
He ſhoots with ſudden vengeance from the ground;
The proſtrate vulgar paſſes o'er, and ſpares;
But, with a lordly rage, his hunters tears.

LETTER XXXVI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Saturday, March 18.

I Have been frighted out of my wits—Still am in a manner out of breath—Thus occaſioned—I went down, under the uſual pretence, in hopes to find ſomething from you. Concerned at my diſappointment, I was returning from the Woodhouſe, when I heard a ruſtling as of ſomebody behind a ſtack of wood. I was extremely ſurpriſed: But ſtill more, to behold a man coming from behind the furthermoſt ſtack. O, thought I, at that moment, the ſin of a prohibited correſpondence!

In the ſame point of time that I ſaw him, he beſought me not to be frighted: And, ſtill nearer approaching me, threw open a horſeman's coat: And who ſhould it be but Mr. Lovelace!—I could not ſcream out (yet attempted to ſcream, the moment I ſaw a man; and again, when I ſaw who it was); for I had no voice: And had I not caught hold of a prop which ſupported the old roof, I ſhould have ſunk.

I had

I had hitherto, as you know, kept him at a diſtance: And now, as I recovered myſelf, judge of my firſt emotions, when I recollected his character from every mouth of my family; his enterpriſing temper; and found myſelf alone with him, in a place ſo near a bye-lane, and ſo remote from the houſe.

But his reſpectful behaviour ſoon diſſipated theſe fears, and gave me others; leſt we ſhould be ſeen together, and information of it given to my Brother: The conſequences of which, I could readily think, would be, if not further miſchief, an imputed aſſignation, a ſtricter confinement, a forfeited correſpondence with you, my beloved friend, and a pretence for the moſt violent compulſion: And neither the one ſet of reflections, nor the other, acquitted him to me for his bold intruſion.

As ſoon therefore as I could ſpeak, I expreſſed with the greateſt warmth my diſpleaſure; and told him, that he cared not how much he expoſed me to the reſentment of all my friends, provided he could gratify his own impetuous humour. I then commanded him to leave the place that moment; and was hurrying from him, when he threw himſelf in the way at my feet, beſeeching my ſtay for one moment; declaring, that he ſuffered himſelf to be guilty of this raſhneſs, as I thought it, to avoid one much greater:— For, in ſhort, he could not bear the hourly inſults he received from my family, with the thoughts of having ſo little intereſt in my favour, that he could not promiſe himſelf that his patience and forbearance would be attended with any other iſſue than to loſe me for ever, and be triumphed over and inſulted upon it.

This man, you know, has very ready knees. You have ſaid, that he ought, in ſmall points, frequently to offend, on purpoſe to ſhew what an addreſs he is maſter of.

He ran on, expreſſing his apprehenſions that a temper ſo gentle and obliging, as he ſaid mine was, to

every-

every-body but him (and a dutifulneſs ſo exemplary inclined me to do my part to others, whether they did theirs or not by me) would be wrought upon in favour of a man ſet up in part to be revenged upon myſelf, for my Grandfather's envied diſtinction of me; and in part to be revenged upon him, for having given life to one, who would have taken his; and now ſought to deprive him of hopes dearer to him than life.

I told him he might be aſſured, that the ſeverity and ill-uſage I met with would be far from effecting the propoſed end: That altho' I could, with great ſincerity, declare for a Single Life (which had always been my choice); and particularly, that if ever I married, if they would not inſiſt upon the man I had an averſion to, it ſhould not be with the man they diſliked—

He interrupted me here: He hoped I would forgive him for it; but he could not help expreſſing his great concern, that, after ſo many inſtances of his paſſionate and obſequious devotion—

And pray, Sir, ſaid I, let me interrupt you in my turn;—Why don't you aſſert, in ſtill plainer words, the obligation you have laid me under by this your boaſted devotion? Why don't you let me know, in terms as high as your implication, that a perſeverance I have not wiſhed for, which has ſet all my relations at variance with me, is a merit that throws upon me the guilt of ingratitude for not anſwering it as you ſeem to expect?

I muſt forgive him, he ſaid, if he, who pretended only to a comparative merit (and otherwiſe thought no man living could deſerve me) had preſumed to hope for a greater ſhare in my favour, than he had hitherto met with, when ſuch men as Mr. Symmes, Mr. Wyerley, and now, laſtly, ſo vile a reptile as this Solmes, however diſcouraged by myſelf, were made his competitors. As to the perſeverance I mentioned,

tioned, it was impoſſible for him *not* to perſevere: But I muſt needs know, that were *he* not in being, the terms Solmes had propoſed were ſuch, as would have involved me in the ſame difficulties with my relations that I now laboured under. He therefore took the liberty to ſay, that my favour to him, far from encreaſing thoſe difficulties, would be the readieſt way to extricate me from them. They had made it impoſſible [he told me, with too much truth] to oblige them any way, but by ſacrificing myſelf to Solmes. They were well appriſed beſides of the difference between the two; one, whom they hoped to manage as they pleaſed; the other, who could and would protect me from every inſult; and who had *natural* proſpects much ſuperior to my Brother's *fooliſh* views of a Title.

How comes this man to know ſo well all our foibles? But I more wonder, how he came to have a otion of meeting me in this place?

I was very uneaſy to be gone; and the more as the night came on apace. But there was no getting from him, till I had heard a great deal more of what he had to ſay.

As he hoped, that I would one day make him the happieſt man in the world, he aſſured me, that he had ſo much regard for my fame, that he would be as far from adviſing any ſtep that was likely to caſt a ſhade upon my reputation (altho' that ſtep was to be ever ſo much in his own favour) as I would be to follow ſuch advice. But ſince I was not to be permitted to live ſingle, he would ſubmit it to my conſideration, whether I had any way but *one* to avoid the intended violence to my inclinations—My Father ſo jealous of his authority: Both my Uncles in my Father's way of thinking: My Couſin Morden at a diſtance: My Uncle and Aunt Hervey awed into *inſignificance*, was his word: My Brother and Siſter inflaming every one: Solmes's offers captivating:

Miſs Howe's Mother rather of a party with them, for motives reſpecting example to her own Daughter.

And then he aſked me, if I would receive a Letter from Lady Betty Lawrance, on this occaſion: For Lady Sarah Sadleir, he ſaid, having lately loſt her only child, hardly looked into the world, or thought of it farther than to wiſh him married, and preferably to all the women in the world, with me.

To be ſure, my dear, there is a great deal in what the man ſaid—I may be allowed to ſay This, without an imputed *glow* or *throb*.—But I told him nevertheleſs, that altho' I had great honour for the Ladies he was related to, yet I ſhould not chuſe to receive a Letter on a ſubject that had a tendency to promote an end I was far from intending to promote: That it became me, ill as I was treated at preſent, to *hope* every-thing, to *bear* every-thing, and to *try* every-thing: When my Father ſaw my ſtedfaſtneſs, and that I would die rather than have Mr. Solmes, he would perhaps recede—

Interrupting me, he repreſented the unlikelihood there was of that, from the courſes they had entered upon; which he thus enumerated:—Their engaging Mrs. Howe againſt me, in the firſt place, as a perſon I might have thought to fly to, if puſhed to deſperation:—My Brother continually buzzing in my Father's ears, that my Couſin Morden would ſoon arrive, and then would inſiſt upon giving me poſſeſſion of my Grandfather's Eſtate, in purſuance of the Will; which would render me independent of my Father:—Their diſgraceful confinement of me:—Their diſmiſſing ſo ſuddenly my ſervant, and ſetting my Siſter's over me:—Their engaging my Mother, contrary to her own judgment, againſt me: Theſe, he ſaid, were all ſo many flagrant proofs that they would ſtick at nothing to carry their point; and were what made him inexpreſſibly uneaſy.

He appealed to me, whether ever I knew my Father

ther recede from any reſolution he had once fixed; eſpecially, if he thought either his Prerogative, or his Authority, concerned in the queſtion. His acquaintance with our Family, he ſaid, enabled him to give ſeveral inſtances (but they would be too grating to me) of an arbitrarineſs that had few examples even in the Families of Princes: An arbitrarineſs, which the moſt excellent of women, my Mother, too ſeverely experienced.

He was proceeding, as I thought, with reflections of this ſort; and I angrily told him, I would not permit my Father to be reflected upon; adding, That his ſeverity to me, however unmerited, was not a warrant for me to diſpenſe with my duty to him.

He had no pleaſure, he ſaid, in urging any-thing that could be *ſo* conſtrued; for, however well warranted *he* was to make ſuch reflections from the provocations they were continually giving him, he knew how offenſive to *me* any liberties of this ſort would be.—And yet he muſt own, that it was painful to *him*, who had youth and paſſions to be allowed for, as well as others; and who had always valued himſelf upon ſpeaking his mind; to curb himſelf, under ſuch treatment. Nevertheleſs, his conſideration for me would make him confine himſelf, in his obſervations, to facts that were too flagrant, and too openly avowed, to be diſputed. It could not therefore *juſtly* diſpleaſe, he wou'd venture to ſay, if he made this natural inference from the premiſes, That if ſuch were my Father's behaviour to a *Wife* who diſputed not the imaginary *Prerogative* he was ſo unprecedently fond of aſſerting, what room had a *Daughter* to hope, that he would depart from an *Authority* he was ſo earneſt, and ſo much more concerned, to maintain?—Family-intereſts at the ſame time engaging; an averſion, however cauſleſly conceived, ſtimulating; my Brother's and Siſter's reſentments and ſelfiſh views co-operateing; and my baniſhment from their preſence deprive-

ing me of all *perſonal* plea or entreaty in my own favour.

How unhappy, my dear, that there is but too much reaſon for theſe obſervations, and for this inference; made, likewiſe, with more coolneſs and reſpect to my family than one would have apprehended from a man ſo much provoked, and of paſſions ſo high, and generally thought uncontroulable!

Will you not queſtion me about *throbs* and *glows*, if, from ſuch inſtances of a command over his fiery temper, for my ſake, I am ready to infer, that were my friends capable of a reconciliation with him, he might be affected by arguments apparently calculated for his preſent and future good! Nor is it a very bad indication, that he has ſuch moderate notions of that very high Prerogative in Huſbands, of which we in our family have been accuſtomed to hear ſo much.

He repreſented to me, that my preſent diſgraceful confinement was known to all the world: That neither my Siſter nor Brother ſcrupled to repreſent me as an obliged and favoured child in a ſtate of actual rebellion:—That, nevertheleſs, every-body who knew me was ready to juſtify me for an averſion to a man whom every-body thought utterly unworthy of *me*, and more fit for my *Siſter*: That unhappy as he was, in not having been able to make any greater impreſſion upon me in his favour, all the world gave me to him:—Nor was there but one objection made to him, by his very enemies (his birth, his fortunes, his proſpects all unexceptionable, and the latter ſplendid); and that objection, he thanked God, and my example, was in a fair way of being removed for ever: Since he had ſeen his error, and was heartily ſick of the courſes he had followed; which, however, were far leſs enormous than malice and envy had repreſented them to be. But of This he ſhould ſay the leſs, as it were much better to juſtify himſelf by his actions, than by the moſt ſolemn aſſeverations and promiſes.

promiſes. And then complimenting my *perſon*, he aſſured me (for that he always *loved* virtue, altho' he had not followed its rules as he ought) that he was ſtill more captivated with the graces of my *mind*: And would frankly own, that till he had the honour to know *me*, he had never met with an inducement ſufficient to enable him to overcome an unhappy kind of prejudice to Matrimony; which had made him before impenetrable to the wiſhes and recommendations of all his relations.

You ſee, my dear, he ſcruples not to ſpeak of himſelf, as his enemies ſpeak of him. I can't ſay, but his openneſs in theſe particulars gives a credit to his other profeſſions. I ſhould eaſily, I think, detect an hypocrite: And *this* man particularly, who is ſaid to have allowed himſelf in great liberties, were he to pretend to *inſtantaneous* lights and convictions—at this time of life too—Habits, I am ſenſible, are not ſo eaſily changed. You have always joined with me in remarking, that he will ſpeak his mind with freedom, even to a degree of unpoliteneſs ſometimes; and that his very treatment of my family is a proof that he cannot make a mean court to any-body for intereſt-ſake—What pity, where there are ſuch laudable traces, that they ſhould have been ſo mired, and choaked up, as I may ſay!—We have heard, that the man's head is better than his heart: But do you really think Mr. Lovelace can have a *very* bad heart? Why ſhould not there be ſomething in *Blood* in the human creature, as well as in the ignobler animals? None of his family are exceptionable—but himſelf, indeed. The characters of the Ladies are admirable—But I ſhall incur the imputation I wiſh to avoid. Yet what a look of cenſoriouſneſs does it carry in an unſparing friend, to take one to taſk for doing that juſtice, and making thoſe charitable inferences in favour of a particular perſon, which one ought without ſcruple to do, and to make, in the behalf of any other man living?

He then again preſſed me to receive a Letter of offered protection from Lady Betty. He ſaid, that people of birth ſtood a little too much upon punctilio; as people of virtue alſo did (But indeed Birth, worthily lived up to, was Virtue: Virtue, Birth; the inducements to a decent punctilio the ſame; the origin of both, one) [How came this notion from him!]—: Elſe, Lady Betty would write to *me:* But ſhe would be willing to be firſt appriſed, that her offer would be well received—as it would have the appearance of being made againſt the liking of one part of my family; and which nothing would induce her to make, but the degree of unworthy perſecution which I actually laboured under, and had reaſon further to apprehend.

I told him, that, however greatly I thought myſelf obliged to Lady Betty Lawrance, if this offer came from herſelf; yet it was eaſy to ſee to what it led. It might look like vanity in me perhaps to ſay, That this urgency in him, on this occaſion, wore the face of art, in order to engage me into meaſures from which I might not eaſily extricate myſelf. I ſaid, that I ſhould not be affected by the ſplendor of even a Royal Title. *Goodneſs*, I thought, was *Greatneſs:* That the excellent characters of the Ladies of his family weighed more with me, than the conſideration that they were Half-ſiſters to Lord M. and Daughters of an Earl: That he would not have found encouragement from me, had my friends been *conſenting* to his addreſs, if he had only a *mere* relative merit to thoſe Ladies: Since, in that caſe, the very reaſons that made me admire *them*, would have been ſo many objections to their *kinſman*.

I then aſſured him, that it was with infinite concern, that I had found myſelf drawn into an epiſtolary correſpondence with him; eſpecially ſince that correſpondence had been prohibited:—And the only agreeable uſe I could think of making of this unexpected

pected and undeſired Interview, was, to let him know, that I ſhould from henceforth think myſelf obliged to diſcontinue it. And I hoped, that he would not have the *thought* of engaging me to carry it on by menacing my relations.

There was light enough to diſtinguiſh, that he looked very grave upon this. He ſo much valued my *free* choice, he ſaid, and my *unbiaſſed* favour (ſcorning to ſet himſelf upon a foot with Solmes in the compulſory methods uſed in that man's behalf) that he ſhould hate himſelf, were he capable of a view of intimidating me by ſo very poor a method. But, nevertheleſs, there were two things to be conſidered: Firſt, that the continual outrages he was treated with; the ſpies ſet over him, one of which he had detected; the indignities all his family were likewiſe treated with; as alſo, myſelf; avowedly in malice to him, or he ſhould not preſume to take upon himſelf to reſent for me, without my leave [The artful wretch ſaw he would have lain open here, had he not thus guarded]—All theſe conſiderations called upon him to ſhew a proper reſentment: And he would leave it to me to judge, whether it would be reaſonable for him, as a man of ſpirit, to bear ſuch inſults, if it were not for my ſake. I would be pleaſed to conſider, in the next place, whether the ſituation I was in (a priſoner in my Father's houſe, and my whole family determined to compel me to marry a man unworthy of me; and that ſpeedily, and whether I conſented or not) admitted of delay in the preventive meaſures he was deſirous to put me upon, *in the laſt reſort only*. Nor was there a neceſſity, he ſaid, if I were actually in Lady Betty's protection, that I ſhould be his, if, afterwards, I ſhould ſee any-thing objectible in his conduct.

But what would the world conclude would be the end, I demanded, were I, in the laſt reſort, as he

propoſed, to throw myſelf into the protection of *his* friends, but that it was with ſuch a view?

And what leſs did the world think *now*, he aſked, than that I was confined that I *might not?* You are to conſider, Madam, you have not now an option; and to whom is it owing that you have not; and that you are in the power of thoſe (Parents why ſhould I call them?) who are determined, that you ſhall *not* have an option. All I propoſe is, that you will embrace ſuch a protection;—but not till you have tried every way, to avoid the neceſſity for it.

And give me leave to ſay, proceeded he, that if a correſpondence on which I have founded all my hopes, is, at this critical conjuncture, to be broken off; and if you are reſolved not to be *provided againſt* the worſt; it muſt be plain to me, that you will at laſt yield to That worſt—Worſt to *me* only—It cannot be to *you*—And *then!* [and he put his hand clenched to his forehead] how ſhall I bear the ſuppoſition?—*Then* will you be that Solmes's!—But, by all that's Sacred, neither He, nor your Brother, nor your Uncles, ſhall enjoy their triumph—Perdition ſeize my Soul, if they ſhall!

The man's vehemence frightened me: Yet, in reſentment, I would have left him; but, throwing himſelf at my feet again, Leave me not thus—I beſeech you, deareſt Madam, leave me not thus, in deſpair. I kneel not, repenting of what I have vowed in ſuch a caſe as That I have ſuppoſed. I re-vow it, at your feet!—*And ſo he did.* But think not it is by way of menace, or to intimidate you to favour me. If your heart inclines you [and then he aroſe] to obey your Father (your *Brother* rather) and to have Solmes; altho' I ſhall avenge myſelf on thoſe who have inſulted me, for their inſults to myſelf and family; yet will I tear out my heart from This boſom (if poſſible with my own hands) were it to ſcruple to give up its ardors to a woman capable of ſuch a preference.

I told him, that he talked to me in very high language;

guage; but he might aſſure himſelf, that I never would have Mr. Solmes (Yet that this I ſaid not in favour to him) and I had declared as much to my relations, were there not ſuch a man as himſelf in the world.

Would I declare, that I would ſtill honour him with my correſpondence?—He could not bear, that, hopeing to obtain *greater* inſtances of my favour, he ſhould forfeit the *only one* he had to boaſt of.

I bid him forbear raſhneſs or reſentment to any of my family, and I would, for ſome time at leaſt, till I ſaw what iſſue my preſent trials were likely to have, proceed with a correſpondence, which, nevertheleſs, my heart *condemned*—

And his ſpirit him, the impatient creature ſaid, interrupting me, for bearing what he did; when he conſidered, that the neceſſity of it was impoſed upon him, not by *my* will (for then he would bear it chearfully, and a thouſand times more) but by creatures—And there he ſtopt.

I told him plainly that he might thank himſelf (whoſe indifferent character, as to morals, had given ſuch a handle againſt him) for all. It was but juſt, that a man ſhould be ſpoken evil of, who ſet no value upon his reputation.

He offered to vindicate himſelf: But I told him, I would judge him by his own rule—by his *actions*, not by his *profeſſions*.

Were not his enemies, he ſaid, ſo powerful, and ſo determined; and had they not already ſhewn their intentions in ſuch high acts of even *cruel* compulſion; but would leave me to my choice, or to my deſire of living ſingle; he would have been content to undergo a twelvemonth's probation, or more: But he was confident, that one month would either complete all their purpoſes, or render them abortive: And I beſt knew what hopes I had of my *Father*'s receding—He did not know him, if I had *any*.

I ſaid, I would try every method, that either m

duty or my influence upon any of them ſhould ſuggeſt, before I would put myſelf into any other protection: And, if nothing elſe would do, would reſign the envied Eſtate; and that I dared to ſay *would*.

He was contented, he ſaid, to abide that iſſue. He ſhould be far from wiſhing me to embrace any other protection, but, as he had frequently ſaid, in the laſt neceſſity. But deareſt creature, ſaid he, catching my hand with ardor, and preſſing it to his lips, if the yielding up that Eſtate will do—Reſign it;—and be mine—And I will corroborate, with all my ſoul, your reſignation!

This was not ungenerouſly ſaid: But what will not theſe men ſay to obtain belief, and a power over one?

I made many efforts to go; and now it was ſo dark, that I began to have great apprehenſions. I cannot ſay from his behaviour: Indeed, he has a good deal raiſed himſelf in my opinion by the perſonal reſpect, even to reverence, which he paid me during the whole conference: For altho' he flamed out once, upon a ſuppoſition that Solmes might ſucceed, it was upon a ſuppoſition that would excuſe paſſion, if any-thing could, you know, in a man pretending to love with fervor; altho' it was ſo levelled, that I could not avoid reſenting it.

He recommended himſelf to my favour at parting, with great earneſtneſs, yet with as great ſubmiſſion; not offering to condition any-thing with me; altho' he hinted his wiſhes for another meeting: Which I forbad him ever attempting again in the ſame place.—And I will own to you, from whom I ſhould be really blameable to conceal any-thing, that his arguments (drawn from the diſgraceful treatment I meet with) of what I *am* to expect, make me begin to apprehend, that I ſhall be under an obligation to be either the one man's or the other's—And if ſo, I fancy I ſhall not incur your blame, were I to ſay, *which* of the two it muſt be. You have ſaid, which it muſt *not* be. But,

O

O my dear, the Single Life is by far the moſt eligible to me: *Indeed* it is. And I hope yet to be permitted to make that option.

I got back without obſervation: But the apprehenſion that I ſhould not, gave me great uneaſineſs; and made me begin my Letter in a greater flutter than he gave me cauſe to be in, except at the firſt ſeeing him; for then indeed my ſpirits failed me; and it was a particular felicity, that, in ſuch a place, in ſuch a fright, and alone with him, I fainted not away.

I ſhould add, That having reproached him with his behaviour the laſt Sunday at church, he ſolemnly aſſured me, That it was not what had been repreſented to me: That he did not *expect* to ſee me there: But hoped to have an opportunity to addreſs himſelf to my Father, and to be permitted to attend him home. But that the good Dr. Lewen had perſuaded him not to attempt ſpeaking to any of the family, at that time; obſerving to him the emotions into which his preſence had put every-body. He intended no pride, or haughtineſs of behaviour, he aſſured me; and that the attributing ſuch to him was the effect of that ill-will which he had the mortification to find inſuperable: Adding, That when he bowed to my Mother, it was a compliment he intended generally to every one in the pew, as well as to *her*, whom he ſincerely venerated.

If he may be believed (and I ſhould think he would not have come purpoſely to defy my family, yet expect favour from me) one may ſee, my dear, the force of hatred, which miſrepreſents all things:—Yet why ſhould Shorey (except officiouſly to pleaſe her principals) make a report in his diſfavour? He told me, that he would appeal to Dr. Lewen for his juſtification on this head; adding, That the whole converſation between the Doctor and him turned upon his deſire to attempt to reconcile himſelf to us all, in the *face of the Church*; and upon the Doctor's endeavour-

ing to diſſuade him from making ſuch a public overture, till he knew how it would be accepted. But to what purpoſe his appeal, when I am debarred from ſeeing that good man, or any one who would adviſe me what to do in my preſent difficult ſituation!

I fancy, my dear, however, that there would hardly be a guilty perſon in the world, were each *ſuſpected* or *accuſed* perſon to tell his or her own Story, and be allowed any degree of credit.

I have written a very long Letter.

To be ſo particular as you require in ſubjects of converſation, it is impoſſible to be ſhort.

I will add to it only the aſſurance, That I am, and ever will be,

Your affectionate and faithful
Friend and Servant,
CLARISSA HARLOWE.

You'll be ſo good, my dear, as to remember, that the date of your laſt Letter to me, was the 9th.

LETTER XXXVII.

Miſs HOWE, *To Miſs* CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Sunday March 19.

I Beg your pardon, my deareſt friend, for having given you occaſion to remind me of the date of my laſt. I was willing to have before me as much of the workings of your *wiſe* relations as poſſible; being verily perſuaded, that one ſide or the other would have yielded by this time: And then I ſhould have had ſome degree of certainty to found my obſervations upon. And indeed what can I write that I have not already written?—You know, that I can do nothing but rave at your ſtupid perſecutors: And That you don't like. I have adviſed you to reſume your own Eſtate: That you won't do. You cannot bear the thoughts of having their Solmes: And Love-

lace is reſolved you ſhall be his, let who will ſay to the contrary. I think you muſt be either the one man's or the other's. Let us ſee what their *next* ſtep will be.

As to Lovelace, while he tells his own ſtory (having alſo behaved ſo handſomely on his intruſion in the Woodhouſe; and intended ſo well at Church) who can ſay, That the man is in the *leaſt* blameworthy?—*Wicked people!* to combine againſt ſo *innocent* a man!—But, as I ſaid, Let us ſee what *their next* ſtep will be, and what courſe *you* will take upon it; and then we may be the more enlightened.

As to your change of ſtyle to your Uncles, and Brother and Siſter, ſince they were ſo fond of attributing to you a regard for Lovelace, and would not be perſuaded to the contrary; and ſince you only ſtrengthened their arguments againſt yourſelf by denying it; you did but juſt as I would have done, in giving way to their ſuſpicions, and trying what That would do—But if—But if—Pray, my dear, indulge me a little—You *yourſelf* think it was neceſſary to apologize to *me* for that change of ſtyle to *them*—And till you will ſpeak out like a friend to her *unqueſtionable* friend, I muſt teaze you a little—Let it run therefore; for it will run—

If, then, there be not a reaſon for this change of ſtyle, which you have not thought fit to give me, be ſo good as to watch, as I once before adviſed you, how the cauſe for it will come on—Why ſhould it be permitted to ſteal upon you, and you know nothing of the matter?

When we get a great cold, we are apt to puzzle ourſelves to find out when it began, or how we got it; and when that is accounted for, down we ſit contented, and let it have its courſe; or, if it be very troubleſome, take a ſweat, or uſe other means to get rid of it—So my dear, before the malady you wot of, yet wot *not* of, grows ſo importunate, as that you muſt

muſt be obliged to ſweat it out, let me adviſe you to mind how it comes on. For I am perſuaded, as ſurely as that I am now writing to *you*, that the indiſcreet violence of your friends on one hand, and the inſinuating addreſs of Lovelace on the other, (if the man be not a greater fool than any-body thinks him) will effectually bring it to This, and do all his work for him.

But let it—If it muſt be Lovelace or Solmes, the choice cannot admit of debate. Yet if all be true that is reported, I ſhould prefer almoſt any of your other Lovers to either; unworthy as *they* alſo are. But who can be worthy of a Clariſſa?

I wiſh you are not *indeed* angry with me for harping ſo much on one ſtring. I muſt own, that I ſhould think myſelf inexcuſable ſo to do (the rather, as I am bold enough to imagine it a point out of all doubt from fifty places in your Letters, were I to labour the proof) if you would ingenuouſly own—

Own what? you'll ſay. Why, my Anna Howe, I hope, you don't think, that I am already in Love!—

No, to be ſure! How can your Anna Howe have ſuch a thought?—What then ſhall we call it? You have helped me to a phraſe.—A *conditional kind of liking!*—that's it.—O my friend! Did I not know how much you deſpiſe Prudery; and that you are too young, and too lovely, to be a Prude—

But, avoiding ſuch hard names, let me tell you one thing, my dear (which nevertheleſs I have told you before); and that is *This*; That I ſhall think I have reaſon to be highly diſpleaſed with you, if, when you write to me, you endeavour to keep from me any ſecret of your heart.

Let me add, that if you would clearly and explicitly tell me, how far Lovelace *has*, or has *not*, a hold in your affections, I could better adviſe you what to do, than at preſent I can. You, who are ſo famed

for *preſcience*, as I may call it; and than whom no young Lady ever had ſtronger pretenſions to a ſhare of it; have had, no doubt, reaſonings in your heart about him, ſuppoſing you *were* to be one day his [No doubt but you have had the ſame in Solmes's caſe: Whence the ground for the hatred of the one; and for the *conditional liking* of the other]: Will you tell me, my dear, what you have thought of Lovelace's *beſt* and of his *worſt*?—How far eligible for the *firſt*; how far rejectible for the *laſt*?—Then weighing both parts in oppoſite ſcales, we ſhall ſee which is likely to preponderate; or rather which *does* preponderate. Nothing leſs than the knowledge of the inmoſt receſſes of your heart, can ſatisfy my Love and my Friendſhip. Surely, you are not afraid to truſt *yourſelf* with a ſecret of this nature: if you are, then you may the *more* allowably doubt *me*. But I dare ſay, you will not own either—Nor is there, I hope, cauſe for either.

Be pleaſed to obſerve one thing, my dear, that whenever I have given myſelf any of thoſe airs of raillery, which have ſeemed to make you look about you (when, likewiſe, your caſe may call for a more ſerious turn from a ſympathizing friend) it has not been upon thoſe paſſages which are written, tho' perhaps not *intended*, with ſuch explicitneſs [Don't be alarmed, my dear!] as leaves little cauſe of doubt: But only when you affect reſerve; when you give new words for common things; when you come with your *curioſities*, with your *conditional likings*, and with your PRUDE-encies [Mind how I ſpell the word] in a caſe that with every other perſon defies all prudence—Overt acts of treaſon all theſe, againſt the ſovereign friendſhip we have avowed to each other!

Remember, that you found *me* out in a moment. You challenged me. I owned directly, that there was only my pride between the man and me; for I could not endure, I told you, to think it in the power of any

any fellow living to give me a moment's uneaſineſs. And then my man, as I have elſewhere ſaid, was not ſuch a one as yours: So I had reaſon to impute full as much to my own inconſideration, as to his *power* over me: Nay, *more*. But ſtill more to *yours*. For you reaſoned me out of the *curioſity* firſt; and when the liking was brought to be *conditional*—why then, you know, I *throbbed* no more about him.

O! *pray now*, as you ſay, now I have mentioned that my fellow was not ſuch a charming fellow as yours, let Miſs Biddulph, Miſs Lloyd, Miſs Campion, and me, have your opinion, how far *Figure* ought to engage us: With a view to your own caſe, however—*Mind that*—as Mr. Tony ſays—And whether *at all*, if the man be vain of it; ſince, as you obſerve in a former, that vanity is *a ſtop-ſhort pride* in ſuch a one, that would make one juſtly doubt the *worthineſs of his interior*. You, our pattern, ſo lovely in feature, ſo graceful in perſon, have none of it; and have therefore with the *beſt* grace always held, that it is not excuſable even in a woman.

You muſt know, that this ſubject was warmly debated among us in our laſt converſation: and Miſs Lloyd wiſhed me to write to you upon it for your opinion; to which, in every debated caſe, we always paid the greateſt deference. I hope you will not be ſo much engroſſed by your more weighty cares, as not to have freedom of ſpirits enough to enter upon the taſk.—You know how much we all admire your opinion on ſuch topics; which ever produces ſomething new and inſtructive, as you handle the ſubjects. And pray tell us, to what you think it owing, that your man ſeems ſo careful to adorn that ſelf-adorned perſon of his! yet ſo manages, that one cannot for one's heart think him a coxcomb?—Let this queſtion, and the above taſks, divert, and not diſpleaſe you, my dear.—One ſubject, tho' ever ſo important, could never yet engroſs your capacious mind. If they *ſhould* diſpleaſe you,

you, you muſt recollect the many inſtances of my impertinence which you have forgiven, and then ſay, 'This is a mad girl:—But yet I love her!—And ſhe 'is my own'

ANNA HOWE.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Monday, March 20.

YOUR laſt ſo ſenſibly affects me, that I muſt poſtpone every other conſideration, however weighty, to reply to it: And this I will do very diſtinctly, and with all the openneſs of heart which our mutual friendſhip demands.

But let me obſerve, in the firſt place, *gratefully* obſerve, That if I have in *fifty paſſages* of my Letters given you ſuch *undoubted* proofs of my value for Mr. Lovelace, that you have ſpared me for the ſake of my *explicitneſs*, it is acting by me with a generoſity worthy of yourſelf.

But lives the man, think you, who is ſo very bad, that he does not give even a doubting mind reaſon at *one* time to be better pleaſed with him than at *another?* And when that reaſon offers, is it not juſt to expreſs one's ſelf accordingly? I would do the man who addreſſes me as much *juſtice*, as if he did *not* addreſs me: It has ſuch a look of tyranny, it appears ſo ungenerous, methinks, in our Sex, to uſe a man worſe for his reſpect to us (no other cauſe for diſreſpect occurring) that I would not by any means be that perſon who ſhould do ſo.

But, altho' I may intend no more than juſtice, it will perhaps be difficult to hinder thoſe who know the man's views, from conſtruing it as a partial favour: And eſpecially if the eager-eyed obſerver has been formerly touched herſelf, and would triumph that her friend had been no more able to eſcape than ſhe.

Noble

Noble minds, emulative of perfection (and yet the paſſion properly directed, I do not take to be an *imperfection* neither) may be allowed a little generous envy, I think.

If I meant by this a reflection, by way of revenge, it is but a revenge, my dear, in the *ſoft* ſenſe of the word. I love, as I have told you, your pleaſantry. Altho' at the time your reproof may pain me a little; yet on recollection, when I find in it more of the cautioning friend, than of the ſatirizing obſerver, I ſhall be all gratitude upon it. All the buſineſs will be This; I ſhall be ſenſible of the pain in the preſent Letter perhaps; but I ſhall thank you in the next, and ever after.

In this way, I hope, my dear, you will account for a little of that ſenſibility which you will find above, and perhaps ſtill more, as I proceed.—You frequently remind me, by an excellent *example*, your own to *me*, that I muſt not ſpare *you!*

I am not conſcious, that I have written any-thing of this man, that has not been more in his diſpraiſe than in his favour. Such *is* the man, that I think I muſt have been faulty, and ought to take myſelf to account, if I had not: But if you think otherwiſe, I will not put you upon *labouring the proof*, as you call it. My conduct muſt then have a faulty *appearance* at leaſt, and I will endeavour to rectify it. But of this I aſſure you, That whatever interpretation my words were capable of, I *intended not* any reſerve to you. I wrote my heart at the time:—If I had had thoughts of diſguiſing it, or been conſcious, that there was *reaſon* for doing ſo, perhaps I had not given you the opportunity of remarking upon my *curioſity* after his relations eſteem for me; nor upon my *conditional liking*, and ſuch-like. All I intended by the firſt, I believe, I honeſtly told you at the time: To that Letter I therefore refer, whether it make for me, or againſt me: And by the other, that I might bear it

mind,

mind, what it became a perſon of my Sex and Character to *be* and to *do*, in ſuch an unhappy ſituation, where the imputed Love is thought an undutiful, and therefore a criminal paſſion; and where the ſuppoſed object of it is a man of faulty morals too. And I am ſure you will excuſe my deſire of appearing at thoſe times the perſon I ought to be; had I no other view in it but to merit the continuance of your good opinion.

But that I may acquit myſelf of having reſerves —O, my dear, I muſt here break off!—

LETTER XXXIX.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Monday, March 20.

THIS Letter will account to you, my dear, for my abrupt breaking off in the anſwer I was writing to yours of yeſterday; and which, poſſibly, I ſhall not be able to finiſh, and ſend you till to-morrow or next day; having a great deal to ſay to the ſubjects you put to me in it. What I am now to give you are the particulars of another effort made by my friends, thro' the good Mrs. Norton.

It ſeems they had ſent to her yeſterday, to be here this day, to take their inſtructions, and to try what *ſhe* could do with me. It would, at leaſt, I ſuppoſe they thought, have this effect; to render me inexcuſable with *her*; or to let *her* ſee, that there was no room for the expoſtulations ſhe had often wanted to make in my favour to my Mother.

The declaration, that my heart was *free*, afforded them an argument to prove obſtinacy and perverſeneſs upon me; ſince it could be nothing elſe that governed me in my oppoſition to their wills, if I had no particular eſteem for another man: And now, that I have given them reaſon (in order to obviate this argument) to ſuppoſe that I *have* a preference to another, they

are

are reſolved to carry their ſchemes into execution as ſoon as poſſible. And in order to this, they ſent for This good woman, for whom they know I have even a filial regard.

She found aſſembled my Father and Mother, my Brother and Siſter, my two Uncles, and my Aunt Hervey.

My Brother acquainted her with all that had paſſed ſince ſhe was laſt permitted to ſee me; with the contents of my Letters avowing my regard for Mr. Lovelace (as they all interpreted them); with the ſubſtance of their Anſwers to them; and with their Reſolutions.

My Mother ſpoke next; and delivered herſelf to this effect, as the good woman told me.

After reciting how many times I had been indulged in my refuſals of different men, and the pains ſhe had taken with me, to induce me to oblige my whole family in one inſtance out of five or ſix, and my obſtinacy upon it; 'O my good Mrs. Norton, ſaid the 'dear Lady, could you have thought, that *my* Clariſſa and *your* Clariſſa was capable of ſo determined 'an oppoſition to the will of parents ſo indulgent to 'her? But ſee what *you* can do with her. The matter 'is gone too far to be receded from on our parts. 'Her Father had concluded every thing with Mr. 'Solmes, not doubting her compliance. Such noble 'Settlements, Mrs. Norton, and ſuch advantages to 'the whole family!—In ſhort, ſhe has it in her power 'to lay an obligation upon us all. Mr. Solmes, know-'ing ſhe has good principles, and hoping by his pa-'tience *now*, and good treatment *hereafter*, to engage 'her Gratitude, and by degrees her Love, is willing 'to overlook All!—

[*Overlook* All, my dear! Mr. Solmes to *overlook* All! There's a word!]

'So, Mrs. Norton, if you are convinced, that it 'is a Child's duty to ſubmit to her Parents authority, 'in the moſt important point as well as in the leaſt, I

'beg

'beg you will try *your* influence over her: *I* have 'none: Her *Father* has none: Her *Uncles* neither: 'Altho' it is her apparent intereſt to oblige us All; 'for, on that condition, her Grandfather's Eſtate is 'not half of what, living and dying, is purpoſed to 'be done for her. If any body can prevail with her, 'it is *you*; and I hope you will *heartily* enter upon 'this taſk.'

The good woman aſked, Whether ſhe was permitted to expoſtulate with them upon the occaſion, before ſhe came up to me?

My arrogant Brother told her, ſhe was ſent for to expoſtulate with his *Siſter*, and not with *them*. And *This*, Goody Norton [She is always *Goody* with him!] you may tell her, that the treaty with Mr. Solmes is concluded: That nothing but her compliance with her duty is wanting; of conſequence, that there is no room for *your* expoſtulation, or *hers* either.

Be aſſured of This, Mrs. Norton, ſaid my Father, in an angry tone, that we will not be baffled by her. We will not appear like fools in This matter, and as if we had no authority over our own Daughter. We will not, in ſhort, be bullied out of our child by a curſed Rake, who had like to have killed our only Son!—And ſo ſhe had better make a merit of her obedience: For comply ſhe ſhall, if I live; independent as ſhe thinks my Father's indiſcreet bounty has made her of me, her Father. Indeed, ſince That, ſhe has never been what ſhe was before. An unjuſt bequeſt!—And it is likely to proſper accordingly!—But if ſhe marry that vile Lovelace, I will litigate every ſhilling with her: Tell her ſo; and that the Will *may* be ſet aſide, and *ſhall*.

My Uncles joined, with equal heat.

My Brother was violent in his declarations.

My Siſter put in with vehemence, on the ſame ſide.

My Aunt Hervey was pleaſed to ſay, There was no

no article ſo proper for Parents to govern in, as This of Marriage: And it was very fit, mine ſhould be obliged.

Thus inſtructed, the good woman came up to me. She told me all that had paſſed, and was very earneſt with me to comply; and ſo much juſtice did ſhe to the taſk impoſed upon her, that I more than once thought, that her own opinion went with theirs. But when ſhe ſaw what an immoveable averſion I had to the man, ſhe lamented with me their determined reſolution: And then examined into the ſincerity of my declaration, that I would gladly compound with them by living ſingle. Of this being ſatisfied, ſhe was ſo convinced that this offer, which, carried into execution, would exclude Lovelace effectually, *ought* to be accepted, that ſhe would go down (altho' I told her, it was what I had tendered over-and-over to no purpoſe) and undertake to be guaranty for me on that ſcore.

She went accordingly; but ſoon returned in tears; being uſed harſhly for urging this alternative:—They had a *right* to my obedience upon their own terms, they ſaid: My propoſal was an artifice, only to gain time: Nothing but marrying Mr. Solmes *ſhould* do: They had told me ſo before: They ſhould not be at reſt till it was done; for they knew what an intereſt Lovelace had in my heart: I had as good as owned it in my Letters to my Uncles, and Brother and Siſter, altho' I had moſt diſingenuouſly declared otherwiſe to my Mother. I depended, they ſaid, upon *their* indulgence, and my *own power* over them: They would not have baniſhed me from their preſence, if they had not known that their conſideration for *me* was greater than mine for *them*. And they *would* be obey'd, or I never ſhould be reſtored to their favour, let the conſequence be what it would.

My Brother thought fit to tell the good woman, that her whining nonſenſe did but harden me. There

was

was a perverſeneſs, he ſaid, in female minds, a Tragedy-pride, that would make a romantic young creature, ſuch a one as me, riſque any-thing to obtain pity. I was of an age, and a turn [the inſolent ſaid] to be fond of a Lover-like diſtreſs: And my grief (which ſhe pleaded) would never break my heart: I ſhould ſooner break That of the beſt and moſt indulgent of Mothers. He added, that ſhe might once more go up to me: But that, if ſhe prevailed not, he ſhould ſuſpect, that the man they all hated had found a way to attach *her* to his intereſt.

Every-body blamed him for this unworthy reflection; which greatly affected the good woman. But nevertheleſs he ſaid, and no-body contradicted him, that if ſhe could not prevail upon her *ſweet child* [as it ſeems ſhe had fondly called me] ſhe had beſt withdraw to her own home, and there tarry till ſhe was ſent for; and ſo leave her *ſweet child* to her Father's management.

Sure no-body ever had ſo inſolent, ſo hard-hearted a Brother, as I have! So much reſignation to be expected from me! So much arrogance, and to ſo good a woman, and of ſo fine an underſtanding, to be allowed in him!

She nevertheleſs told him, that however ſhe might be ridiculed for ſpeaking of the ſweetneſs of my diſpoſition, ſhe muſt take upon her to ſay, that there never was a ſweeter in the Sex: And that ſhe had ever found, that by mild methods, and gentleneſs, I might at any time be prevailed upon, even in points againſt my own judgment and opinion.

My Aunt Hervey hereupon ſaid, It was worth while to conſider what Mrs. Norton ſaid: And that ſhe had ſometimes allowed *herſelf* to doubt, whether I had been *begun* with by ſuch methods as generous tempers are only to be influenced by, in caſes where their hearts are ſuppoſed to be oppoſite to the will of their friends.

She

She had both my Brother and Sister upon her for This: Who referred to my Mother, whether she had not treated me with an indulgence that had hardly any example?

My Mother said, she must own, that no indulgence had been wanting from *her*: But she must needs say, and had *often* said it, that the reception I met with on my return from Miss Howe, and the manner in which the proposal of Mr. Solmes was made to me (which was such as left nothing to my choice) and before I had had an opportunity to converse with him, were not what she had by any means approved of.

She was silenced, you will guess by whom,—with, My dear!—my dear!—You have *ever* something to say, something to palliate, for this rebel of a girl!—Remember her treatment of you, of me!—Remember, that the wretch, whom we so justly hate, would not dare to persist in his purposes, but for her encouragement of *him*, and obstinacy to *us*.—Mrs. Norton [angrily to her] go up to her once more—And if you think gentleness will do, you have a commission to be gentle.—If it will not, never make use of that plea again.

Ay, my good woman, said my Mother, try *your* force with her. My Sister Hervey and I will go up to her, and bring her down in our hands, to receive her Father's Blessing, and assurances of every-body's Love, if she will be prevailed upon: And, in that case, we will all love you the better for your good offices.

She came up to me, and repeated all these passages with tears: But I told her, that after what had passed between us, she could not hope to prevail upon me to comply with measures so wholly my Brother's; and so much to my aversion.—And then folding me to her maternal bosom, I leave you, my dearest Miss, said she—I leave you, because I *must*!—But let me beseech you to do nothing rashly; nothing unbecoming your character. If all be true that is said, Mr. Love-

Lovelace cannot deſerve you. If you *can* comply, remember it is your *duty* to comply. They take not, I own, the right method with ſo generous a ſpirit. But remember, that there would not be any merit in your compliance, if it were *not* to be againſt your own liking. Remember alſo, what is expected from a character ſo extraordinary as yours: Remember, it is in your power to unite or diſunite your whole family for ever. Altho' it ſhould at *preſent* be diſagreeable to you to be thus compelled, your prudence, I dare ſay, when you conſider the matter ſeriouſly, will enable you to get over all prejudices againſt the one, and all prepoſſeſſions in favour of the other: And then the obligation you will lay all your family under, will be not only meritorious in you, with regard to *them*, but in a few months, very probably, highly ſatisfactory, as well as reputable, to *yourſelf*.

Conſider, my dear Mrs. Norton, ſaid I, *only* conſider, that it is not a ſmall thing that is inſiſted upon; nor for a ſhort duration: It is for my *Life:* Conſider too, that all This is owing to an over-bearing Brother, who governs every-body. Conſider how deſirous I am to oblige them, if a *ſingle Life*, and breaking all correſpondence with the man they hate becauſe my Brother hates him, will do it.

I conſider every thing, my deareſt Miſs: And, added to what I have ſaid, do *you* only conſider, that if, by purſuing your *own* will, and rejecting *theirs*, you *ſhould* be unhappy, you will be deprived of all that conſolation which thoſe have, who have been directed by their *Parents*, altho' the event prove not anſwerable to their wiſhes.

I *muſt* go, repeated ſhe:—Your Brother will ſay [and ſhe wept] that I harden you by my *whining nonſenſe*. 'Tis indeed hard, that ſo much regard ſhould be paid to the *humours* of one child; and ſo little to the inclination of another. But let me repeat, that it is your *duty* to acquieſce, if you *can* acquieſce: Your

Father has given your Brother's ſchemes *his* ſanction; and they are now *his*. Mr. Lovelace, I doubt, is not a man that will juſtify *your* choice ſo much as he will *their* diſlike. It is eaſy to ſee that your Brother has a *view* in diſcrediting you with all your friends, with your Uncles in particular: But for that very reaſon, you ſhould comply, if poſſible, in order to diſconcert his ungenerous meaſures. I will pray for you; and that is all I can do for you. I muſt now go down, and make a report, that you are reſolved never to have Mr. Solmes—Muſt I?—Conſider, my dear Miſs Clary—*Muſt* I?

Indeed you muſt!—But of This I do aſſure you, that I will do nothing to diſgrace the part you have had in my education. I will bear every-thing that ſhall be ſhort of forcing my hand into *his* who never can have any ſhare in my heart. I will try by patient duty, by humility, to overcome them. But death will I chuſe, in any ſhape, rather than That man.

I dread to go down, ſaid ſhe, with ſo determined an anſwer: They will have no patience with me.—But let me leave you with one obſervation, which I beg of you always to bear in mind:—

'That perſons of prudence, and diſtinguiſhed talents, like yours, ſeem to be ſprinkled through the world, to give credit, by their example, to Religion and Virtue. When ſuch perſons *wilfully* err, how great muſt be the fault! How ungrateful to that God, who bleſſed them with ſuch talents! What a loſs likewiſe to the world! What a wound to Virtue!—But this, I hope, will never be to be ſaid of Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe!'

I could give her no anſwer, but by my tears. And I thought, when ſhe went away, the better half of my heart went with her.

I liſtened to hear what reception ſhe would meet with below; and found it was juſt ſuch a one as ſhe had apprehended.

Will

Will ſhe, or will ſhe *not*, be Mrs. Solmes? None of your whining circumlocutions, Mrs. Norton!—[You may gueſs who ſaid this] *Will* ſhe, or will ſhe *not*, comply with her Parents will?

This cut ſhort all ſhe was going to ſay.

If I *muſt* ſpeak ſo briefly, Miſs will ſooner die, than have—

Any-body but Lovelace! interrupted my Brother.—This Madam, This, Sir, is your meek Daughter! This is Mrs. Norton's *ſweet child!*—Well, Goody, you may return to your own habitation. I am empowered to forbid you to have any correſpondence with this perverſe girl for a month to come, as you value the favour of our whole family, or of any individual of it.

And ſaying this, uncontradicted by any-body, he himſelf ſhewed her to the door—No doubt, with all that air of cruel inſult, which the haughty Rich can put on to the unhappy Low, who have not pleaſed them.

So here, my dear Miſs Howe, am I deprived of the advice of one of the moſt prudent and conſcientious women in the world, were I to have ever ſo much occaſion for it.

I might indeed write (as I preſume, under your cover) and receive *her* anſwers to what I ſhould write. But ſhould ſuch a correſpondence be charged upon her, I know ſhe would not be guilty of a falſhood for the world; nor even of an equivocation: And ſhould ſhe own it after this prohibition, ſhe would forfeit my Mother's favour for ever. And in my dangerous fever, ſome time ago, I engaged my Mother to promiſe me, that, if I died before I could do any thing for the good woman, ſhe would ſet her above want for the reſt of her life, ſhould her eyes fail her, or ſickneſs befall her, and ſhe could not provide for herſelf, as ſhe now ſo prettily does by her fine needleworks.

What meaſures will they fall upon next?—Will

they not recede when they find that it muſt be a rooted antipathy, and nothing elſe, that could make a temper not naturally inflexible, ſo ſturdy?

Adieu, my dear. Be you happy!—To *know* that it is in your power to be ſo, is all that ſeems wanting to make you ſo.

CL. HARLOWE.

LETTER XL.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

[*In continuation of the ſubject in Letter* XXXVIII].

I WILL now, tho' midnight (for I have no ſleep in my eyes) reſume the ſubject I was forced ſo abruptly to quit; and will obey yours, Miſs Lloyd's, Miſs Campion's, and Miſs Biddulph's call, with as much temper as my divided thoughts will admit. The dead ſtilneſs of this ſolemn hour will I hope contribute to calm my diſturbed mind.

In order to acquit myſelf of ſo heavy a charge as that of having reſerves to ſo dear a friend, I will acknowledge (and I thought I had over and over) that it is owing to my particular ſituation, if Mr. Lovelace appears to me in a tolerable light: And I take upon me to ſay, that had they oppoſed to him a man of ſenſe, of virtue, of generoſity; one who enjoyed his fortune with credit; who had a tenderneſs in his nature for the calamities of others, which would have given a moral aſſurance, that he would have been ſtill leſs wanting in grateful returns to an obliging ſpirit;—Had they oppoſed ſuch a man as this to Mr. Lovelace, and been as earneſt to have me married, as now they are, I do not know myſelf, if they would have had reaſon to tax me with that invincible obſtinacy which they lay to my charge: And this whatever had been the *Figure* of the man; ſince the *Heart* is what we women ſhould judge by in the choice we make, as

the beſt ſecurity for the party's good behaviour in every relation of life.

But, ſituated as I am, thus perſecuted and driven; I own to you, that I have now-and-then had a little more difficulty than I wiſhed for, in paſſing by Mr. Lovelace's tolerable qualities, to keep up my diſlike to him for his others.

You ſay, I muſt have argued with myſelf in his favour, and in his diſfavour, on a ſuppoſition, that I might poſſibly be one day his. I own that I have: And thus called upon by my deareſt friend, I will ſet before you both parts of the argument.

And firſt, *what occurred to me in his favour*:

At his introduction into our family, his negative virtues were inſiſted upon:—He was no gameſter; no horſe-racer; no fox hunter; no drinker: My poor Aunt Hervey had, in confidence, given us to apprehend much diſagreeable evil (eſpecially to a Wife of the leaſt delicacy) from a wine lover: And common ſenſe inſtructed us, that Sobriety in a man is no ſmall point to be ſecured, when ſo many miſchiefs happen daily from exceſs. I remember, that my Siſter made the moſt of this favourable circumſtance in his character while ſhe had any hopes of him.

He was never thought to be a niggard: Not even ungenerous: Nor when his conduct came to be enquired into, an extravagant, a ſquanderer: His pride [So far was it a laudable pride] ſecured him from that. Then he was ever ready to own his errors. He was no jeſter upon ſacred things: Poor Mr. Wyerley's fault; who ſeemed to think, that there was wit in ſaying bold things, which would ſhock a ſerious mind. His converſation with *us* was always unexceptionable; even chaſtely ſo; which, be his actions what they would, ſhewed him capable of being influenced by *decent* company; and that he might probably therefore be a *led* man, rather than a *leader*, in other company. And one late inſtance, ſo late as laſt Saturday

evening, has raiſed him not a little in my opinion, with regard to this point of good (and at the ſame time, of manly) behaviour.

As to the advantage of Birth, that is of his ſide, above any Man who has been found out for me. If we may judge by that expreſſion of his, which you were pleaſed with at the time; 'That upon *true* qua-'lity, and *hereditary* diſtinction, if good ſenſe were 'not wanting, *honour ſat as eaſy as his glove*;' That, with *as* familiar an air, was his familiar expreſſion; 'while none but the proſperous upſtart, MUSHROOM'D 'into rank (another of his peculiars) was arrogantly 'proud of it.'—If, I ſay, we may judge of him by this, we ſhall conclude in his favour, that he knows what ſort of behaviour is to be expected from perſons of Birth, whether he act up to it or not. Conviction is half way to amendment.

His fortunes in poſſeſſion are handſome; in expectation, ſplendid: So nothing need be ſaid on that ſubject.

But it is impoſſible, ſay ſome, that he ſhould make a tender or kind Huſband. Thoſe who are for impoſing upon me ſuch a man as Mr. Solmes, and by methods ſo violent, are not intitled to make this objection. But now, on this ſubject, let me tell you how I have argued with myſelf—For ſtill you muſt remember, that I am upon the extenuating part of his character.

A great deal of the treatment a Wife may expect from him, will poſſibly depend upon herſelf. Perhaps ſhe muſt *practiſe* as well as *promiſe* obedience, to a man ſo little uſed to controul; and muſt be careful to oblige. And what Huſband expects not this?—The *more* perhaps if he had not reaſon to aſſure himſelf of the preferable love of his Wife before ſhe became ſuch. And how much eaſier and pleaſanter to obey the man of her choice, if he ſhould be even unreaſonable ſometimes, than one ſhe would not have had, could ſhe have avoided it? Then, I think, as the men

were

were the framers of the Matrimonial Office, and made *obedience* a part of the woman's vow, ſhe ought not, even in *policy*, to ſhew him, that ſhe can break thro' *her* part of the contract (however lightly ſhe may think of the inſtance) leſt *he* ſhould take it into his head (himſelf is judge) to think as lightly of other points, which ſhe may hold more important—But indeed no point ſo ſolemnly vowed can be ſlight.

Thus principled, and *acting* accordingly, what a wretch muſt that Huſband be, who could treat ſuch a Wife brutally!—Will Lovelace's *Wife* be the only perſon, to whom he will not pay the grateful debt of civility and good manners? He is allowed to be brave: Who ever know a brave man, if a man of *ſenſe*, an univerſally baſe man? And how much the gentleneſs of our Sex, and the manner of our training up and education, make us need the protection of the Brave, and the countenance of the Generous, let the general approbation which we are all ſo naturally inclined to give to men of that character, teſtify.

At worſt, will he confine me priſoner to my chamber? Will he deny me the viſits of my deareſt friend, and forbid me to correſpond with her? Will he take from me the Miſtreſſy management, which I had not faultily diſcharged? Will he ſet a ſervant over me, with licence to inſult me? Will he, as he has not a *Siſter*, permit his Couſins Montague, or would either of thoſe Ladies *accept* of a permiſſion, to inſult and tyrannize over me?—It cannot be.—Why then, think I often, do you tempt me, O my cruel friends, to try the difference?

And then has the ſecret pleaſure intrude itſelf, to be able to reclaim ſuch a man to the paths of virtue and honour: To be a *ſecondary* means, if I were to be his, of ſaving him, and preventing the miſchiefs ſo enterpriſing a creature might otherwiſe be guilty of, if he be ſuch a one.

When I have thought of him in theſe lights (and

that as a man of ſenſe he will ſooner ſee his errors, than another) I own to you, that I have had ſome difficulty to avoid taking the path they ſo violently endeavour to make me ſhun: And all that command of my paſſions which has been attributed to me as my greateſt praiſe, and, in ſo young a creature, as my diſtinction, has hardly been ſufficient for me.

And let me add, that the favour of his relations (all but himſelf unexceptionable) has made a good deal of additional weight, thrown into the ſame ſcale.

But now, in his diſfavour. When I have reflected upon the prohibition of my parents; The giddy appearance, diſgraceful to our Sex, that ſuch a preference would have: That there is no manner of likelihood, enflamed by the Rencounter, and upheld by art and ambition on my Brother's ſide, that ever the animoſity will be got over: That I muſt therefore be at perpetual variance with all my own family: That I muſt go to *him*, and to *his*, as an obliged and half-fortuned perſon: That his averſion to them all is as ſtrong as theirs to him: That his whole family are hated for his ſake; they hating ours in return: That he has a very immoral character as to women: That knowing this, it is a high degree of impurity to think of joining in wedlock with ſuch a man: That he is young, unbroken, his paſſions unſubdued: That he is violent in his temper, yet artful: I am afraid vindictive too: That ſuch an Huſband might unſettle me in all my own principles, and hazard my future hopes: That his own relations, two excellent Aunts, and an Uncle, from whom he has ſuch large expectations, have no influence upon him: That what tolerable qualities he has, are founded more in pride than in virtue: That allowing, as he does, the excellency of Moral Precepts, and believing the doctrine of future Rewards and Puniſhments, he can live as if he deſpiſed the one, and defied the other: The probability that the taint ariſing from ſuch free principles, may go down into

the

the manners of poſterity: That I knowing theſe things, and the importance of them, ſhould be more inexcuſeable than one who knows them not; ſince an error *againſt* judgment is worſe, infinitely worſe, than an error *in* judgment:—Reflecting upon theſe things, I cannot help conjuring you, my dear, to pray *with* me, and to pray *for* me, that I may not be puſhed upon ſuch indiſcreet meaſures, as will render me inexcuſeable to myſelf: For that is the teſt, after all. The world's opinion ought to be but a ſecondary conſideration.

I have ſaid in his praiſe, that he is extremely ready to *own his errors:* But I have ſometimes made a great drawback upon this article, in his diſfavour; having been ready to apprehend, that this ingenuouſneſs may poſſibly be attributable to two cauſes, neither of them, by any means, creditable to him. The one, that his vices are ſo much his maſters, that he *attempts* not to conquer them; the other, that he may think it policy, to give up *one half* of his character, to ſave the *other*, when the *whole* may be blameable: By this means, ſilencing by acknowledgement the objections he cannot anſwer; which may give him the praiſe of ingenuouſneſs, when he can obtain no other; and when the *challenged* proof might bring out, upon diſcuſſion, other evils. Theſe, you will allow, are ſevere conſtructions; but every-thing his enemies ſay of him cannot be falſe.

I will proceed by-and-by.

SOMETIMES we have both thought him one of the moſt undeſigning *merely* witty man we ever knew; at other times one of the deepeſt creatures we ever converſed with. So that when in one viſit we have imagined we fathomed him, in the next he has made us ready to give him up as impenetrable. This impenetrableneſs, my dear, is to be put among the ſhades in his character.—Yet, upon the whole, you have been ſo far of his party, that you have conteſted, that his principal fault is over-frankneſs, and too much regard-

leſneſs of appearances, and that he is too giddy to be very artful. You would have it, that at *the time* he ſays any thing good, he means what he ſpeaks; That his variableneſs and levity are conſtitutional, owing to ſound health, and to a ſoul and body [that was your obſervation] fitted for and pleaſed with each other. And hence you concluded, that could this *conſentaneouſneſs* [as you call it] of corporal and animal faculties be pointed by diſcretion; that is to ſay, could his vivacity be confined within the pale of *but* moral obligations; he would be far from being rejectible as a companion for life.

But I uſed then to ſay, and I ſtill am of opinion, that he wants a *heart:* And if he does, he wants everything. A wrong *head* may be convinced, may have a right turn given it: But who is able to give a *heart*, if a heart be wanting? Divine Grace, working a miracle, or next to a miracle, can only change a bad heart. Should not one fly the man who is but *ſuſpected* of ſuch a one? What, O what, do Parents do, when they endeavour to force a child's inclination, but make her think better than otherwiſe ſhe would think of a man obnoxious to themſelves, and perhaps whoſe character will not ſtand examination?

I have ſaid, that I think Mr. Lovelace a vindictive man: Upon my word, I have ſometimes doubted, whether his perſeverance in his addreſſes to me has not been the more obſtinate, ſince he has found himſelf ſo diſagreeable to my friends. From that time I verily think he has been the more fervent in them; yet courts them not, but ſets them at defiance. For this indeed he pleads diſintereſtedneſs [I am ſure he cannot politeneſs]; and the more plauſibly, as he is appriſed of the ability they have to make it worth his while to court them. 'Tis true he has declared, and with too much reaſon, (or there would be no bearing him) that the loweſt ſubmiſſions on his part would not be accepted; and to oblige me, has offered to ſeek a reconciliation with them, if I would give him hope of ſucceſs. As

As to his behaviour at church, the Sunday before laſt, I lay no ſtreſs upon that, becauſe I doubt there was too much *outward pride* in his *intentional humility*, or Shorey, who is not his enemy, could not have miſtaken it.

I do not think him ſo deeply learned in human Nature, or in Ethics, as ſome have thought him. Don't you remember how he ſtared at the following trite obſervations, which every moraliſt could have furniſhed him with? Complaining as he did, in a half-menacing ſtrain, of the obloquies raiſed againſt him—'That if he were innocent, he ſhould deſpiſe the obloquy: If not, revenge would not wipe off his guilt.' 'That no-body ever thought of turning a ſword into a ſponge!' 'That it was in his own power by reformation of an error laid to his charge by an enemy, to make that enemy one of his beſt friends; and (which was the nobleſt revenge in the world) *againſt his will*; ſince an enemy would not *wiſh* him to be without the faults he taxed him with.'

But the *intention*, he ſaid, was the wound.

How ſo, I aſked him, when *That* cannot wound without the *application?* 'That the adverſary only held the ſword: He himſelf pointed it to his breaſt:'—And why ſhould he mortally reſent that malice, which he might be the better for as long as he lived?'—What could be the reading he has been ſaid to be maſter of, to wonder, as he did, at theſe obſervations?

But, indeed, he muſt take pleaſure in Revenge; and yet holds others to be inexcuſeable for the ſame fault. He is not, however, the only one who can ſee how truly blameable thoſe errors are in another, which they hardly think ſuch in themſelves.

From theſe conſiderations; from theſe *over-balances*; it was, that I ſaid, in a former, that I would not be in Love with this man for the world: And it was going further than prudence would warrant, when

I was for compounding with you, by the words *conditional liking*; which you ſo humourouſly rally.

Well but, methinks you ſay, what is all this to the purpoſe? This is ſtill but reaſoning: But, if you *are* in Love, you *are*: And Love, like the vapours, is the deeper rooted for having no ſufficient cauſe aſſignable for its hold. And ſo you call upon me again, to have no reſerves, and ſo-forth.

Why then, my dear, if you will have it, I think, that, with all his preponderating faults, I like him better than I ever thought I ſhould like him; and, thoſe faults conſidered, better perhaps than *I ought* to like him. And I believe, it is poſſible for the perſecution I labour under, to induce me to like him ſtill more—Eſpecially while I can recollect to his advantage our laſt Interview, and as every day produces ſtronger inſtances of *tyranny*, I will call it, on the other ſide.—In a word, I will frankly own (ſince you cannot think any-thing I ſay too explicit) that were he *now* but a moral man, I would prefer him to all the men I ever ſaw.

So that this is but *conditional liking* ſtill, you'll ſay. —Nor, I hope, is it more. I never was in *Love* as it is called; and whether This be *it*, or not, I muſt ſubmit to *you*. But will venture to think it, if it be, no ſuch *mighty* monarch, no ſuch unconquerable power, as I have heard it repreſented; and it muſt have met with greater encouragement than I think I have given it, to be abſolutely unconquerable—Since I am perſuaded, that I could yet, without a *throb*, moſt willingly give up the *one* man to get rid of the *other*.

But now to be a little more ſerious with you: If, my dear, my particularly unhappy ſituation *had* driven (or *led* me, if you pleaſe) into a *Liking* of the man; and if that Liking *had*, in your opinion, inclined me to *love* him; ſhould *you*, whoſe mind is ſuſceptible of the moſt friendly impreſſions; who have ſuch high notions of the delicacy which ought to be obſerved by

our

our Sex in theſe matters; and who actually *do* enter ſo deeply into the diſtreſſes of one you love—ſhould *you* have puſhed ſo far that unhappy friend on ſo very nice a ſubject?—Eſpecially, when I aimed not (as you could *prove by fifty* inſtances, it ſeems) to guard *againſt being found out*. Had you rallied me by word of mouth in the manner you do, it might have been more in character; eſpecially, if your friend's diſtreſſes had been ſurmounted; and if ſhe had affected Prudiſh airs in revolving the ſubject: But to ſit down to *write* it, as methinks I ſee you, with a gladdened eye, and with all the archneſs of exultation—Indeed, my dear (and I take notice of it, rather for the ſake of your own generoſity, than for my ſake; for, as I have ſaid, I love your raillery) it is not ſo *very* pretty; the delicacy of the ſubject, and the delicacy of your own mind, conſidered.

I lay down my pen here, that you may conſider of it a little, if you pleaſe.

❁ ❁

I RESUME, to give you my opinion of the force which *figure* or *perſon* ought to have upon our Sex: And this I ſhall do both *generally* as to the other Sex, and *particularly* as to this man: Whence you will be able to collect how far my friends are in the right, or in the wrong, when they attribute a good deal of prejudice in favour of one man, and in diſfavour of the other, on the ſcore of figure. But, firſt, let me obſerve, That they ſee abundant reaſon, on comparing Mr. Lovelace and Mr. Solmes together, to believe that this *may* be a conſideration with me; and therefore they believe it *is*.

There is certainly ſomething very plauſible and attractive, as well as creditable to a woman's *choice*, in *figure*. It gives a favourable impreſſion at firſt ſight, in which we wiſh to be confirmed: And if, upon further acquaintance, we find reaſon ſo to be, we are pleaſed with our judgment, and like the perſon the better,

better, for having given us cauſe to compliment our own ſagacity, in our firſt-ſighted impreſſions. But, nevertheleſs, it has been generally a rule with me, to ſuſpect a fine figure, both in man and woman; and I have had a good deal of reaſon to approve my rule; —With regard to *Men* eſpecially; who ought to value themſelves rather upon their intellectual than perſonal qualities. For, as to our Sex, if a fine woman ſhould be led by the opinion of the world, to be vain and conceited upon her form and features; and that to ſuch a degree, as to have neglected the more material and more *durable* recommendations; the world will be ready to excuſe her; ſince a pretty fool, in all ſhe ſays, and in all ſhe does, will pleaſe, we know not why.

But who would grudge this pretty fool her ſhort day! Since, with her ſummer's ſun, when her butterfly flutters are over, and the winter of age and furrows arrives, ſhe will feel the juſt effects of having neglected to cultivate her better faculties: For then, like another Helen, ſhe will be unable to bear the reflexion even of her own glaſs; and being ſunk into the inſignificance of a *mere old woman*, ſhe will be entitled to the contempts which follow that character. While the *diſcreet matron*, who carries *up* [we will not, in in ſuch a one's caſe, ſay *down*] into advanced life, the ever-amiable character of virtuous prudence, and uſeful experience, finds ſolid veneration take place of airy admiration, and more than ſupply the want of it.

But for a *man* to be vain of his perſon, how effeminate! If ſuch a one happens to have genius, it ſeldom ſtrikes deep into intellectual ſubjects. His outſide uſually runs away with him. To adorn, and perhaps, *intending* to adorn, to render ridiculous, that perſon, takes up all his attention. All he does is *perſonal*; that is to ſay, *for* himſelf: All he admires, *is* himſelf: And in ſpite of the correction of the Stage, which ſo often and ſo juſtly expoſes a coxcomb, he

uſually dwindles down, and ſinks into that character; and, of conſequence, becomes the ſcorn of one Sex, and the jeſt of the other.

This is generally the caſe of your fine figures of Men, and of thoſe who value themſelves on dreſs and outward appearance: Whence it is, that I repeat, that *mere perſon* in a man, is a deſpicable conſideration. But if a man, *beſides* figure, has learning, and ſuch talents, as *would* have diſtinguiſhed him, whatever were his form; then indeed *perſon* is an addition: And if he has not run too egregiouſly into ſelf-admiration, and if he has preſerved his morals, he is truly a valuable being.

Mr. Lovelace has certainly taſte; and, as far as I am able to determine, he has judgment in moſt of the politer arts. But altho' he has a humourous way of carrying it off, yet one may ſee, that he values himſelf not a little, both on his perſon and his parts, and even upon his *dreſs*; and yet he has ſo happy an eaſe in the latter, that it ſeems to be the leaſt part of his ſtudy. And as to the former, I ſhould hold myſelf inexcuſeable, if I were to add to his vanity by ſhewing the *leaſt regard* for what is too evidently ſo *much his*.

And now, my dear, let me aſk you; Have I come up to your expectation? If I have not, when my mind is more at eaſe, I will endeavour to pleaſe you better. For, methinks, my ſentences drag; my ſtyle creeps; my imagination is ſunk; my ſpirits ſerve me not; only to tell you, That whether I have more or leſs, I am wholly devoted to the commands of my dear Miſs Howe.

P. S. The inſolent Betty Barnes has juſt now fired me anew, by reporting to me the following expreſſions of the hideous creature, Solmes—'That he is *ſure* of 'the coy girl; and that *with little labour to himſelf*.' 'That be I ever ſo averſe to him beforehand, he can 'depend upon my principles; and it will be a pleaſure 'to him to ſee by what pretty degrees I ſhall come to.'

[—Horrid;

[—Horrid wretch!] 'That it was Sir Oliver's obſer-
'vation, who knew the world perfectly well, that
'*Fear* was a better ſecurity than *Love*, for a wo-
'man's good behaviour to her Huſband; altho', for
'his part, to ſuch a fine creature [truly] he would
'try what Love would do; for a few weeks at leaſt:
'Being unwilling to believe what the old Knight uſed
'to aver, That fondneſs ſpoils more wives than it
'makes good.'

What think you, my dear, of ſuch a wretch as this! tutored, too, by that old ſurly *Miſogyniſt*, as he was deemed, Sir Oliver?—

LETTER XLI.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Tueſday, March 21.

HOW willingly would my dear Mother ſhew kindneſs to me, were ſhe permitted! None of this perſecution ſhould I labour under, I am ſure, if that regard were paid to her prudence and fine underſtanding, which they ſo well deſerve. Whether owing to her, or to my Aunt, or to both, that a new trial was to be made upon me, I cannot tell; but this morning her Shorey delivered into my hand the following condeſcending Letter.

My dear girl,

FOR ſo I muſt ſtill call you; ſince *dear* you may be to me, in every ſenſe of the word—We have taken into particular conſideration, ſome hints that fell yeſterday from your good Norton, as if we had not, at Mr. Solmes's firſt application, treated you with that condeſcenſion, wherewith we have in all other inſtances treated you. If it even *had been ſo*, my dear, you were not excuſeable to be wanting in *your* part, and to ſet yourſelf to oppoſe your Father's will in a point into which he had entered too far, to recede with

with honour. But all yet may be well. On your ſingle will, my child, depends all our happineſs.

Your Father permits me to tell you, that if you now at laſt comply with his expectations, all paſt diſobligations ſhall be buried in oblivion, as if they had never been: But withal, that this is the laſt time that that grace will be offered you.

I hinted to you, you muſt remember (*a*), that patterns of the richeſt ſilks were ſent for. They are come. And as they *are* come, your Father, to ſhew how much he is determined, will have me ſend them up to you. I could have wiſhed they might not have accompanied this Letter—But there is no great matter in *that*. I muſt tell you, that your delicacy is not to be quite ſo much regarded, as I had once thought it deſerved to be.

Theſe are the neweſt, as well as richeſt, that we could procure; anſwerable to our ſtation in the world; anſwerable to the fortune, additional to your Grandfather's Eſtate, deſigned you; and to the noble Settlements agreed upon.

Your Father intends you ſix Suits (three of them dreſſed Suits) at his own expence. You have an entire new Suit; and one beſides, which I think you never wore but twice. As the new Suit is rich, if you chuſe to make That one of the ſix, your Father will preſent you with an hundred guineas in lieu.

Mr. Solmes intends to preſent you with a ſet of jewels. As you have your Grandmother's and your own, if you chuſe to have the former new ſet, and to make them ſerve, his preſent will be made in money; a very round ſum—which will be given in full property to yourſelf; beſides a fine annual allowance for pin-money, as it is called. So that your objection againſt the ſpirit of a man you think worſe of than it deſerves, will have no weight; but you will be more independent than a Wife of leſs diſcretion

(*a*) See p. 135.

than

than we attribute to you, perhaps *ought* to be. You know full well, that I, who firſt and laſt brought a ſtill larger fortune into the family than you will carry to Mr. Solmes, had not a proviſion made me of near This that we have made for you.—Where people marry to their liking, terms are the leaſt things ſtood upon—Yet ſhould I be ſorry if you cannot (to oblige us all) overcome a diſlike.

Wonder not, Clary, that I write to you thus plainly and freely upon this ſubject. Your behaviour hitherto has been ſuch, that we have had no opportunity of entering minutely into the ſubject with you. Yet, after all that has paſſed between you and me in converſation, and between you and your Uncles by Letter, you have no room to doubt what is to be the conſequence.—Either, child, we muſt give up *our* authority, or you *your* humour. You cannot expect the one. We have all the reaſon in the world to expect the other. You know I have told you more than once, that you muſt reſolve to have Mr. Solmes, or never to be looked upon as our child.

The draught of the Settlements you may ſee whenever you will. We think there can be no room for objection to any of the articles. There is ſtill more in them in our family's favour, than was ſtipulated at firſt, when your Aunt talked of them to you. More ſo, indeed, than we could have aſked. If, upon peruſal of them, you think any alteration neceſſary, it ſhall be made.—Do, my dear girl, ſend to me within this day or two, or rather *aſk* me, for the peruſal of them.

As a certain perſon's appearance at church ſo lately, and what he gives out every-where, make us extremely uneaſy, and as that uneaſineſs will continue while you are ſingle, you muſt not wonder that a ſhort day is intended. This-day-fortnight we deſign it to be, if you have no objection to make that I ſhall approve of. But if you determine as we would have you, and ſignify it to us, we ſhall not ſtand with you for a week or ſo.

Your

Your ſightlineſs of perſon may perhaps make ſome think this alliance diſparaging. But I hope you will not put ſuch a perſonal value upon yourſelf: If you do, it will indeed be the leſs wonder that *perſon* ſhould weigh with you (however weak the conſideration!) in another man.

Thus we Parents, in juſtice, ought to judge: That our two Daughters are *equally* dear and valuable to us: If ſo, why ſhould *Clariſſa* think that a diſparagement, which *Arabella* would not (nor *we* for her) have thought any, had the addreſs been made to her?— You will know what I mean by this, without my explaining myſelf farther.

Signify to us, now, therefore, your compliance with our wiſhes. And then there is an end of your confinement. An act of oblivion, as I may call it, ſhall paſs upon all your former refractorineſs: And you will once more make us happy in you, and in one another. You may, in this caſe, directly come down to your Father and me, in his Study; where we will give you our opinions of the patterns, with our hearty forgiveneſs and bleſſings.

Come, be a good child, as you uſed to be, my Clariſſa. I have (notwithſtanding your paſt behaviour, and the hopeleſneſs which ſome have expreſſed in your compliance) undertaken this one time more for you. Diſcredit not my hopes, my dear girl. I have promiſed never more to interfere between your *Father* and *you*, if this my moſt earneſt application ſucceed not. I expect you down, Love. Your Father expects you down. But be ſure don't let him ſee anything unchearful in your compliance. If you come, I will claſp you to my fond heart, with as much pleaſure as ever I preſſed you to it in my whole life. You don't know what I have ſuffered within theſe few weeks paſt; nor ever will be able to gueſs, till you come to be in my ſituation; which is that of a fond and indulgent Mother, praying night and day, and ſtrug

ſtruggling to preſerve, againſt the attempts of more ungovernable ſpirits, the peace and union of her family.

But you know the terms. Come not near us, if you reſolve to be undutiful: But this, after what I have written, I hope you cannot be.

If you come directly, and, as I ſaid, *chearfully*, as if your heart were in your duty (and you told me it was *free*, you know) I ſhall then, as I ſaid, give you the moſt tender proofs, how much I am

Your truly affectionate Mother.

Think for me, my deareſt friend, how I muſt be affected by this Letter; the contents of it is ſo ſurpriſingly terrifying, yet ſo ſweetly urged!—O why, cried I to myſelf, am I obliged to undergo this ſevere conflict between a command that I cannot obey, and language ſo condeſcendingly moving!—Could I have been ſure of being ſtruck dead at the altar before the ceremony had given the man I hate a title to my vows, I think I could have ſubmitted to have been led to it. But to thing of living *with* and living *for* a man one abhors, what a ſad thing is that!

And then, how could the glare of habit and ornament be ſuppoſed any inducement to one, who has always held, that the principal view of a good Wife in the adorning of her perſon, ought to be, to *preſerve* the affection of her huſband, and to *do credit* to his choice; and that ſhe ſhould be even fearful of attracting the eyes of *others*?—In this view, muſt not the very richneſs of the patterns add to my diſguſts?—Great encouragement indeed, to think of adorning one's ſelf to be the Wife of Mr. *Solmes*!

Upon the whole, it was not poſſible for me to go down upon the preſcribed condition. Do you think it was?—And to *write*, if my Letter would have been *read*, what could I write that would be admitted, and after what I had written and ſaid to ſo little effect?

I walked

I walked backward and forward. I threw down with diſdain the patterns. Now to my cloſet retired I; then quitting it, threw myſelf upon the Settee; then upon this chair; then upon that; then into one window, then into another—I knew not what to do! —And while I was in this ſuſpenſe, having again taken up the Letter to re-peruſe it, Betty came in, reminding me, by order, That my Papa and Mamma waited for me in my father's ſtudy.

Tell my Mamma, ſaid I, that I beg the favour of ſeeing her here for one moment; or to permit me to attend her any-where by herſelf.

I liſtened at the ſtairs-head—You ſee, my dear, how it is, cried my Father, very angrily: All your condeſcenſion (as your indulgence heretofore) is thrown away. *You blame your Son's violence*, as you call it [*I had ſome pleaſure in hearing this*]; but nothing elſe will do with her. You ſhall *not* ſee her alone. Is my preſence an exception to the bold creature?

Tell her, ſaid my Mother to Betty, ſhe knows upon what terms ſhe may come down to us. Nor will I ſee her upon any other.

The maid brought me this Anſwer. I had recourſe to my pen and ink; but I trembled ſo, that I could not write, nor knew I what to ſay, had I had ſteadier fingers. At laſt Betty brought me theſe lines from my Father.

Undutiful and perverſe Clariſſa,

NO condeſcenſion, I ſee, will move you. Your Mother ſhall *not* ſee you; nor will I. Prepare however to obey. You know our pleaſure. Your Uncle Antony, your Brother, and your Siſter, and your favourite Mrs. Norton, ſhall ſee the ceremony performed privately at your Uncle's chapel. And when Mr. Solmes can introduce you to us, in the temper we wiſh to behold you in, we may perhaps forgive

forgive *his* Wife, altho' we never can, in any *other* character, our perverſe Daughter. As it will be ſo privately performed, cloaths and equipage may be provided afterwards. So prepare to go to your Uncle's for an early day in next week. We will not ſee you till all is over: And we will have it over the ſooner, in order to ſhorten the time of your deſerved confinement, and our own trouble in contending with ſuch a rebel, as you have been of late. I will hear no pleas, I will receive no Letter, nor Expoſtulation. Nor ſhall you hear from me any more till you have changed your name to my liking. This from

Your incenſed Father.

If this reſolution be adhered to, then will my Father never ſee me more!—For I will never be the Wife of that Solmes—I will die firſt!—

Tueſday Evening.

HE, this Solmes, came hither ſoon after I had received my Father's Letter. He ſent up to beg leave to wait upon me—I wonder at his aſſurance!—

I ſaid to Betty, who brought me this meſſage, Let him reſtore an unhappy creature to her Father and Mother, and then I may hear what he has to ſay. But, if my friends will not ſee *me* on *his* account, I will not ſee *him* upon his *own*.

I hope, Miſs, ſaid Betty, you will not ſend me down with this Anſwer. He is with your Papa and Mamma.

I am driven to deſpair, ſaid I. I cannot be uſed worſe. I will not ſee him.

Down ſhe went with my Anſwer. She pretended, it ſeems, to be loth to repeat it: So was *commanded* out of her affected reſerves, and gave it in its full force.

O how I heard my Father ſtorm!

They were all together, it ſeems, in his Study. My Brother was for having me turned out of the houſe

that

that moment, to Lovelace, and my evil deſtiny. My Mother was pleaſed to put in a gentle word for me: I know not what it was: But thus ſhe was anſwered—My dear, this is the moſt provoking thing in the world in a woman of your good ſenſe!—To love a rebel, as well as if ſhe were dutiful. What encouragement for duty is this?—Have I not loved her as well as ever you did? And *why* am I changed! Would to the Lord, your Sex knew how to diſtinguiſh! It is plain, that ſhe relies upon her power over you. The fond Mother ever made a hardened child!

She was pleaſed, however, to blame Betty, as the wench owned, for giving my Anſwer its full force. But my Father praiſed her for it.

The wench ſays, That he would have come up in his wrath, at my refuſing to ſee Mr. Solmes, had not my Brother and Siſter prevailed upon him to the contrary.

I wiſh he had!—And, were it not for his own ſake, that he had killed me!

Mr. Solmes condeſcended [I am mightily obliged to him, truly!] to plead for me.

They are all in tumults! How it will end, I know not—I am quite weary of my life—So happy, till within theſe few weeks!—So miſerable now!

Well, indeed, might my Mother ſay, That I ſhould have ſevere trials (*a*).

P. S. The *Idiot* [ſuch a one am I treated like!] is *begged*, as I may ſay, by my Brother and Siſter. They have deſired, that I may be conſigned over entirely to their management. If it be granted [It *is* granted, on my Father's part, I underſtand, but not *yet* on my Mother's] what cruelty may I not expect from their envy, jealouſy, and ill will!—I ſhall ſoon ſee, by its effects, if I am to be ſo conſigned—This is a written intimation privately dropt

(*a*) P. 162.

in my Woodhouſe-walk, by my Couſin Dolly Hervey. The dear girl longs to ſee me, ſhe tells me: But is forbidden till ſhe ſee me as Mrs. Solmes, or as conſenting to be his. I will take example by *their* perſeverance!—Indeed I will!—

LETTER XLII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

AN angry dialogue, a ſcolding-bout rather, has paſſed between my Siſter and me. Did you think I could ſcold, my dear?

She was ſent up to me, upon my refuſal to ſee Mr. Solmes—Let looſe upon me, I think!—No intention on their parts, to conciliate! It ſeems evident that I am given up to my Brother and her, by general conſent.

I will do juſtice to every-thing ſhe ſaid againſt me, which carried any force with it. As I aſk for your approbation or diſapprobation of my conduct, upon the facts I lay before you, I ſhould think it the ſign of a very bad cauſe, if I endeavoured to miſlead my judge.

She began with repreſenting to me the danger I had been in, had my Father come up, as he would have done had he not been hindered—by Mr. *Solmes*, among the reſt. She reflected upon my Norton, as if ſhe encouraged me in my perverſeneſs. She ridiculed me for my ſuppoſed eſteem for Mr. Lovelace.—Was ſurpriſed that the *witty*, the *prudent*, nay, the *dutiful* and *pi—ous* [ſo ſhe ſneeringly pronounced the word] Clariſſa Harlowe, ſhould be ſo ſtrangely fond of a profligate man, that her parents were forced to lock her up, in order to hinder her from running into his arms. 'Let me aſk you, my dear, ſaid ſhe, how 'you now keep your account of the diſpoſition of 'your time? *How many hours* in the *twenty-four* do 'you devote to your Needle? How many to your 'Prayers?

'Prayers? How many to Letter-writing? And how 'many to Love?—I doubt, I doubt, my little dear, 'was her arch expreſſion, The latter article is like 'Aaron's rod, and ſwallows up all the reſt!—Tell 'me; is it not ſo?'

To theſe I anſwered, That it was a double mortification to me to owe my ſafety from the effects of my Father's indignation to a man I could never thank for any-thing. I vindicated the good Mrs. Norton with a warmth that was due to her merit.—With equal warmth I reſented her reflections upon me on Mr. Lovelace's account. As to the diſpoſition of my time in the twenty-four hours, I told her it would better have become her to pity a Siſter in diſtreſs, than to exult over her—Eſpecially, when I could too juſtly attribute to the diſpoſition of ſome of her wakeful hours no ſmall part of that diſtreſs.

She raved extremely at this laſt hint: But reminded me of the gentle treatment of all my friends, my Mother's in particular, before it came to This: She ſaid, that I had diſcovered a ſpirit they never had expected: That, if they had *thought* me ſuch a championeſs, they would hardly have ventured to engage with me: But that now, the ſhort and the long was, that the matter had gone too far to be given up: That it was become a contention between *duty* and *wilfulneſs*; Whether a Parent's authority were to yield to a Daughter's obſtinacy, or the contrary: That I muſt therefore bend or break, that was all, child.

I told her, that I wiſhed the ſubject were of ſuch a nature, that I could return her pleaſantry with equal lightneſs of heart: But that, if Mr. Solmes had ſuch merit in every-body's eyes, in *hers* particularly, why might he not be a *Brother* to me, rather than a *Huſband?*

O child, ſays ſhe, methinks you are as pleaſant to the full as I am: I begin to have ſome hopes of you

now. But do you think I will rob my Siſter of her humble ſervant? Had he firſt addreſſed himſelf to me, proceeded ſhe, ſomething might have been ſaid: But to take my younger Siſter's refuſal! No, no, child; it is not come to that neither! Beſides, That would be to leave the door open in your heart for you know who, child; and we would fain bar him out, if poſſible. In ſhort [and then ſhe changed both her tone, and her looks] had I been as forward as ſomebody, to throw myſelf into the arms of one of the greateſt profligates in England, who had endeavoured to ſupport his claim to me thro' the blood of my Brother, then might all my family join together to ſave me from ſuch a wretch, and to marry me as faſt as they could, to ſome worthy man, who might *opportunely* offer himſelf. And now, Clary, all's out, and make the moſt of it.

Did not this deſerve a ſevere return? Do, ſay it did, to juſtify my reply.—Alas! for my poor Siſter! ſaid I—The man was not always ſo great a profligate. How true is the obſervation, *That unrequited Love turns to deepeſt Hate!*

I thought ſhe would have beat me. But I proceeded—I have heard often of my Brother's danger, and my Brother's murderer. When ſo little ceremony is made with me, why ſhould I not ſpeak out? —Did he not ſeek to kill the *other*, if he could have done it? Would my Brother have given Lovelace *his* life, had it been in his power?—The *aggreſſor* ſhould not *complain*.—And, as to *opportune* offers, would to Heaven ſome one had offered *opportunely* to ſomebody! It is not my fault, Bella, the *opportune* gentleman don't come!

Could *you*, my dear, have ſhewn more ſpirit? I expected to feel the weight of her hand. She did come up to me, with it held up: Then, ſpeechleſs with paſſion, ran down half way of the ſtairs, and came up again.

When ſhe could ſpeak—God give me patience with you!

Amen, ſaid I: But you ſee, Bella, how ill you bear the retort you provoke. Will you forgive me; and let me find a Siſter in *you*, as *I* am ſorry, if you have reaſon to think me unſiſterly in what I have ſaid?

Then did ſhe pour upon me, with greater violence; conſidering my gentleneſs as a triumph of temper over her. She was reſolved, ſhe ſaid, to let every-body know how I took the wicked Lovelace's part againſt my Brother.

I wiſhed, I told her, I could make the plea for *myſelf*, which ſhe might for *herſelf*; to wit, That my anger was more inexcuſeable than my judgment. But I preſumed ſhe had ſome other view in coming to me, than ſhe had hitherto acquainted me with. Let me, ſaid I, but know (after all that has paſſed) if you have any-thing to propoſe that I *can* comply with; any-thing that can make my *only* Siſter once more my friend?

I had before, upon her ridiculing me on my ſuppoſed character of *meekneſs*, ſaid, that, altho' I wiſhed to be thought *meek*, I would not be *abject*; altho' *humble*, not *mean*: And here, in a ſneering way, ſhe cautioned me on that head.

I replied, that her pleaſantry was much more agreeable than her anger. But I wiſhed ſhe would let me know the end of a viſit that had hitherto (*between* us) been ſo unſiſterly.

She deſired to be informed, in the name of *every-body*, was her word, what I was determined upon? And whether to comply or not?—One word for all: My friends were not to have patience with ſo perverſe a creature for ever.

This then I told her I would do: Abſolutely break with the man they were all ſo determined againſt: Upon condition, however, that neither Mr. Solmes, nor any other, were urged to me with the force of a command.

And what was this, more than I had offered before? What, but ringing my changes upon the ſame bells, and neither receding nor advancing one tittle?

If I knew what other propoſals I could make, I told her, that would be acceptable to them all, and free me from the addreſs of a man ſo diſagreeable to me, I *would* make them. I had indeed before offered, never to marry without my Father's conſent—

She interrupted me, That was becauſe I depended upon my whining tricks to bring my Father and Mother to what I pleaſed.

A *poor* dependence! I ſaid:—*She* knew thoſe who would make that dependence vain—

And I *ſhould* have brought them to my own beck, very probably, and my Uncle Harlowe too, as alſo my Aunt Hervey, had I not been forbidden their ſight, and thereby hindered from playing my pug's tricks before them.

At leaſt, Bella, ſaid I, you have hinted to me *to whom* I am obliged, that my Father and Mother, and every-body elſe, treat me thus harſhly. But ſurely you make them all very weak. Indifferent perſons, judging of us two from what *you* ſay, would either think *me* a very artful creature, or *you* a very ſpiteful one—

You are *indeed* a very artful one, for that matter, interrupted ſhe in a paſſion: One of the artfulleſt I ever knew! And then followed an accuſation ſo low! ſo unſiſterly!—That I half-bewitched people by my inſinuating addreſs: That no-body could be valued or reſpected, but muſt ſtand like cyphers where-ever I came. How often, ſaid ſhe, have I and my Brother been talking upon a ſubject, and had every-body's attention, till *you* came in, with your bewitching *meek* pride, and *humble* ſignificance? And then have we either been ſtopped by references to Miſs Clary's opinion, forſooth; or been forced to ſtop ourſelves, or muſt have talked on unattended to by every-body.

She

She pauſed. Dear Bella, proceed!

She indeed ſeemed only gathering breath.

And ſo I *will*, ſaid ſhe—Did you not bewitch my Grandfather? Could any thing be pleaſing to him, that you did not ſay or do? How did he uſe to hang, till he ſlabbered again, poor doting old man! on your ſilver tongue! Yet what did *you* ſay, that *we* could not have ſaid? What did *you* do, that *we* did not endeavour to do?—And what was all this for? Why, truly, his Laſt Will ſhewed what effect your *ſmooth* obligingneſs had upon him!—To leave the *acquired part* of his Eſtate from the next heirs, his own Sons, to a grandchild; to his *youngeſt* grandchild! a *Daughter* too!—To leave the family pictures from his Sons to you, becauſe you could *tiddle* about them, and, tho' you now neglect their examples, could wipe and clean them with your dainty hands! The family-plate too, in ſuch quantities, of two or three generations ſtanding, muſt not be changed, becauſe his *precious child* (*a*), humouring his old *fal-lal* taſte, admired it, to make it all her own.

This was too low to move me: O my poor Siſter! ſaid I: Not to be able, or at leaſt willing, to diſtinguiſh between Art and Nature! If I *did* oblige, I was happy in it: I looked for no further reward: My mind is above art, from the dirty motives you mention. I wiſh with all my heart my Grandfather had not thus diſtinguiſhed me: He ſaw my Brother likely to be amply provided for *out* of the family, as well as *in* it: He deſired that *you* might have the greater ſhare of my Father's favour for it; and no doubt but you *both* will. You know, Bella, that the Eſtate my Grandfather bequeathed *me* was not half the real Eſtate he left.

What's all that to an Eſtate in poſſeſſion, and left

(*a*) Alluding to his words in the preamble to the clauſes in his Will. See p. 29.

you with ſuch diſtinctions, as gave you a reputation of greater value than the Eſtate itſelf?

Hence my misfortune, Bella, in your Envy, I doubt!—But have I not given up that poſſeſſion in the beſt manner I could—

Yes, interrupting me, ſhe hated me for that *beſt manner*. Specious little witch! ſhe called me: Your *beſt manner*, ſo full of art and deſign, had never been ſeen thro', if you, with your blandiſhing ways, had not been put out of ſight, and reduced to poſitive declarations!—Hindered from playing your little, whining tricks; curling, like a ſerpent, about your Mamma; and making her cry to deny you any-thing your little obſtinate heart was ſet upon!—

Obſtinate heart, Bella!

Yes, obſtinate heart! For did you ever give up any-thing? Had you not the Art to make them think all was right you aſked, tho' my Brother and I were frequently refuſed favours of no greater import?

I know not, Bella, that I ever aſked any-thing unfit to be granted. I ſeldom aſked favours for *myſelf*, but for *others*.

I was a reflecting creature for this.

All you ſpeak of, Bella, was a long time ago. I cannot go ſo far back into our childiſh follies. Little did I think of how *long ſtanding* this your *late-ſhewn* antipathy is.

I was a reflecter again! Such a *ſaucy meekneſs*; ſuch a *beſt manner*; and ſuch venom in words!—O Clary! Clary! Thou wert always a *two-faced* girl!

Nobody thought I had two faces, when I gave up All into my Father's management; taking from his bounty, as before, all my little pocket-money, without a ſhilling addition to my ſtipend, or deſiring it—

Yes, cunning creature!—And that was another of your *fetches!*—For did it not engage my fond Father (as no doubt you thought it would) to tell you, that, ſince you had done ſo grateful and dutiful a thing, he would

would keep entire, for your uſe, all the produce of the Eſtate left you, and be but your Steward in it; and that you ſhould be entitled to the ſame allowances as before? Another of your *hook-in's* Clary!—So that all your extravagancies have been ſupported gratis.

My extravagancies, Bella!—But did my Father ever give me any-thing he did not give you?

Yes, indeed; I got more by that means, than I ſhould have had the conſcience to aſk. But I have ſtill the greater part to ſhew! But *you!* What have *you* to ſhew!—I dare ſay, not fifty pieces in the world!

Indeed I have not!

I believe you!—Your Mamma Norton, I ſuppoſe—But mum for that!—

Unworthy Bella!—The good woman, altho' low in circumſtance, is great in mind! Much greater than thoſe who would impute meanneſs to a ſoul incapable of it.

What then have you done with the ſums given you from infancy to ſquander?—Let me aſk you [affecting archneſs] Has, has, has Lovelace, has your Rake, put it out at intereſt for you?

O that my Siſter would not make me bluſh for her! It *is*, however, out at intereſt!—And I hope it will bring me intereſt upon intereſt!—Better than to lie uſeleſs in my cabinet.

She underſtood me, ſhe ſaid. Were I a man, ſhe ſhould ſuppoſe I was aiming to carry the County—Popularity! A croud to follow me with their bleſſings as I went to and from church, and nobody elſe to be regarded, were agreeable things. Houſe-top-proclamations! I *hid not my light under a buſhel*, ſhe would ſay that for me. But was it not a little hard upon me, to be kept from blazing on a Sunday?—And to be hindered from my charitable oſtentations?

This, indeed, Bella, is cruel in *you*, who have ſo

largely contributed to my confinement.—But go on. You'll be out of breath by-and-by. I cannot wiſh to be *able* to return this uſage.—*Poor* Bella! And I believe I ſmiled a little too contemptuouſly for a Siſter to a Siſter.

None of your ſaucy contempts [riſing in her voice]: None of your *poor Bella's*, with that air of ſuperiority in a younger Siſter!

Well then, *rich* Bella! courteſying—that will pleaſe you better—And it is due likewiſe to the hoards you boaſt of.

Look-ye, Clary, holding up her hand, if you are not a little more *abject* in your *meekneſs*, a little more *mean* in your *humility*, and treat me with the reſpect due to an elder Siſter—you ſhall find—

Not that you will treat me worſe than you *have done*, Bella!—That cannot be; unleſs you were to let fall your uplifted hand upon me—And that would leſs become you to *do*, than me to *bear*.

Good, meek creature:—But you were upon your overtures juſt now!—I ſhall ſurpriſe every-body by tarrying ſo long. They will think ſome good may be done with you—And ſupper will be ready.

A tear would ſtray down my cheek—How happy have I been, ſaid I, ſighing, in the ſupper-time converſations, with all my dear friends in my eye round their hoſpitable board!

I met only with inſult for this—Bella has not a *feeling* heart. The higheſt joy in this life ſhe is not capable of: But then ſhe ſaves herſelf many griefs, by her impenetrableneſs—Yet, for ten times the pain that ſuch a ſenſibility is attended with, would I not part with the pleaſure it brings with it.

She aſked me, upon my turning from her, If ſhe ſhould ſay any-thing *below* of my *compliances?*

You may ſay, That I will do every-thing they would have me do, if they will free me from Mr. Solmes's addreſs.

This

This is all you deſire at preſent, *creeper on! inſinuator!* [What words ſhe has!] But will not t'other man flame out, and roar moſt horribly, upon the ſnatching from his paws a prey he thought himſelf ſure of?

I muſt let you talk in your own way, or we ſhall never come to a point. I ſhall not matter his *roaring*, as you call it. I will promiſe him, that, if I ever marry any other man, it ſhall not be till *he* is married. And if he be not ſatisfied with ſuch a condeſcenſion, I ſhall think he *ought:* And I will give any aſſurances, that I will neither correſpond with him, nor ſee him. Surely this will do.

But I ſuppoſe then you will have no objection to ſee and converſe, on a civil foot, with Mr. Solmes—as your Father's friend, or ſo?

No! I muſt be permitted to retire to my apartment whenever he comes. I would no more converſe with the one, than correſpond with the other. That would be to make Mr. Lovelace guilty of ſome raſhneſs, on a belief, that I broke with him, to have Mr. Solmes.

And ſo, that wicked wretch is to be allowed ſuch a controul over you, that you are not to be civil to your Father's friends, at his own houſe, for fear of incenſing *him!*—When this comes to be repreſented, be ſo good as to tell me, what is it you expect from it?

Every-thing, I ſaid, or *nothing*, as ſhe was pleaſed to repreſent it.—Be ſo good as to give it your intereſt, Bella, and ſay, further, 'That I will by any 'means I can, in the Law or otherwiſe, make over 'to my Father, to my Uncles, or even to my Bro-'ther, all I am entitled to by my Grandfather's Will, 'as a ſecurity for the performance of my promiſes. 'And as I ſhall have no reaſon to expect any favour 'from my Father, if I break them, I ſhall not be 'worth any-body's having. And further ſtill, un-'kindly as my Brother has uſed me, I will go down 'to Scotland privately, as his houſekeeper [I now ſee

'I may be ſpared here] if he will promiſe to treat 'me no worſe than he would do an hired one.—Or 'I will go to Florence, to my Couſin Morden, if 'his ſtay in Italy will admit of it. In *either caſe*, it 'may be given out, that I am gone to the *other*; or 'to the world's end. I care not whither it is ſaid I 'am gone, or do go.'

Let me aſk you, child, if you will give your pretty propoſal in writing?

Yes, with all my heart. And I ſtept to my cloſet, and wrote to the purpoſe I have mentioned; and, moreover, the following lines to my Brother.

My dear Brother,

I Hope I have made ſuch propoſals to my Siſter, as will be accepted. I am ſure they will, if you pleaſe to give them your ſanction. Let me beg of you for God's ſake, that you will. I think myſelf very unhappy in having incurred your diſpleaſure. No Siſter can love a Brother better than I love you. Pray do not put the worſt, but the beſt conſtructions upon my propoſals, when you have them reported to you. Indeed I mean the beſt. I have no ſubterfuges, no arts, no intentions, but to keep to the Letter of them. You ſhall yourſelf draw up every-thing into writing, as ſtrong as you can; and I will ſign it: And what the *Law* will not do to enforce it, my *Reſolution* and my *Will* ſhall: So that I ſhall be worth nobody's addreſs, that has not my Papa's conſent: Nor ſhall any perſon, nor any conſideration, induce me to revoke it. You can do more than any-body to reconcile my Parents and Uncles to me. Let me owe this deſirable favour to your brotherly interpoſition, and you will for ever oblige

Your afflicted Siſter,

CL. HARLOWE.

And

And how do you think Bella employed herſelf while I was writing?—Why, playing gently upon my harpſichord: And *humming* to it, to ſhew her unconcernedneſs.

When I approached her with what I had written, ſhe aroſe with an air of levity—Why, Love, you have not written already!—You have, I proteſt!—O what a ready penwoman!—And may I read it?

If you pleaſe. And let me beſeech you, my dear Bella, to back theſe propoſals with your good offices: And [folding my uplifted hands; tears, I believe, ſtanding in my eyes] I will love you as never Siſter loved another.

Thou art a ſtrange creature, ſaid ſhe; there is no withſtanding thee.

She took the Propoſals and Letter; and having read them, burſt into an affected Laugh: How wiſe-ones may be taken in!—Then you did not know, that I was jeſting with you all this time!—And ſo you would have me carry down this pretty piece of nonſenſe?

Don't let me be ſurpriſed at your ſeeming unſiſterlineſs, Bella. I hope it is *but* ſeeming. There can be *no* wit in ſuch jeſting as this.

The folly of the creature!—How natural is it for people, when they ſet their hearts upon any-thing, to think every-body muſt ſee with their eyes!—Pray, dear child, what becomes of your Father's authority *here?*—Who *ſtoops here*, the *Parent*, or the *Child?*—How does *this* ſquare with the engagements actually agreed upon between your Father and Mr. Solmes? What ſecurity, that your Rake will not follow you to the *world's end?*—Nevertheleſs, that you may not think that I ſtand in the way of a Reconciliation on ſuch fine terms as theſe, I will be your meſſenger this once, and hear what my Papa will ſay to it; altho' beforehand I can tell you, theſe propoſals will not anſwer the principal end.

So down ſhe went. But, it ſeems, my Aunt Hervey and my Uncle Harlowe were not gone away: And as they have all engaged to act in concert, meſſengers were diſpatched to my Uncle and Aunt to deſire them to be there to breakfaſt in the morning.

Monday Night, 11 *o'Clock.*

I AM afraid I ſhall not be thought worthy—

Juſt as I began not to fear I ſhould be thought worthy of an Anſwer, Betty rapped at my door, and ſaid, If I were not in bed, ſhe had a Letter for me. I had but juſt done writing the above dialogue, and ſtept to the door, with the pen in my hand—Always writing, Miſs! ſaid the bold wench: It is admirable how you can get away what you write—But the Fairies, they ſay, are always at hand to help Lovers. —She retired in ſo much haſte, that had I been diſpoſed, I could not take the notice of this inſolence which it deſerved.

I incloſe my Brother's Letter. He was reſolved to let me ſee, that I ſhould have nothing to expect from his kindneſs. But ſurely he will not be permitted to carry every point. The aſſembling of my friends to-morrow is a good ſign: And I will hope ſomething from that, and from propoſals ſo reaſonable. And now I will try if any repoſe will fall to my lot for the remainder of this night.

To Miſs CLARY HARLOWE.

[*Incloſed in the preceding.*]

YOUR propoſals will be conſidered by your Father and Mother, and all your Friends, to-morrow morning. What trouble does your ſhameful forwardneſs give us all! I wonder you have the courage to write to me, upon whom you are ſo continually emptying your *whole female quiver*. I have no patience with you, for reflecting upon me as the aggreſſor

aggreſſor in a quarrel which owed its beginning to my conſideration for *you*.

You have made ſuch confeſſions in a villain's favour, as ought to cauſe all your relations to renounce you for ever. For my part, I will not believe any woman in the world, who promiſes againſt her *avowed* inclination. To put it out of your *power* to ruin yourſelf is the only way left to prevent your ruin. I did not intend to write; but your *too-kind* Siſter has prevailed upon me. As to your going into Scotland, that day of grace is over.—Nor would I adviſe, that you ſhould go to *grandfather-up* your Couſin Morden. Beſides, that worthy gentleman might be involved in ſome fatal diſpute, upon your account; and then be called the *aggreſſor*.

A fine ſituation you have brought yourſelf to, to propoſe to hide yourſelf from your Rake, and to have falſhoods told, to conceal you!—Your confinement, at this rate, is the happieſt thing that could befal you. Your Bravo's behaviour at church, looking out for you, is a ſufficient indication of his power over you, had you *not* ſo ſhameleſly acknowledged it.

One word for all—Your Parents and Uncles may do as they will: But if, for the honour of the family, I cannot carry this point, I will retire to Scotland, and never ſee the face of any one of it more.

JA. HARLOWE.

There's a Brother!—There's flaming duty to a Father, and Mother, and Uncles!—But he ſees himſelf valued, and made of conſequence; and he gives himſelf airs accordingly!—Nevertheleſs, as I ſaid above, I will hope better things from thoſe who have not the intereſt my Brother has to keep open theſe unhappy differences.

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Tueſday, March 21.

WOuld you not have thought, my dear Miſs Howe, as well as I, that my propoſal muſt have been accepted: And that my Brother, by the laſt article of his unbrotherly Letter (where he threatens to go to Scotland if it ſhould be hearkened to) was of opinion that it *would.*

For my part, after I had read the unkind Letter over and over, I concluded, upon the whole, that a Reconciliation upon terms ſo diſadvantageous to myſelf, as hardly any other perſon in my caſe, I dare ſay, would have propoſed, muſt be the reſult of this morning's conference. And in that belief I had begun to give myſelf new trouble in thinking (this difficulty over) how I ſhould be able to pacify Lovelace on that part of my engagement, by which I undertook to break off all correſpondence with him, unleſs my friends ſhould be brought by the interpoſition of his powerful friends, and any offers they might make (which it was rather *his* part to ſuggeſt, than *mine* to intimate) to change their minds.

Thus was I employed, not very agreeably, you may believe, becauſe of the vehemence of the tempers I had to conflict with; when breakfaſting-time approached, and my judges began to arrive.

And oh! how my heart fluttered on hearing the chariot of the one, and then of the other, rattle thro' the court-yard, and the hollow-ſounding footſtep giveing notice of each perſon's ſtepping out, to take his place on the awful bench which my fancy had formed for them and my other judges!

That, thought I, is my Aunt Hervey's! That my Uncle Harlowe's! Now comes my Uncle Antony! And my imagination made a fourth chariot for the odious

odious Solmes, altho' it happened that he was not there.

And now, thought I, are they all aſſembled: And now my Brother calls upon my Siſter to make *her* report! Now the hard-hearted Bella interlards her ſpeech with invective! Now has ſhe concluded her report! Now they debate upon it!—Now does my Brother flame! Now threaten to go to Scotland! Now is he chidden, and now ſoothed!

And then I ran thro' the whole conference in my imagination, forming ſpeeches for this perſon and that, *pro* and *con.* till all concluded, as I flattered myſelf, in an acceptance of my conditions, and in giveing directions to have an inſtrument drawn to tie me up to my good behaviour: While I ſuppoſed all agreed to give Solmes a Wife every way more worthy of him, and with *her* the promiſe of my Grandfather's Eſtate, in caſe of my forfeiture, or dying unmarried, on the righteous condition he propoſes to entitle himſelf to it with me.

And now, thought I, am I to be ordered down to recognize my own propoſals. And how ſhall I look upon my awful judges? How ſhall I ſtand the queſtions of ſome, the ſet ſurlineſs of others, the returning love of one or two? How greatly ſhall I be affected!

Then I wept: Then I dried my eyes: Then I practiſed at my glaſs for a look more chearful than my heart.

And now [as any-thing ſtirred] is my Siſter coming to declare the iſſue of all! Tears guiſhing again, my heart fluttering as a bird againſt its wires; drying my eyes again and again to no purpoſe.

And thus, my Nancy [Excuſe the fanciful prolixity] was I employed, and ſuch were my thoughts and imaginations, when I found a very different reſult from the hopeful conference.

For about Ten o'clock up came my Siſter, with an air of cruel triumph, waving her hand with a light flouriſh—

Obedience without reſerve is required of you, Clary. My Papa is juſtly incenſed, that you ſhould *preſume* to diſpute his will, and to make conditions with him. He knows what is beſt for you: And as you own matters are gone a great way between this hated Lovelace and you, they will believe nothing you ſay; except you will give the one *only* inſtance, that will put them out of doubt of the ſincerity of your promiſes.

What, child, are you ſurpriſed?—Cannot you ſpeak?—Then, it ſeems, you had expected a different iſſue, had you?—Strange that you could!—With all your acknowledgments and confeſſions, ſo creditable to your *noted prudence!*—

I was indeed ſpeechleſs for ſome time: My eyes were even fixed, and ceaſed to flow. But upon the hard-hearted Bella's proceeding with her airs of inſult, Indeed I *was* miſtaken, ſaid I; Indeed I was! ——For in you, Bella, I expected, I hoped for, a Siſter—

What! interrupted ſhe, with all your mannerly ſlings, and your deſpiſing airs, did you expect, that I was capable of telling ſtories for you?—Did you think, that when I was aſked my own opinion of the ſincerity of your declarations, I could not tell them, *how far matters had gone between you and your Fellow?*—When the intention is to bend that ſtubborn will of yours to your duty, do you think I would deceive them?—Do you think I would encourage them to call you down, to contradict all that I ſhould have *invented* in your favour?

Well, well, Bella; I am the leſs obliged to you; that's all. I was willing to think, that I had ſtill a Brother and Siſter. But I find I am miſtaken.

Pretty Mopſa-eyed ſoul!—was her expreſſion!—

And

And was it willing to think it had ſtill a *Brother* and *Siſter?* And why don't you go on, Clary? [mocking my half-weeping accent] I thought too I had a *Father*, and *Mother*, *two Uncles*, and an *Aunt*: *But I am miſ—taken, that's all*—Come, Clary, ſay this, and it will in part be true, becauſe you have thrown off their authority, and becauſe you reſpect one vile wretch more than them all.

How have I deſerved this at your hands, Siſter?—But I will only ſay, I pity you.

And with that diſdainful air too, Clary!—None of that bridled neck! None of your ſcornful pity, Girl!—I beſeech you!

This ſort of behaviour is natural to you, ſurely, Bella!—What *new* talents does it diſcover in you!—But proceed—If it be a pleaſure to you, proceed, Bella. And ſince I muſt not pity *you*, I will pity *myſelf:* For nobody elſe will.

Becauſe you don't, ſaid ſhe—

Huſh, Bella, interrupting her, *Becauſe I don't deſerve it*—I know you were going to ſay ſo. I will ſay as you ſay in every-thing; and that's the way to pleaſe you.

Then ſay, Lovelace is a villain.

So I will, when I think him ſo.

Then you don't think him ſo?

Indeed I don't. *You* did not always, Bella.

And what, Clary, mean you by that? [briſtling up to me]—Tell me what you mean by that reflection?

Tell me why you call it a reflection?—What did I ſay?

Thou art a provoking creature—But what ſay you to two or three duels of that wretch's?

I can't tell what to ſay, unleſs I knew the occaſions.

Do you juſtify duelling at all?

I do not: Neither can I help his duelling.

Will

Will you go down, and humble that ſtubborn ſpirit of yours to your Mamma?

I ſaid nothing.

Shall I conduct your Ladyſhip down? [offering to take my declined hand].

What! not vouchſafe to anſwer me?

I turned from her in ſilence.

What! turn your back upon me too!—Shall I bring up your Mamma to you, Love? [following me, and taking my ſtruggling hand] What! not ſpeak yet!. Come, my ſullen, ſilent dear, ſpeak one word to me—You muſt ſay *two* very ſoon to Mr. Solmes, I can tell you that.

Then [guſhing out into tears, which I could not hold in longer] they ſhall be the laſt words I will ever ſpeak.

Well, well [inſultingly wiping my averted face with her handkerchief, while her other hand held mine in a ridiculing tone] I am glad any-thing will make thee ſpeak: Then you think you may be brought to ſpeak the *two* words—Only they are to be the laſt!—How like a gentle *Lovyer* from its tender bleeding heart was that!

Ridiculous Bella!

Saucy Clary! [changing her ſneering tone to an imperious one] But do you think you can humble yourſelf to go down to your Mamma?

I am tired with ſuch ſtuff as this. Tell me, Bella, if my Mamma will condeſcend to ſee me?

Yes, if you can be dutiful at laſt.

I can. I will.

But what call you dutiful?

To give up my own *inclinations*—That's ſomething more for you to tell of—in obedience to my Parents commands; and to beg I may not be made miſerable with a man that is fitter for *any-body* than for me.

For *me*, do you mean, Clary?

Why

Why not? ſince you have put the queſtion. You have a better opinion of him than I have. My friends, I hope, would not think him too good for *me*, and not good *enough* for *you*. But cannot you tell me, Bella, what is to become of me, without inſulting over me thus?—If I muſt be thus treated, remember, that if I am guilty of any raſhneſs, the uſage I meet with will juſtify it.

So, Clary, you are contriving an *excuſe*, I find, for ſomewhat that we have not doubted has been in your head a great while.

If it were ſo, you ſeem reſolved, for your part, and ſo does my Brother for *his*, that I ſhall not want one.—But indeed, Bella, I can bear no longer this repetition of the worſt part of yeſterday's converſation: I deſire I may throw myſelf at my Father's and Mother's feet, and hear from them what their ſentence is. I ſhall at leaſt avoid, by that means, the unſiſterly inſults I meet with from you.

Hey-day! What, is this you? Is it you, my meek Siſter Clary?

Yes, it is I, Bella; and I will claim the protection due to a child of the family, or to know why I am to be thus treated, when I offer only to preſerve to myſelf the liberty of *refuſal*, which belongs to my Sex; and, to pleaſe my Parents, would give up my *choice*. I have contented myſelf till now to take *ſecond-hand* meſſengers, and *firſt-hand* inſults: You are but my Siſter: My Brother is not my Sovereign. And while I have a Father and Mother living, I will not be thus treated by a Brother and Siſter, and their ſervants, all ſetting upon me, as it ſhould ſeem, to make me deſperate, and to do a raſh thing.—I will know, in ſhort, Siſter Bella, *why* I am to be conſtrained thus?—What is intended by it?—And whether I am to be conſidered as a *child* or a *ſlave?*

She ſtood aghaſt all this time, partly with real, partly with affected ſurpriſe.

And

And is it *you?* Is it *indeed* you?—Well, Clary, you amaze me! But ſince you are ſo deſirous to refer yourſelf to your Father and Mother, I will go down, and tell them what you ſay. Your friends are not yet gone, I believe: They ſhall aſſemble again; and then you may come down, and plead your own cauſe in perſon.

Let me then. But let my *Brother* and *you* be abſent. You have made yourſelves too much *parties* againſt me, to ſit as my judges. And I deſire to have none of yours or his interpoſitions. I am ſure you could not have repreſented what I propoſed fairly: I am *ſure* you could not. Nor is it poſſible you ſhould be *commiſſioned* to treat me thus.

Well, well, I'll call up my Brother to you.—I will indeed.—He ſhall juſtify himſelf, as well as me.

I deſire not to ſee my Brother, except he will come *as* a Brother, laying aſide the authority he has unjuſtly aſſumed over me.

And ſo, Clary, it is nothing to him, or to me, is it? that our Siſter ſhall diſgrace her whole family?

As how, Bella, diſgrace it?—The man whom you thus freely treat, is a man of birth and fortune: He is a man of parts, and nobly allied.—He was once thought worthy of you; and I wiſh to Heaven you had had him. I am ſure it was not my fault you had not, altho' you treat me thus!

This ſet her into a flame: I wiſh I had forborn it. O how the poor Bella raved! I thought ſhe would have beat me once or twice: And ſhe vowed, her fingers itched to do ſo—But I was not worth her *anger:* Yet ſhe flamed on.

We were heard to be high.—And Betty came up from my Mother to command my Siſter to attend her.—She went down accordingly, threatening me with letting every one know what a violent creature I had ſhewn myſelf to be.

Tueſday.

Tueſday Noon, March 21.

I HAVE as yet heard no more of my Siſter: And have not courage enough to inſiſt upon throwing myſelf at the feet of my Father and Mother, as I thought in my heat of temper I ſhould be able to do. And I am now grown as calm as ever; and were Bella to come up again, as fit to be played upon as before.

I am indeed ſorry that I ſent her from me in ſuch diſorder. But my Papa's Letter threatening me with my Uncle Antony's houſe and chapel, terrifies me ſtrangely; and by their ſilence I am afraid ſome new ſtorm is gathering.

But what ſhall I do with this Lovelace? I have juſt now, by the unſuſpected hole in the wall (*that I told you of in my Letter by Hannah*) got a Letter from him—So uneaſy is he for fear I ſhould be prevailed upon in Solmes's favour; ſo full of menaces, if I am; ſo reſenting the uſage I receive [for, how I cannot tell; but he has undoubtedly intelligence of all that is done in the family]; ſuch proteſtations of inviolable faith and honour; ſuch vows of reformation; ſuch preſſing arguments to eſcape from this diſgraceful confinement—O my Nancy, what ſhall I do with this Lovelace?—

LETTER XLIV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

Wedneſday Morning, 9 o'clock.

MY Aunt Hervey lay here laſt night, and is but juſt gone from me. She came up to me with my Siſter. They would not truſt my Aunt without this ill-natured witneſs. When ſhe entered my chamber, I told her, That this viſit was a high favour to a poor priſoner, in her hard confinement. I kiſſed her hand. She, kindly ſaluting me, ſaid, Why this diſtance to your Aunt, my dear, who loves you ſo well?

She

She owned, That ſhe came to expoſtulate with me, for the peace-ſake of the family: For that ſhe could not believe it poſſible, if I did not conceive myſelf unkindly treated, that I, who had ever ſhewn ſuch a ſweetneſs of temper, as well as manners, ſhould be thus reſolute, in a point ſo *very near* to my Father, and all my friends. My Mother and ſhe were both willing to impute my reſolution to the manner I had been begun with; and to my ſuppoſing that my Brother had originally more of a hand in the propoſals made by Mr. Solmes, than my Father or other friends. In ſhort, fain would my Aunt have furniſhed me with an excuſe to come off my oppoſition; Bella all the while humming a tune, and opening this book and that, without meaning; but ſaying nothing.

After having ſhewed me, that my oppoſition could not be of ſignification, my Father's honour being engaged, my Aunt concluded with enforcing upon me my duty, in ſtronger terms than I believe ſhe would have done (the circumſtances of the caſe conſidered) had not my Siſter been preſent.

It would but be repeating what I have ſo often mentioned, to give you the arguments that paſſed on both ſides.—So I will only recite what ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, that carried with it a new face.

When ſhe found me inflexible, as ſhe was pleaſed to call it, ſhe ſaid, For her part, ſhe could not but ſay, that if I were not to have either Mr. Solmes or Mr. Lovelace, and yet, to make my friends eaſy, *muſt* marry, ſhe ſhould not think amiſs of Mr. Wyerley. What did I think of Mr. Wyerley?

Ay, Clary, put in my Siſter, what ſay you to Mr. Wyerley?

I ſaw thro' this immediately. It was ſaid on purpoſe, I doubted not, to have an argument againſt me of abſolute prepoſſeſſion in Mr. Lovelace's favour: Since Mr. Wyerley every-where avows his value, even to veneration, for me; and is far leſs exceptionable,

ble, both in perſon and mind, than Mr. Solmes: And I was willing to turn the tables, by trying how far Mr. Solmes's terms might be diſpenſed with; ſince the ſame terms could not be expected from Mr. Wyerley.

I therefore deſired to know, Whether my anſwer, if it ſhould be in favour of Mr. Wyerley, would releaſe me from Mr. Solmes?—For I owned, that I had not the averſion to *him*, that I had to the *other*.

Nay, ſhe had no commiſſion to propoſe ſuch a thing. She only knew, that my Father and Mother would not be eaſy till Mr. Lovelace's hopes were entirely defeated.

Cunning creature! ſaid my Siſter.

And this, and her joining in the queſtion before, convinced me, that it was a deſigned ſnare for me.

Don't You, dear Madam, ſaid I, put queſtions that can anſwer no end, but to ſupport my Brother's ſchemes againſt me.—But are there any hopes of an end to my ſufferings and diſgrace, without having this hated man impoſed upon me? Will not what I have offered be accepted? I am ſure it *ought*—I will venture to ſay That.

Why, Niece, if there be *not* any ſuch hopes, I preſume you don't think yourſelf abſolved from the duty due from a child to her parents?

Yes, ſaid my Siſter, I do not doubt but it is Miſs Clary's aim, if ſhe does not fly to her Lovelace, to get her Eſtate into her own hands, and go to live at *The Grove*, in that independence upon which ſhe builds all her perverſeneſs. And, dear heart! my little Love, how will you then blaze away! Your mamma Norton, your oracle, with your Poor at your gates, mingling ſo *proudly* and ſo *meanly* with the ragged herd! Reflecting, by your oſtentation, upon all the Ladies in the county, who do not as you do. This is known to be your ſcheme! And the Poor *without*-doors, and Lovelace *within*, with one hand building up a name, pulling it down with the other!—O

what

what a charming ſcheme is this!—But let me tell you, my pretty little flighty one, that your Father's *living* Will ſhall controul your Grandfather's *dead* one; and That Eſtate will be diſpoſed of as your fond Grandfather would have diſpoſed of it, had he lived to ſee ſuch a change in his favourite. In a word, Miſs, it will be kept out of your hands, till my Father ſees you diſcreet enough to have the management of it, or till you can *dutifully*, by Law, tear it from him.

Fie, Miſs Harlowe! ſaid my Aunt: This is not pretty to your Siſter.

O Madam, let her go on. This is nothing to what I have borne from Miſs Harlowe. She is either commiſſioned to treat me ill by her *Envy*, or by an *higher* authority, to which I muſt ſubmit.—As to revoking the Eſtate, what hinders, if I pleaſed? I know my power; but have not the leaſt thought of exerting it. Be pleaſed to let my Father know, that, whatever be the conſequence to myſelf, were he to turn me out of doors (which I ſhould rather he would do, than to be confined and inſulted as I am) and were I to be reduced to indigence and want, I would ſeek no relief that ſhould be contrary to his will.

For that matter, child, ſaid my Aunt, were you to marry, you muſt do as your *Huſband* will have you. If that Huſband be Mr. Lovelace, he will be glad of any opportunity of further embroiling the families. And, let me tell you, Niece, if he had the reſpect for you which he pretends to have, he would not throw out defiances as he does. He is known to be a very revengeful man; and were I *you*, Miſs Clary, I ſhould be afraid he would wreak upon me that vengeance, though I had not offended him, which he is continually threatening to pour upon the family.

Mr. Lovelace's threatened vengeance is in *return* for threatened vengeance. It is not every-body will bear inſult, as, of late, I have been forced to bear it.

O how my Siſter's face ſhone with paſſion!

But

But Mr. Lovelace, proceeded I, as I have ſaid twenty and twenty times, would be quite out of the queſtion with me, were I to be generouſly treated!

My Siſter ſaid ſomething with great vehemence: But only raiſing my voice, to be heard, without minding her, Pray, Madam (provokingly interrogated I) was he not known to have been as wild a man, when he was *at firſt* introduced into our family, as he *now* is ſaid to be? Yet *then*, the common phraſes of *wild oats*, and *black oxen*, and ſuch-like, were qualifiers; and Marriage, and the Wife's diſcretion, were to perform wonders—But (turning to my Siſter) I find I have ſaid too much.

O thou wicked reflecter!—And what made *me* abhor him, think you, but the proof of thoſe villainous freedoms that ought to have had the ſame effect upon you, were you but half ſo good a creature as you pretend to be?

Proof, did you ſay, Bella! I thought that you had not *proof?* —But *you know beſt.*

Was not this very ſpiteful, my dear?

Now, Clary, ſaid ſhe, would I give a thouſand pounds to know all that is in thy little rancorous and reflecting heart, at this moment.

I might let you know for a much leſs ſum, and not be afraid of being worſe treated than I have been.

Well, young Ladies, I am ſorry to ſee paſſion run ſo high between you. You know, Niece (to me) you had not been confined thus to your apartment, could your Mother by condeſcenſion, or your Father by authority, have been able to move you. But how can you expect, when there muſt be a conceſſion on *one* ſide, that it ſhould be on theirs? If *my* Dolly, who has not the hundredth part of your underſtanding, were thus to ſet herſelf up in abſolute contradiction to my will, in a point *ſo* material, I ſhould not take it well of her—Indeed I ſhould not.

I believe not, Madam: And if Miſs Hervey had juſt

ſuch a Brother, and juſt ſuch a Siſter [You *may* look, Bella!] and if both were to aggravate her Parents, as my Brother and Siſter do mine—Then, perhaps, you might uſe her as I am uſed: And if ſhe hated the man you propoſed to her, and with as much reaſon as I do Mr. Solmes—

And loved a Rake and Libertine, Miſs, as you do Lovelace, ſaid my Siſter—

Then might ſhe [continued I, not minding her] beg to be excuſed from obeying. But yet if ſhe did, and would give you the moſt ſolemn aſſurances, and ſecurity beſides, that ſhe never would have the man you diſliked, againſt your conſent—I dare ſay, Miſs Hervey's Father and Mother would ſit down ſatisfied, and not endeavour to force her Inclinations.

So!—[ſaid my Siſter, with uplifted hands] *Father* and *Mother* now come in for their ſhare!

But if, child, replied my Aunt, I knew ſhe *loved a Rake*, and ſuſpected that ſhe ſought only to gain time, in order to wire-draw me into a conſent—

I beg pardon, Madam, for interrupting you; but if Miſs Hervey could obtain *your* conſent, what further would be to be ſaid?

True, child; but ſhe never ſhould.

Then, Madam, it never would be.

That I doubt, Niece.

If you do, Madam, can you think confinement and ill uſage is the way to prevent the apprehended raſhneſs?

My dear, this ſort of intimation would make one but too apprehenſive, that there is no truſting to yourſelf, when one knows your inclination.

That apprehenſion, Madam, ſeems to have been conceived before this intimation, or the leaſt cauſe for it, was given. Why elſe the diſgraceful confinement I have been laid under?—Let me venture to ſay, that my ſufferings ſeem to be rather owing to a concerted deſign to intimidate me [*Bella held up her Hands*],

(know-

(knowing there were too good grounds for my oppoſition) than to a doubt of my conduct; for, when they were inflicted firſt, I had given no *cauſe* of doubt: Nor ſhould there now be room for any, if my diſcretion might be truſted to.

My Aunt, after a little heſitation, ſaid, But, conſider, my dear, what confuſion will be perpetuated in your family, if you marry this hated Lovelace?

And let it be conſidered, what miſery to me, Madam, if I marry that hated Solmes?

Many a young creature has thought ſhe could not love a man, with whom ſhe has afterwards been very happy. Few women, child, marry their firſt Loves.

That may be the reaſon there are ſo few happy Marriages.

But there are few firſt impreſſions *fit* to be encouraged.

I am afraid ſo too, Madam. I have a very indifferent opinion of light and firſt impreſſions. But, as I have often ſaid, all I wiſh for, is, to have leave to live *ſingle*.

Indeed you muſt not, Miſs. Your Father and Mother will be unhappy till they ſee you married, and out of Lovelace's reach.—I am told that you propoſe to condition with him (ſo far are matters gone between you) never to have *any* man, if you have not *him*.

I know no better way to prevent miſchief on all ſides, I freely own it—And there is not, if *he* be out of the queſtion, another man in the world, I can think favourably of.—Nevertheleſs, I would give all I have in the world, that he were married to ſome other perſon—Indeed I would, Bella, for all you put on that ſmile of incredulity.

May be ſo, Clary: But I will ſmile for all that.

If *he* be out of the queſtion! repeated my Aunt—So, Miſs Clary, I ſee how it is—I will go down—[Miſs Harlowe, ſhall I follow you?—] And I will endeavour to perſuade your Father to let my Siſter

herſelf come up: And a happier event may then reſult.

Depend upon it, Madam, ſaid my Siſter, This will be the caſe: My Mother and ſhe will be both in tears; but with this different effect: My Mother will come down ſoftened, and cut to the heart; but will leave her favourite hardened, from the advantages ſhe will think ſhe has over my Mother's tenderneſs—Why, Madam, it is for this very reaſon the girl is not admitted into her preſence.

Thus ſhe ran on, as ſhe went down ſtairs.

LETTER XLV.

Miſs CLARISSA HARLOWE, *To Miſs* HOWE.

MY heart fluttered with the hope and the fear of ſeeing my Mother, and with the ſhame and the grief of having given her ſo much uneaſineſs. But it needed not: She was not permitted to come. But my Aunt was ſo good as to return; yet not without my Siſter: And, taking my hand, made me ſit down by her.

She came, ſhe muſt own, *officiouſly*, ſhe ſaid, this *once* more; tho' againſt the opinion of my Father: But knowing and dreading the conſequence of my oppoſition, ſhe could not *but* come.

She then ſet forth to me my friends expectations from me; Mr. Solmes's riches (three times as rich he came out to be, as any-body had thought him); the ſettlements propoſed; Mr. Lovelace's bad character; their averſion to him; all in a very ſtrong light; but not in a ſtronger than my Mother had before placed them in. My Mother, ſurely, could not have given the particulars of what had paſſed between herſelf and me: If ſhe had, my Aunt would not have repeated many of the ſame ſentiments, as you will find ſhe did, that had been ſtill more ſtrongly urged, without effect by her venerable Siſter.

She ſaid it would break the heart of my Father to have it imagined, that he had not a power over his child; and that, as *he* thought, for my own good: A child too, whom they had always doated upon!—Deareſt, deareſt Miſs, concluded ſhe, claſping her fingers, with the moſt condeſcending earneſtneſs, let me beg of you, for *my* ſake, for *your own* ſake, for a *hundred* ſakes, to get over this averſeneſs, to give up your prejudices, and make every-one happy and eaſy once more.—I would kneel to you, my deareſt Niece—Nay, I *will* kneel to you!—

And down ſhe dropt, and I with her, kneeling to her, and beſeeching her not to kneel; claſping my arms about her, and bathing her worthy boſom with my tears.

O riſe! riſe! my beloved Aunt, ſaid I: You cut me to the heart with this condeſcending goodneſs.

Say then, my deareſt Niece, ſay then, that you will oblige all your friends!—If you love us, I *beſeech* you do—

How can I promiſe what I can ſooner chuſe to die than to perform!—

Say then, my dear, you will *conſider* of it. Say you will but *reaſon* with yourſelf. Give us but hopes. Don't let me entreat, and *thus* entreat, in vain. For ſtill ſhe kneeled, and I by her.

What a hard caſe is mine!—Could I but *doubt*, I know I could *conquer*.—That which is an inducement to my friends, is none at all to me—How often, my deareſt Aunt, muſt I repeat the ſame thing?—Let me but be ſingle—Cannot I live ſingle? Let me be ſent, as I have propoſed, to Scotland, to Florence; any-whither: Let me be ſent a ſlave to the Indies; any-whither—Any of theſe, I will conſent to. But I cannot, *cannot* think of giving my vows to a man I cannot endure!

Well then, riſing (Bella ſilently, with uplifted

hands, reproaching my ſuppoſed perverſeneſs) I ſee nothing can prevail with you to oblige us.

What *can* I do, my deareſt Aunt Hervey? What *can* I do? Were I capable of giving a hope I meant not to enlarge, then could I ſay, I would *conſider* of your kind advice. But I would rather be thought *perverſe* than *inſincere*. Is there, however, no *medium*? Can *nothing* be thought of? Will nothing do, but to have a man who is the *more* diſguſtful to me, becauſe he is unjuſt in the very articles he offers?

Whom now, Clary, ſaid my Siſter, do you reflect upon? Conſider That.

Make not invidious applications of what I ſay, Bella. It may not be looked upon in the ſame light by every one. The *giver* and the *accepter* are principally anſwerable, in an unjuſt donation. While I think of it in this light, I ſhould be inexcuſable to be the latter. But why do I enter upon a *ſuppoſition* of this nature?—My heart, as I have often, *often* ſaid, recoils, at the *thoughts* of the man, in every light.—Whoſe Father, but mine, agrees upon articles where there is no proſpect of a liking? Where the direct contrary is avowed, all along avowed, without the leaſt variation, or *ſhadow* of a change of ſentiment?—But it is not my Father's doing originally. O my cruel, cruel Brother, to cauſe a meaſure to be forc'd upon me, which he would not behave tolerably under, were the like to be offered to him!

The girl is got into her altitudes, Aunt Hervey, ſaid my Siſter. You ſee, Madam, ſhe ſpares nobody. Be pleaſed to let her know what ſhe has to truſt to. Nothing is to be done with her. Pray, Madam, pronounce her doom.

My Aunt retir'd to the window, weeping, with my Siſter in her hand: I cannot, Indeed I cannot, Miſs Harlowe, ſaid ſhe, ſoftly (but yet I heard every word ſhe ſaid): There is great hardſhip in her caſe. She

is

is a noble child after all. What pity things are gone ſo far!—But Mr. Solmes ought to be told to deſiſt.

O Madam, ſaid my Siſter, in a kind of loud whiſper, are *you* caught too by the little Siren?—My Mother did well not to come up!—I queſtion whether my Father himſelf, after his firſt indignation, would not be turned round by her. Nobody but my Brother can do any-thing with her, I am ſure.

Don't think of your Brother's coming up, ſaid my Aunt, ſtill in a low voice—He is too furious. I ſee no obſtinacy, no perverſeneſs, in her manner! If your Brother comes, I will not be anſwerable for the conſequences: For I thought twice or thrice ſhe would have gone into fits.

O Madam, ſhe has a ſtrong heart!—And you ſee there is no prevailing with her, tho' you were upon your knees to her.

My Siſter left my Aunt muſing at the window, with her back towards us; and took that opportunity to inſult me ſtill more barbarouſly: For, ſtepping to my cloſet, ſhe took up the patterns which my Mother had ſent me up, and bringing them to me, ſhe ſpread them upon the chair by me; and, offering one, and then another, upon her ſleeve and ſhoulder, thus ſhe ran on, with great ſeeming tranquillity, but whiſperingly, that my Aunt might not hear her. *This*, Clary, is a pretty pattern enough: But *This* is quite *charming!* I would adviſe you to make your appearance in it. And *This*, were I you, ſhould be my wedding night-gown—And *This* my ſecond dreſſed ſuit! Won't you give orders, Love, to have your Grandmother's jewels new-ſet?—Or will you think to ſhew away in the new ones Mr. Solmes intends to preſent to you? He talks of laying out two or three thouſand pounds in preſents, child! Dear heart!—How gorgeouſly will you be array'd!—What! ſilent, my dear! Mamma Norton's *ſweet dear!* What! ſilent ſtill?—But, Clary, won't you have a

Velvet

Velvet Suit? It would cut a great figure in a country church, you know: And the weather may bear it for a month yet to come. Crimſon Velvet, ſuppoſe! Such a fine complexion as yours, how it would be ſet off by it! What an agreeable bluſh would it give you! —High-ho! (mocking me; for I ſighed to be thus fooled with) And do you ſigh, Love?—Well then, as it will be a ſolemn wedding, what think you of *black* Velvet, child?—Silent ſtill, Clary!—Black Velvet, ſo fair as you are, with thoſe charming eyes, gleaming thro' a wintry cloud, like an April Sun!—Does not Lovelace tell you they are charming eyes!—How lovely will you appear to every one!—What! ſilent ſtill, Love!—But about your Laces, Clary!—

She would have gone on ſtill further, had not my Aunt advanced towards us, wiping her eyes—What! whiſpering, Ladies! You ſeem ſo eaſy and ſo pleaſed, Miſs Harlowe, with your private conference, that I hope I ſhall carry down good news.

I am only giving her my opinion of her patterns, *here*.—Unaſk'd indeed; but ſhe ſeems, by her ſilence, to approve of my judgment.

O Bella! ſaid I, that Mr. Lovelace had not taken you at your word!—You had before now been exerciſing your judgment on your own account: And *I* had been happy, as well as *you!* Was it my fault, I pray you, that it was not ſo?—

O how ſhe raved!

To be ſo ready to *give*, Bella, and ſo loth to *take*, is not very fair in you.

The poor Bella deſcended to call names.

Why, Siſter, ſaid I, you are as angry, as if there were more in the hint, than poſſibly might be deſigned. My wiſh is ſincere, for both our ſakes!—for the whole family's ſake!—And what (good now) is there in it?—Do not, do not, dear Bella, give me cauſe to ſuſpect, that I have found a reaſon for your behaviour to me; and which till now was wholly unaccountable from Siſter to Siſter— Fie,

Fie, fie, Clary! ſaid my Aunt.

My Siſter was more and more outrageous.

O how much fitter, ſaid I, to be a *jeſt*, than a *jeſter!*—But, now Bella, turn the glaſs to you, and ſee how poorly ſits the robe upon your own ſhoulders, which you have been ſo unmercifully fixing upon mine!

Fie, fie, Miſs Clary! repeated my Aunt.

And fie, fie, likewiſe, good Madam, to Miſs Harlowe, you would ſay, were you to have heard her barbarous inſults!

Let us go, Madam, ſaid my Siſter, with great violence; let us leave the creature to ſwell till ſhe burſts with her own poiſon.—The laſt time I will ever come near her, in the mind I am in!

It is ſo eaſy a thing, returned I, were I to be mean enough to follow an example that is ſo cenſureable in the ſetter of it, to vanquiſh ſuch a teazing ſpirit as yours with its own blunt weapons, that I am amazed you will provoke me!—Yet, Bella, ſince you *will* go (for ſhe had hurried to the door) forgive me. I forgive you. And you have a double reaſon to do ſo, both from elderſhip, and from the offence ſo ſtudiouſly given to one in affliction.—But may *you* be happy, tho' *I* never ſhall! May *you* never have half the trials *I* have had! Be *this* your comfort, that you cannot have a Siſter to treat *you*, as you have treated *me!*—And ſo God bleſs you!

O thou art a—And down ſhe flung without ſaying what.

Permit me, Madam, ſaid I to my Aunt, ſinking down, and claſping her knees with my arms, to detain you one moment—Not to ſay any-thing about my poor Siſter—She is her own puniſher—Only to thank you for all your condeſcending goodneſs to me. I only beg of you not to impute to obſtinacy the immoveableneſs I have ſhewn to ſo tender a friend; and to forgive me every-thing I have ſaid or done amiſs

in

in your preſence; for it has not proceeded from inward rancour to the poor Bella. But I will be bold to ſay, that neither She, nor my Brother, nor even my Father himſelf, knows what a heart they have ſet a bleeding.

I ſaw, to my comfort, what effect my Siſter's abſence wrought for me.—Riſe, my noble-minded Niece! —charming creature!—[Thoſe were her kind words] kneel not to me!—Keep to yourſelf what I now ſay to you.—I admire you more than I can expreſs—And if you can forbear claiming your Eſtate, and can reſolve to avoid Lovelace, you will continue to be the greateſt miracle I ever knew at your years—But I muſt haſten down after your Siſter.—Theſe are my laſt words to you: 'Conform to your Father's will, 'if you poſſibly can. How meritorious will it be in 'you to do ſo! Pray to God to *enable* you to con-'form. You don't know what may be done.'

Only, my dear Aunt, one word, *one* word more (for ſhe was going)—Speak all you can for my dear Mrs. Norton. She is but low in the world: Should ill health overtake her, ſhe may not know how to live without my Mamma's favour. I ſhall have no means to help her; for I will want neceſſaries before I will aſſert my right: And I do aſſure you, ſhe has ſaid ſo many things to me in behalf of my ſubmitting to my Father's will, that her arguments have not a little contributed to make me reſolve to avoid the extremities, which nevertheleſs I pray to God they do not at laſt force me upon. And yet they deprive me of her Advice, and think unjuſtly of one of the moſt excellent of women.

I am glad to hear you ſay This: And take *This*, and *This*, and *This*, my charming Niece (for ſo ſhe called me almoſt at every word; kiſſing me earneſtly, and claſping her arms about my neck): And God protect you, and direct you! But you *muſt* ſubmit: Indeed you *muſt*. Some *one day* in a month from *This*, is all the choice that is left you. And

And this, I ſuppoſe, was the doom my Siſter called for; yet not worſe than what had been pronounced upon me before.

She repeated theſe laſt ſentences louder than the former. 'And remember, Miſs,' added ſhe, 'it is your '*duty* to comply'—And down ſhe went, leaving me with my heart full, and my eyes running over.

The very repetition of this, fills me with almoſt equal concern, to that which I felt at the time.

I muſt lay down my pen. Miſtineſſes which give to my deluged eye the appearance of all the colours in the rainbow, will not permit me to write on.

Wedneſday, Five o'clock.

I WILL now add a few lines—My Aunt, as ſhe went down from me, was met at the foot of the ſtairs by my Siſter, who ſeemed to think ſhe had ſtaid a good while after her: And hearing her laſt words preſcribing to me implicit duty, praiſed her for it, and exclaimed againſt my obſtinacy. Did you ever hear of ſuch perverſeneſs, Madam? ſaid ſhe: Could you have thought, that *your* Clariſſa, and *every-body's* Clariſſa, was ſuch a girl?—And who, as *you* ſaid, *is* to ſubmit, her *Father* or *ſhe?*

My Aunt ſaid ſomething in anſwer to her, compaſſionating me, as I thought, by her accent: But I heard not the words.

Such a ſtrange perſeverance in a meaſure ſo unreaſonable!—But my Brother and Siſter are continually miſrepreſenting all I ſay and do; and I am deprived of the opportunity of defending myſelf!—My Siſter ſays (*a*), that had they thought me ſuch a championeſs, they would not have engaged with me: And now, not knowing how to reconcile my ſuppoſed obſtinacy with my general character, and natural temper, they ſeem to hope to tire me out, and reſolve to vary their meaſures accordingly. My Brother, you ſee,

(*a*) See p. 289.

ſee (*a*), is determined to carry this point, or to abandon Harlowe-place, and never to ſee it more.—So they are to loſe a Son, or to conquer a Daughter—the perverſeſt and moſt ungrateful that ever Parents had!—This is the light he places things in: And has undertaken, it ſeems, to ſubdue me, if *his* advice be followed. It will be *further* tried; of *that* I am convinced; and what will be their next meaſure, who can divine?

I ſhall diſpatch, with this, my Anſwer to yours of Sunday laſt, begun on Monday (*b*); but which is not yet quite finiſhed. It is too long to copy: I have not time for it. In it I have been very free with you, my dear, in more places than one. I cannot ſay, that I am pleaſed with all I have written—Yet will not now alter it.—My mind is not at eaſe enough for the ſubject.—Don't be angry with me. Yet, if you can excuſe one or two paſſages, it will be, becauſe they were written by

Your CLARISSA HARLOWE.

(*a*) In his Letter, p. 301. (*b*) See Letter xl.

END OF VOL. I.

CONTENTS *of* VOL. I.

Lett.

I. *MISS Howe, To Miſs Clariſſa Harlowe.* Deſires from her the particulars of the Rencounter between Mr. Lovelace and her Brother; and of the uſage ſhe receives upon it: Alſo the whole of her Story from the time Lovelace was *introduced as a Suitor to her Siſter Arabella.* Admires her great qualities, and glories in the friendſhip between them.

II. III. IV. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Gives the requeſted particulars.—Together with the grounds of her Brother's and Siſter's ill will to her; and of the animoſity between her Brother and Lovelace.—*Her Mother connives at the private correſpondence between her and Lovelace, for the ſake of preventing greater evils.* Character of Lovelace, from an Enemy.—Copy of the preamble to her Grandfather's Will.

V. *From the ſame.* Her Father, Mother, Brother, briefly characterized. Her Brother's conſequence in the family. Wiſhes Miſs Howe had *encouraged her Brother's addreſs.* Endeavours to find *excuſes for her Father's ill temper,* and for *her Mother's paſſiveneſs.*

VI. *From the ſame.* Mr. Symmes, Mr. Mullins, Mr. Wyerley, in turn, propoſed to her, in malice to Lovelace; and, on their being rejected, Mr. Solmes.. Leave given her to viſit Miſs Howe for a few days. Her Brother's inſolent behaviour upon it.

VII. *From the ſame.* The harſh reception ſhe meets with on her return from Miſs Howe. Solmes's firſt viſit.

VIII. *From the ſame.* All her family determined in Solmes's favour. Her averſion to him. She rejects him, and is forbid going to church, viſiting, receiving viſits, or writing to any body out of the houſe.

IX. *From the ſame* Her expedient to carry on a private correſpondence with Miſs Howe. Regrets the neceſſity ſhe is laid under to take ſuch a clandeſtine ſtep.

X. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Inveighs againſt the Harlowe family for propoſing ſuch a man as Solmes. Characterizes them. Is jealous of Antony Harlowe's viſits to her Mother. Raillies her friend on her ſuppoſed regard to Lovelace.

XI. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Is nettled and alarmed at her raillery. Her reaſons *for not giving way to a paſſion for Lovelace.*

XII. *Miſs Howe in Reply.* Continues her raillery. Gives Lovelace's character from Mrs. Forteſcue.

XIII. XIV. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* The *views of her Family in favouring the addreſs of Solmes.* Her Brother's and Siſter's triumph upon the difficulties into which they have plunged her.

XV. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* She accounts for Arabella's malice. Blames her for having given up the power over the Eſtate left her by her Grandfather.

XVI. XVII. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Offends her Father by her behaviour to Solmes in his preſence. Tender converſation between her Mother and her.—*Offers to give up all thoughts of Lovelace, if ſhe may be freed from Solmes's addreſs.* Subſtance of one of Lovelace's Letters, of her Anſwer, and of his Reply. Makes a propoſal. Her Mother goes down with it.

XVIII. *From the ſame.* The propoſal rejected. Her Mother affects ſeverity to her. Another intereſting converſation between them.

XIX. *From the ſame.* Her dutiful motives for putting her Eſtate into her Father's power. Why ſhe thinks ſhe ought not to have Solmes. Afflicted on her Mother's account.

XX. XXI. *From the ſame.* Another conference with her Mother, who leaves her in anger.—She goes down to beg her favour. Solmes comes in. She offers to withdraw; but is forbid. What follows upon it.

XXII. *From the ſame.* Subſtance of a Letter from Lovelace. She deſires leave to go to church. Is referred to her Brother, and inſultingly refuſed by him. Her Letter to him. His Anſwer.

XXIII. XXIV. XXV. *From the ſame.* Her faithful Hannah diſgracefully diſmiſſed. Betty Barnes, her Siſter's maid, ſet over her.—A Letter from her Brother, forbidding her to appear in the preſence of any of her Relations without leave. Her Anſwer. —Writes to her Mother. Her Mother's Anſwer. Writes to her Father. His Anſwer.

XXVI. *From the ſame.* Is deſirous to know the opinion Lord M.'s family have of her. Subſtance of a Letter from Lovelace, reſenting the indignities he receives from her Relations. She freely acquaints him, *that he has nothing to expect from her contrary to her duty.* Inſiſts that his next Letter ſhall be his laſt.

XXVII. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* Adviſes her to reſume her Eſtate. Her ſatirical deſcription of Solmes. Raillies her on her curioſity to know what opinion Lord M. and his family have of her. Aſcribes to the difference in each of their tempers their mutual Love. Gives the particulars of a converſation between her Mother and her, on Clariſſa's caſe. Reflects on the Harlowe family, and particularly on Mrs. Harlowe, for her paſſiveneſs.

XXVIII. *Clariſſa. In Anſwer.* Chides her for the liberties ſhe takes with her Relations. Particularly defends her Mother. Chides her alſo for her lively airs to her own Mother. Deſires her to treat her freely; but wiſhes not that ſhe ſhould impute Love to her: And why.

XXIX. *From the ſame.* Her expoſtulatory Letter to her Brother and Siſter. Their Anſwers.

XXX. *From the ſame.* Exceedingly angry with Lovelace, on his coming to their church. Reflections on Pride, &c.

XXXI. *Mr. Lovelace, To John Belford, Eſq;* Pride, Revenge, Love, Ambition, or a Deſire of Conqueſt, his *avowedly* predominant paſſions. His early vow to ruin as many of the Fair Sex as he can get into his power. His pretence for it. Breathes revenge againſt the Harlowe family. Glories in his contrivances. Is paſſionately in Love with Clariſſa. His high notions of her beauty and merit. Yet is incenſed againſt her for preferring *her own Relations to* him. *Clears her, however,*

however, of intentional Pride, Scorn, Haughtineſs, or Want of Senſibility. What a triumph over the Sex, and over her whole Family, if he can carry off a Lady ſo watchful and ſo prudent! Is reſolved, if he cannot have the Siſter, to carry off the Brother. *Libertine as he is, can have no thoughts of any other woman but Clariſſa.* Warns Belford, Mowbray, Tourville, and Belton, to hold themſelves in readineſs to obey his ſummons, on the likelihood there is of room for what he calls glorious miſchief.

XXXII. XXXIII. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Copies of her Letters to her two Uncles; and of their *characteriſtic* Anſwer.—Her expoſtulatory Letter to Solmes. His Anſwer. An inſolent Letter from her Brother, on her writing to Solmes.

XXXIV. *Lovelace, To Belford.* He directs him to come down to him. For what end. Deſcription of the poor inn he puts up at in diſguiſe; and of the innocent Daughter there, whom he calls his Roſebud. He reſolves to ſpare her. *Pride and policy his motives, and not principle.* Ingenuous reflections on his own vicious diſpoſition. He had been a rogue, he ſays, had he been a plough-boy. Reſolves on an act of generoſity to his Roſebud, by way of atonement, *as he calls it,* for ſome of his bad actions; and for other reaſons which appear in the ſequel.

XXXV. *From the ſame.* His artful contrivances and dealings with Joſeph Leman. His Revenge and his Love uppermoſt by turns. If the latter ſucceeds not, he vows that the Harlowes ſhall feel the former, *although for it he become an exile from his country for ever.* He will throw himſelf into Clariſſa's preſence in the Woodhouſe. If he thought he had no proſpect of her favour, he would *attempt to carry her off:* That, he ſays, would be a Rape worthy of a Jupiter. *The Arts he is reſolved to practiſe when he ſees her, in order to engage her future reliance upon his honour.*

XXXVI. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* Lovelace in diſguiſe ſurpriſes her in the Woodhouſe. Her terrors on firſt ſeeing him. He greatly engages her confidence (*as he had deſigned*) by his reſpectful behaviour.

XXXVII. *Miſs Howe, To Clariſſa.* After raillying her on her not readily owning the paſſion which ſhe ſuppoſes ſhe has for Lovelace, ſhe deſires to know how far ſhe thinks him eligible for his beſt qualities, how far rejectable for his worſt.

XXXVIII. XXXIX. *Clariſſa, To Miſs Howe.* She *diſclaims tyranny to a man who reſpects her.* Her unhappy ſituation to be conſidered, *in which the imputed Love is held* by her Parents *to be an undutiful, and therefore a criminal paſſion, and where the ſuppoſed object of it is a man of faulty morals.*—Is interrupted by a viſit from Mrs. Norton, who is ſent up to her to influence her in Solmes's favour. An affecting converſation between them. What paſſes upon it, and after it.

XL. *From the ſame.* Reſumes the requeſted ſubject. What ſort of Man ſhe could have preferred to Mr. Lovelace. Arguments ſhe has uſed to herſelf in his *favour,* and in his *diſfavour.* Frankly owns, that were he *now* a moral man, ſhe would *prefer him to all the men ſhe ever ſaw.* Yet is perſuaded, that ſhe could freely give up the one man,

to

to get rid of the other, *as ſhe had offered to her friends.* Her delicacy affected by Miſs Howe's raillery: And why. Gives her opinion of the force which *Figure* or *Perſon* may be allowed to have upon her Sex.

XLI. *From the ſame.* A Letter from her Mother (with patterns of rich ſilks) in which ſhe intreats her to comply with all their wiſhes. *What ought to be the principal view of a good Wife in adorning her perſon.* Her diſtreſs. Begs leave to wait upon her Mother alone. Her Father's angry Letter, ordering her to prepare for her Wedding-day. Solmes requeſts to ſee her. She refuſes. All in tumults below upon it. Her Brother and Siſter deſire that ſhe may be left to their management.

XLII. *From the ſame.* A very warm dialogue between her Siſter and her. Her Siſter's envy, unnatural behaviour, and violence. Clariſſa ſends down propoſals in writing to her Friends, and a Letter to her Brother. His inſolent anſwer; in which he tells her, that her propoſals will be conſidered in full aſſembly, next morning; but that, if they ſhall be complied with, he will retire to Scotland, and never more return to Harlowe Place.

XLIII. *From the ſame.* Hardly doubts but her propoſals will be accepted. Paints to herſelf, as her relations arrive one by one, what their deliberations, and the reſult of them, will be, when they are all aſſembled. Her Propoſals rejected. Her Siſter's cruel inſults on the occaſion produce another warm dialogue between them. Her Siſter leaves her in a fury. She is greatly diſturbed at the contents of a Letter from Lovelace.

XLIV. *From the ſame.* Her Aunt Hervey accompanied by her Siſter, makes her a viſit. Further inſults from her Siſter. Her Aunt's fruitleſs pleas in Solmes's favour.

XLV. *From the ſame.* Another viſit from her Aunt and Siſter. The latter ſpitefully inſults her with the patterns. A tender ſcene between her Aunt and her in Arabella's abſence. She endeavours to *account for the inflexibility of her Parents and Uncles.*

END *of* VOL. I.